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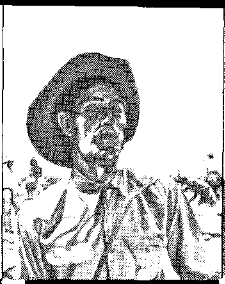

3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

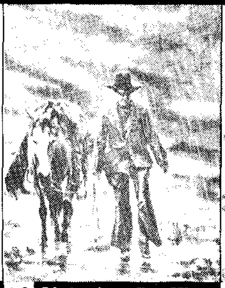
6 Pointing Toward Trouble

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

10 The Captive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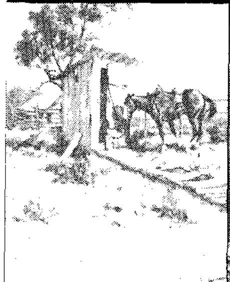
12 No Time To Lose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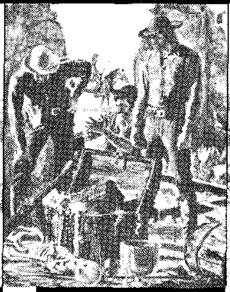
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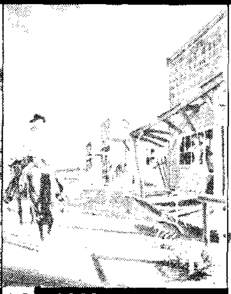
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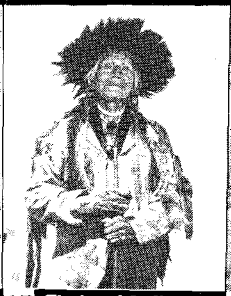
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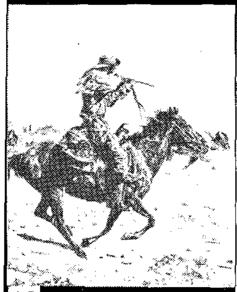
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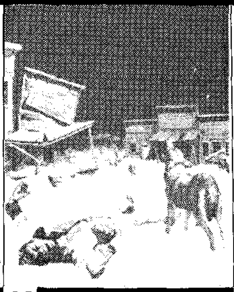
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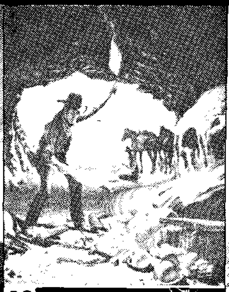
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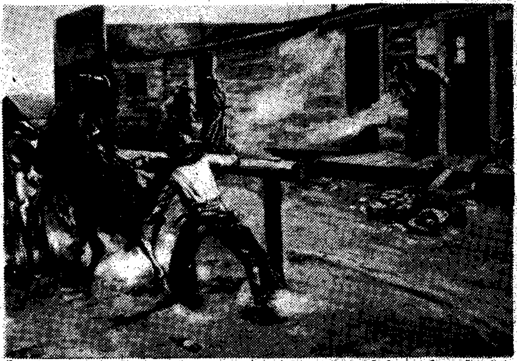

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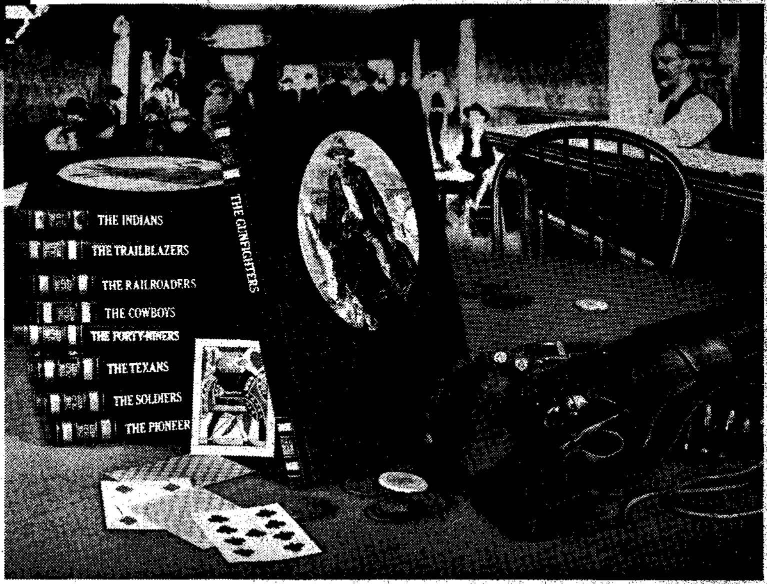

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

October-November, 1979
Volume 53, No. 6
New Series 122

True Stories of the West!

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Mt. Hood, Oregon's Highest

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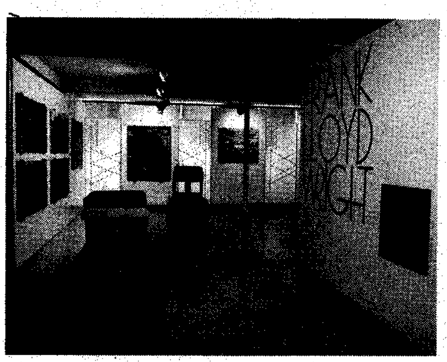
Why do the best artists wind up in jail?

In Billings, Montana, it's a real pleasure for fine artists to wind up in jail because the town's old jail house is now The Yellowstone Art Center.

The two-story brick structure dates back to 1884, but in 1961 the little red jail barely escaped the hands of the wrecking crew when art-loving citizens of Billings persuaded the county to remodel the old jail as an art center . . . and business and labor leaders backed the effort.



Today the Center continues to serve the community with year-round exhibits, lectures, classes, workshops and community programs. It's just one example of how old buildings are getting a new lease on life.

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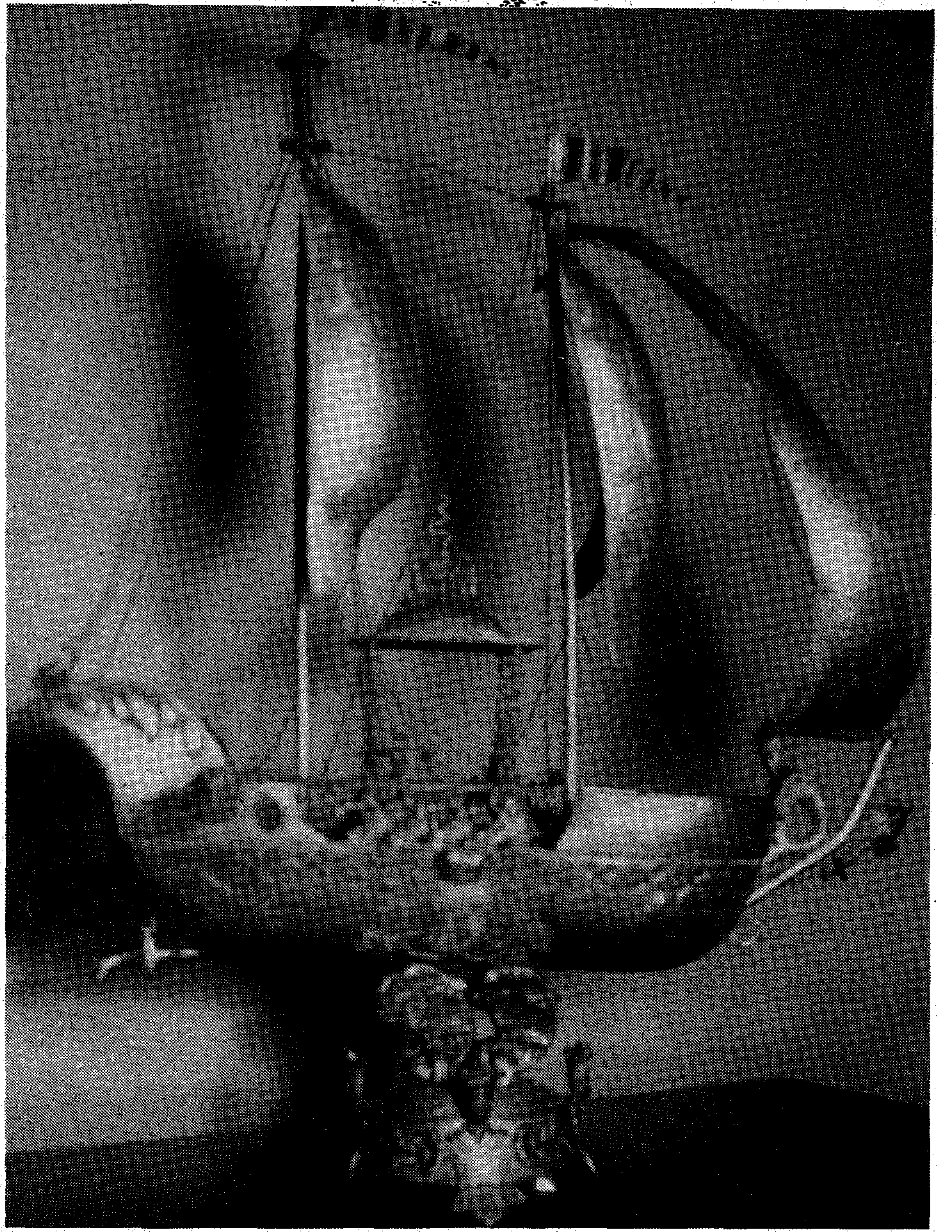


The pewter nef is inscribed as follows:
Stern Sail: "This welcome made by the Honorable Union (United Zunft) of Seamen in City of Ulm 1695 to honor a highly respected gentleman."
Middle Sail: "Presented to Johannes von Eberstein and his wife Margaret, born Waldkirch."
Bow Sail: "On all your way may God's blessing accompany you."

Old German Keepsake

This pewter nef, replica of a medieval sailing vessel, has stood for years on the sideboard in the home of a Kansas family of German background. The hull, a gallon wine-tankard, has a spigot under the prow end of the keel.

In 1950, an inquiry was sent to the Art Institute of Chicago to determine the history of such pieces and the age of this one. A copy of the old German script engraved on its three sails was sent along for translation.

Dr. Oswald Goetz, Associate Curator, returned the interpretation. The nef was made, according to hallmarks and the master's mark impressed on the bottom, by a pewter manufacturer's guild in existence since the 16th century in the city of Ulm. Ulm is located on the upper Danube and was an important trade center during the Middle Ages and later periods.

A custom was observed of presenting gifts of this type to honor prominent persons. "You find specimens in shapes of boats, animals, drinking vessels, etc. They were made not only in pewter but silver and other metals everywhere in Central Europe," wrote Mr. Goetz.

The engraving on the sails tells the story. This "welcome" (presentation?) was made by a Seamen's Guild in Ulm to a nobleman named Eberstein, and his wife Margaret, born in Waldkirch in 1695. Perhaps it honored them for some help or some meritorious act in the seamen's behalf.

The little boat may have traveled many seas before it docked at a sideboard in a neat home in mid-Kansas. I thought your readers might like to see it.—Eileen Charbo, Mexico

Billy Thompson

I am interested in hearing from relatives (or anyone) who might know what happened to Billy Thompson, brother of Texas gunfighter Ben Thompson. When, where, and how did Billy Thompson die? —Dale T. Schoenberger, 1017 Mary Candace, St. Louis, Missouri 63125

Reportedly he died a "few years after 1884" in South Texas. Very vague information. His brother Ben caught the public's fancy but no one paid much attention to Billy.

More About Big Foot

Lately there have been some really wild stories about "Big Foot," and I think the time has come for me to tell what I know about that "monster."

I will go back to 1924. George Ross and I would go fishing every summer. One time we went to Soda Springs on Green River up by the Polar Star Mines, then on up by Metta Lake and down the Clearwater Creek to the Muddy River, located in Skamania County, southwestern part of Washington State.

We fished two or three days. Then we came back up Pine Creek to Spirit Lake. The trail we took came by the "cliff dwellers," miners who had poles tied together and cleats nailed to the poles to climb to their cabin under the cliff. George rolled a rock or two over the cliff and we kept on going. We were told the cliff dwellers came the following day to the Spirit Lake Ranger Station and said that hairy apes threw rocks at them. They had all the lawmen in the county up there looking for the apes.

I went to work for the Forest Service in 1928. In 1930 we made a trail from Smith Creek across the Plains of Abraham, not far from Ape Canyon, Mt. St. Helens area, same location.

We figured we would start a little excitement. So Ned Packard held up his foot and I drew a print of it and enlarged it a few times; then I cut an alder about nine inches in diameter and seventeen inches long and split two boards about one and one-half inches thick from it. With my hatchet I trimmed out my blueprint; and with my jack-knife, I whittled out one pair of feet. When finished each of the feet was about fourteen-fifteen inches long and eight inches wide.

Bill Allen was the trail locater. He looked at the feet and laughed. I gave them to him to take to Dry Gulch where there were huckleberry pickers. Bob Lambert took Bill down there. Bob watched while Bill put the feet on and walked around the cars. He went over some rocks, took the feet off and came back to the Ranger Station. The berry pickers came to the Ranger Station out of breath. They all left the park that night.

Bill and Bob took Lew O'Conner to show him the Big Foot footprints. Lew said, "That's no bear. If you meet up with him, you want to have your hardware with you." (Lew knew it was a joke.)

Bill hid the feet in the tool house at the Forest Service camp, or thought he did. The next year when we went back, the feet were gone. We figured that the Ranger had found and burned them.

I quit the Forest Service and went to work in Oregon. In 1948 an ulcer in my stomach broke; the doctor gave me one chance in a thousand to live. When I got out of the hospital and went home to Toledo, I met Bert Lewis on the street. We got to talking about the time in the Forest Service when we started the Big-Foot fun. Bert told me that he had swiped the feet and that they were at his house. So he and I went up to his house and I got the feet.

The feet lay around my house until 1957. I was going to Alaska that spring. Ray Wallace wanted the feet. Like a fool, I let him have them. When I came home from Alaska, I sent him the money to send them back to me. Just read his letter (to follow) and judge for yourself what happened after that.

Willow Creek
March 3, 1958

Dear Rant;

I am sending your money for postage back, because as soon as the roads are open after the flood damages I will go down to Corning and get the feet and mail them up to you, and I will pay the postage.

How much do you want for the feet? I might buy them from you, I didn't have any idea you would sell them.

I hid the feet in a dry place in the shop at Corning, and I'll go down and get them as soon as they get the road open, as the road all slid out in one place and all of the roads are almost impossible to get over without a Jeep or a four-wheel drive of some kind. Would you be interested in selling them for $50.00 if so keep this check, and if this isn't enough you can send the check back, and I will go down and get the feet and mail up to you as they figure on having the road open by the 10th of this month.

Yours Truly
Ray Wallace

All Big Foot is is a piece of alder from the banks of the Muddy River, Skamania County, Washington.—Rant Mullens, Box 187, Toledo, Washington 98591

Oklahoma Memories

I am writing about an article which appeared in the July 1979 edition of *Frontier Times*. In this particular article, "Murder at the Third Gate," there appears a photograph on page 13. My father, much to his amazement, recognized his uncle, Marvin Stevenson, standing among "men from the old 101." Marvin Stevenson is standing, the second man to the left of the author, Bill Harting. That helps to explain why my father enjoys reading your magazine so much. He often spots photographs or references to people and events that he knows of personally. For example, my grandfather—Arthur Frank Mangham—was born in Finley, Choctaw Nation. He was a direct descendant, through his mother's side of the fence, of the famed Chickasaw leader Levi Colbert (Indian name—Itewamba Mingo). If you are planning any articles on the Chickasaw people in future issues of your magazine, we would like to know.—Timothy Mangham, 2901 Leta Lane, Sacramento, California 95821

We've run quite a few over the years and there will be more.

A Fan from Norway

I am a relatively young Norwegian and am a great fan of your magazines and subscribe to all of them. I am very interested in the Old West and spend quite a few dollars each year for books and magazines. But of course there is still a lot I don't know. My problem is that Norway is many miles from the United States.

I am seeking information about the town of San Antonio de Bexar in Bexar County, Texas. I've already been lucky enough to have got half a dozen books and maps about the city but I would like to get more information about books I probably don't have. I am mostly searching for stories about the wild days from 1870-1890—stories about thieves, murders, shootouts, bank robbers, etc. However, I am also interested in ranching and farming in Bexar County or almost anything having to do with San Antonio in the '70s, '80s, and '90s. Photos would be most welcome.

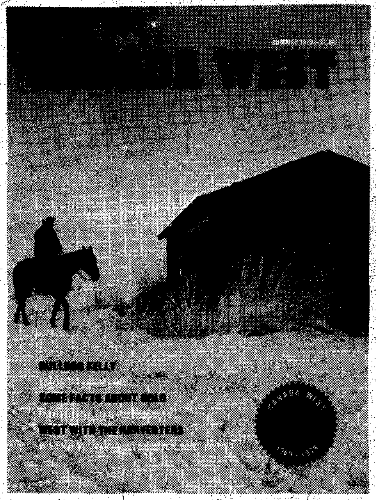
I hope readers of your magazines will write me.—Ernest Thorsen, Vigeland, N-4520 SOR, Audnedal, Norway

Larkspur Update

It was with interest I read the account of Larkspur poisoning in cattle in the "Frontier Post" section of the March issue.

Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma published an excellent book, *Pasture and Range Plants*, in 1963. This volume is used as a supplemental text in some agricultural studies. Page 124 of the book pictures the Larkspur (Delphinium) and gives a detailed description of the plant and its dangers. According to this text Larkspur is *not* poisonous to sheep, while all parts of the plant are poisonous to cattle. It is also reported there is no danger from dead or dried plants.

Larkspur, or Dephinium (delphinia), is an alkaloid, which renders the plant a strong irritant as well as a narcotic.—Ruth Oliver, 201 Houston Street, Port Lavaca, Texas 77979



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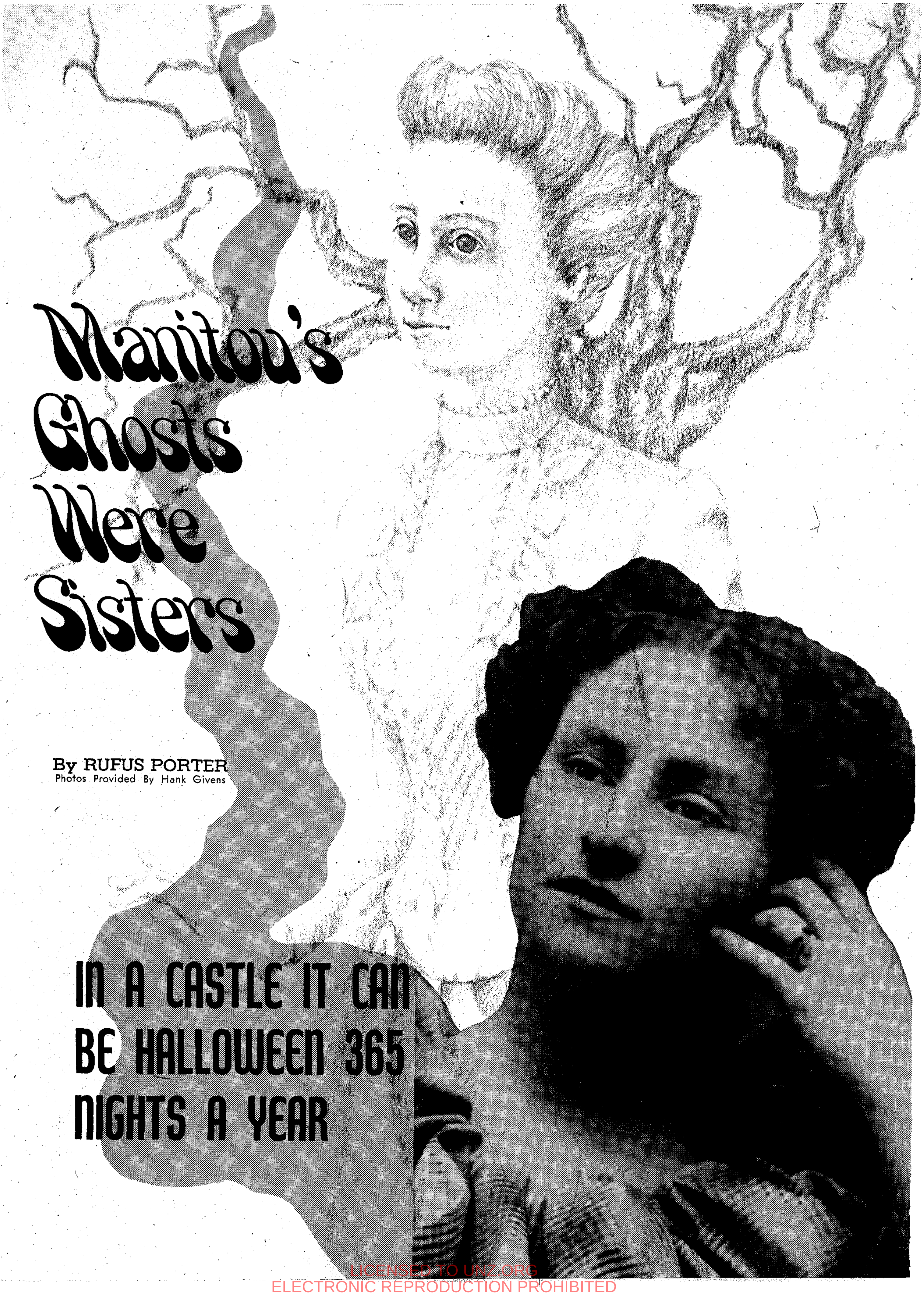
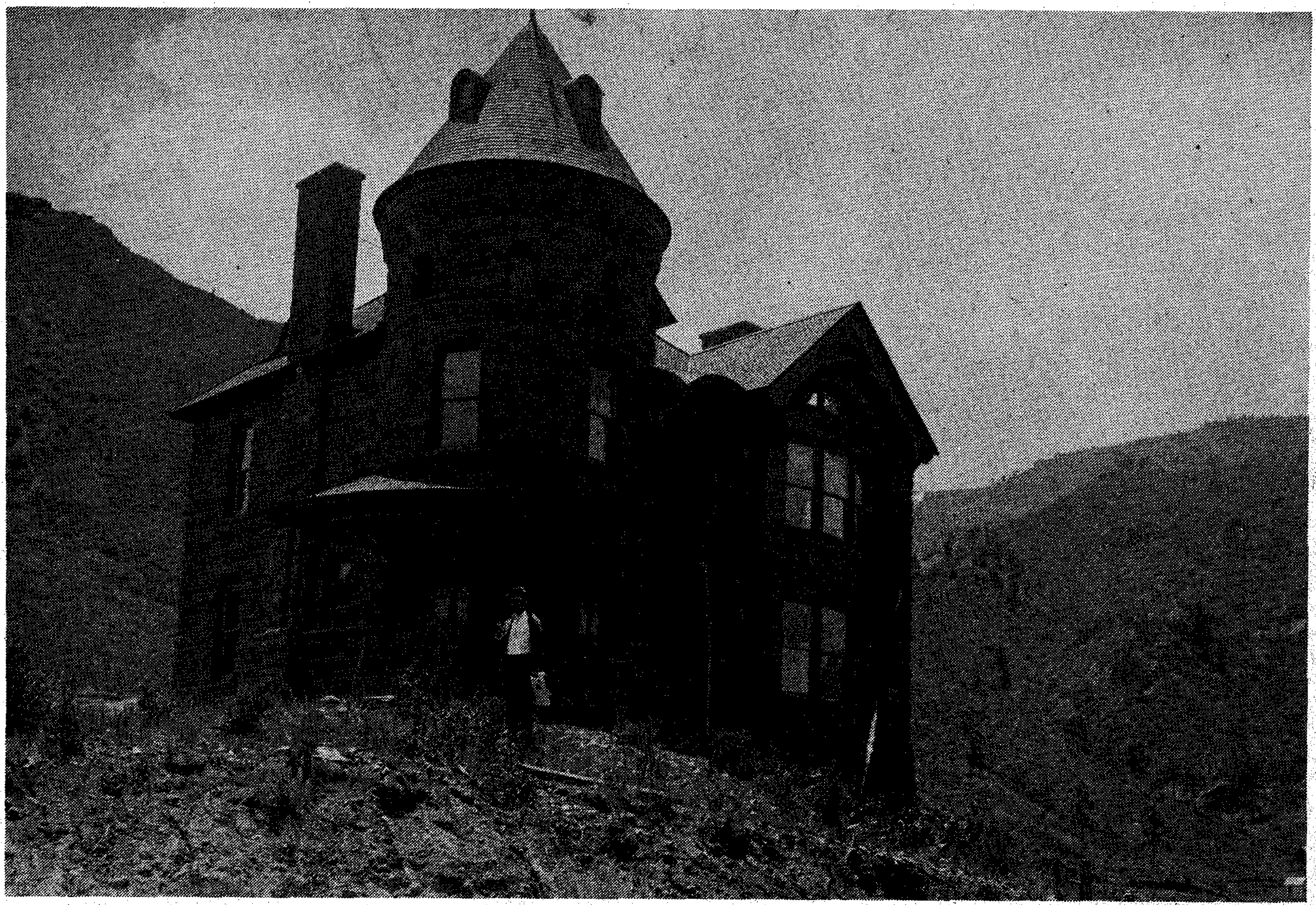
Manitou's Ghosts Were Sisters



By **RUFUS PORTER**
Photos Provided By Hank Givens

IN A CASTLE IT CAN BE HALLOWEEN 365 NIGHTS A YEAR



Courtesy Louis Hakes

Left: Alice Crawford Snow. Above: The Castle on Iron Mountain near Manitou.

Explanatory Note: In the July 1965 *Frontier Times* we ran a very good story about Emma Crawford, as told by the late W. S. "Bill" Crosby to Hank Givens. It was called "Appointment on Red Mountain."

Earlier this year when Rufus Porter sent us his story about the "real ghosts" of Manitou (of which Emma was one) we got his permission to condense Emma's role since many of our readers were already familiar with it.

But circumstances change. Who would think that within a few months the old Hardrock Miner himself, Rufus Porter, would be dead—and that the following story would be the last work of his we would be privileged to bring you.

So through the courtesy of the *Gazette Telegraph* of Colorado Springs, and the cooperation of Hank Givens and Louis Hakes who helped us with photos, we are printing the Porter story in full, just as he sent it.

ALTHOUGH almost forgotten in these more "enlightened times," Manitou Springs, Colorado (known as Manitou before 1934), is the proud possessor of two famous ghosts, and oddly enough both of these ghosts were visited upon the town by two members of the same family. We will consider them in the order of their appearance, the first being "The Ghost of Red Mountain."

Emma Crawford was a young and beautiful, though delicate, girl whose mother had brought her to the Pikes Peak region for her health in the late 1880s. She was a victim of tuberculosis. Her fiancé, a handsome young civil engineer by the name of Hildebrand, was already located in Manitou helping build the Pikes Peak Cog Railroad. They planned on being married as soon as Emma was cured of her lung trouble, Manitou being a world-famous health resort.

Emma was known as a very kind and considerate young lady possessed of "a generous and noble character, and who never spoke an unkind word to anyone," according to Manitou old-timers. Confined to rest and sunshine with very little light exercise, she grew pensive and moody and spent long hours at her home on Ruxton Avenue facing Red Mountain whose peak rose just south of town, but still in the city limits. Emma loved to relax in an easy chair on the wide veranda and gaze at the mountain. The Crawfords were spiritualists, there were many of them in Manitou at the time, and nearly all spiritualists believed they had an Indian guide from the spirit world to protect them in the present one.

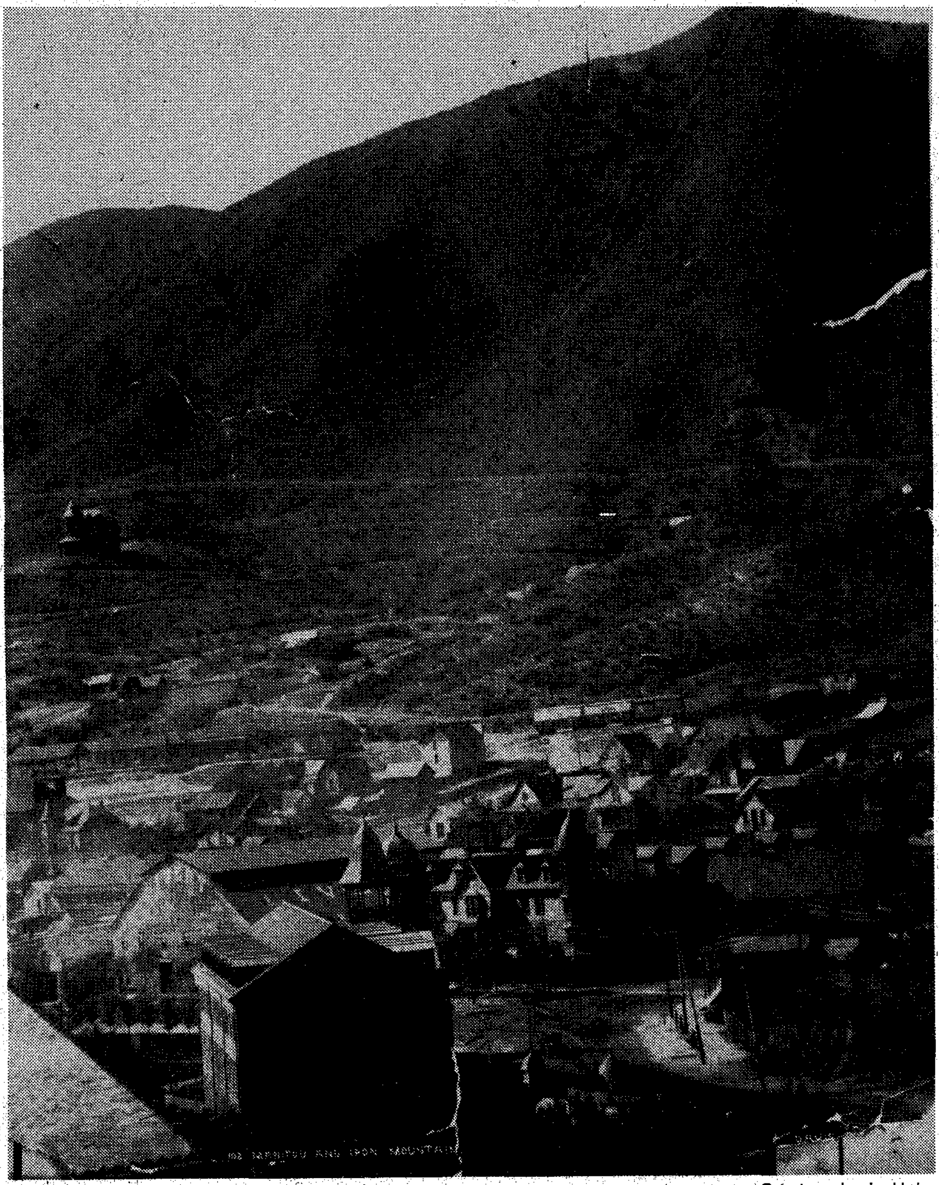
One day Emma fancied she saw a handsome buck Indian beckoning to her from the top of Red Mountain. She vowed then and there that she would climb the mountain and meet her Indian guide. Firm in her resolve, she revealed her plan to her mother and her fiancé. Both were opposed to such an ordeal for a girl in her delicate condition, as were all her friends and neighbors when they heard of it. But their pleadings were of no avail. She slipped off one day when her mother was teaching piano to a neighbor woman and climbed the mountain to the very top. She was very late getting back home, but no one would believe her when she told them where she had been.

"I did so climb it," she said, "and I tied my scarf to a little piñon pine tree on the summit, and I have decided that I will be buried beneath that tree."

They still did not believe she could have performed such a feat. But the next day, Bill Crosby, an active, healthy young man and a friend of like caliber, climbed Red Mountain and found Emma's scarf tied to the tree just as she had described it. They also found her footprints in the loose gravel.

Bill Crosby, now 95, [1969] still recalls every detail of the girl's story, and of his friend's and his climb to the summit the next day.

Miss Crawford survived the climb without noticeable harm to her health, which had been improving so well that the date had been set for her marriage to the young engineer. But she died just



Courtesy Louis Hakes

Manitou. The Castle on Iron Mountain can be seen in the distance.

a few days before the wedding date, and her dying wish was that she should be buried beneath the little pine on top of Red Mountain, "where I tied my scarf and where my Indian lover is waiting for me."

True to her last request, young Hildebrand attempted to buy a space on the mountain top in which to bury his sweetheart's body. Not being able to obtain a deed to the place, he buried her there anyhow. Twelve good men and true volunteered to carry the casket, with poor Emma inside, to the top of Red Mountain. They worked in two shifts of six men each, trading places when the crew became tired. It was an all day job and Emma was lowered into her grave just as the sun was setting behind the higher mountains on a summer day in 1890.

IT WASN'T long after Emma's burial that a couple of her spiritualist friends climbed Red Mountain in the moonlight and came back swearing they had seen Emma's spirit hovering near the little piñon pine.

Recalling the incident, Bill Crosby said, "In a short while they had a well-beaten trail up the mountain. Hundreds of spiritualists would climb the mountain on a moonlit night to await the appearance of Emma's spirit, clad in a misty veil, according to these who had been lucky enough to see it."

Many refused to believe anyone was buried on top of the mountain, even though a small monument had been erected by her fiancé, consequently her headstone would be found toppled over every year and Bill Crosby and his wife used to set it up again when they made their annual pilgrimage to Emma's grave to decorate it with flowers.

Emma rested in her chosen spot until 1912 when an official of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad decided Red Mountain was just the place to build another incline railroad. Manitou already had one, "The Mount Manitou Incline Railway." So the incline was built at great expense and a big pavilion was built at the summit—and Emma's remains were in the way. Since her burial plot had never been deeded, moving her was no problem and she was reinterred on the south slope of the hill where she would be out of everyone's way.

But she was buried on a gravel slope and time and nature worked their wills in the process called erosion. One day, several years after she had been moved, two boys found a human skull on the south slope of Red Mountain. They brought the skull into Manitou, and Bill Crosby, suspecting that it might be Emma Crawford's, took along a friend and they climbed the mountain. They found that Emma's grave had been washed out by heavy rains. They succeeded in finding all the other bones of her frail skeleton, along with the name-plate off the casket and the casket handles.

They carried her bones down to the Manitou City Hall where they lay collecting dust for two full years while the city officials tried in vain to locate any of Emma's relatives. At last, Bill Crosby and another friend carried her bones to the lovely Crystal Valley Cemetery not far from the base of her beloved Red Mountain and buried them in a small plot, where she rests to this day.

Correction: Her bones are resting there, but her spirit still may be seen, clad in a misty veil and guided by her Indian lover, roaming the Summit of Red Mountain on moonlit nights. The incline, by the way, suffered an early demise in 1914. Revived in 1919 it was again short-lived. The tourists were afraid of it; it seemed to hang over the edge of the mountain.

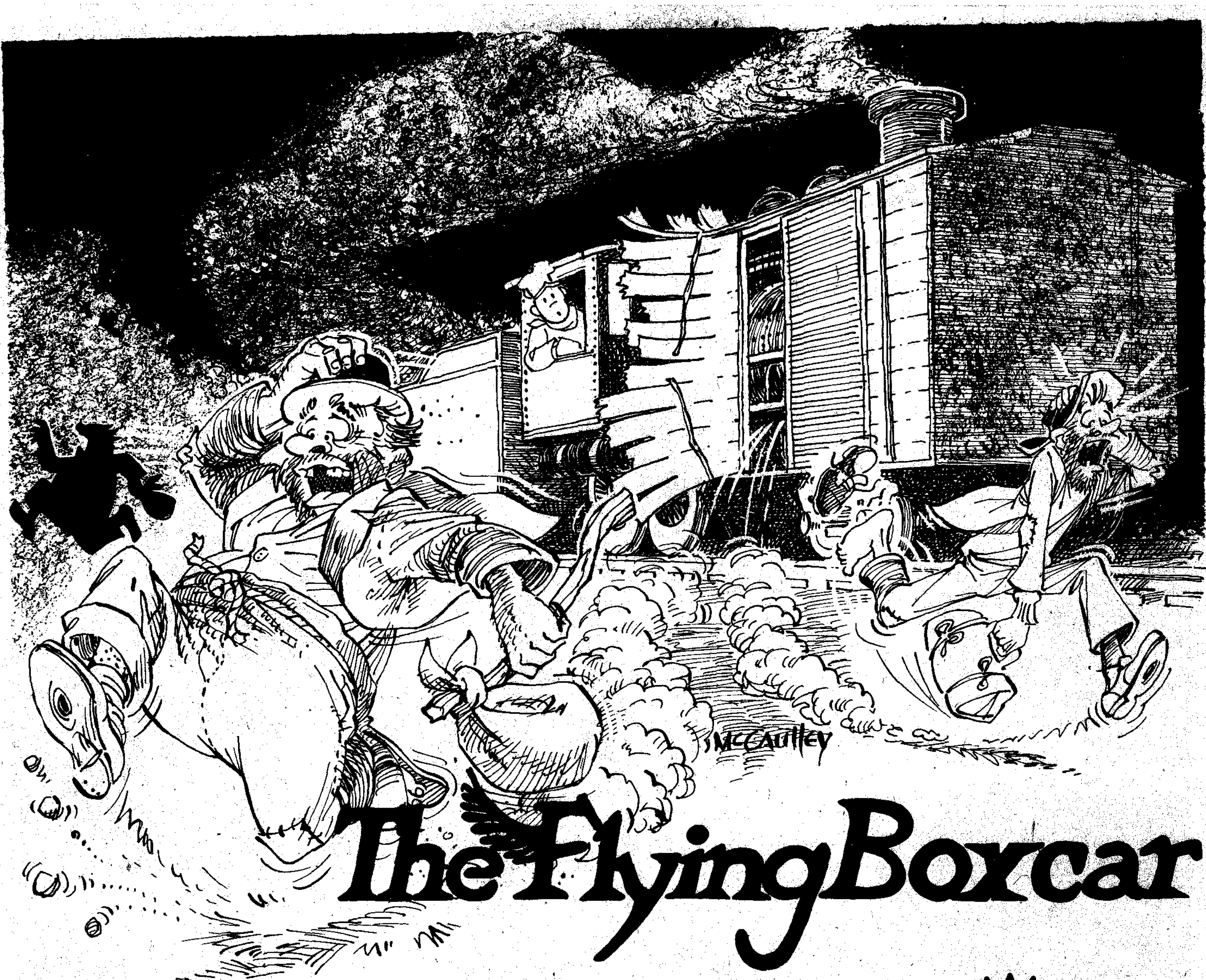
IT WAS All Hallows Eve in Manitou as it was also at the old stone Castle on Iron Mountain, high above the town. A thin crescent of a moon was visible and a few stars were out, giving just enough light to make every bush and bough appear to be SOMEBODY or SOMETHING other than what they were. A slight breeze, causing some motion in the shrubbery and trees, added to the illusion.

Emerging from the eerie light and shadows were weird, ghost-like sounds of what seemed to be human (or ghost) voices. Gathered in front of the old Castle, known to be haunted, stood a group of Manitou school kids of both sexes shivering from fright rather than the cold, although it was a cool night.

They stood talking in low voices and occasionally one of them would part from the group and walk around the corner of the haunted building. But from there on he or she "ran as fast as we could all the way around the old Castle until we came to the front. Then we would saunter leisurely back to the group and dare another one to 'walk' around the Castle. It had to be alone, one kid at a time, and some of the kids were too scared to try it."

This was years ago and the Castle had been standing vacant for some time. The voices were those of owls that lived in the trees surrounding the Castle. The ritual described above was a standard one on Halloween among the school kids of Manitou whenever the Castle was va-

(Continued on page 30)



The Flying Boxcar

By KARL HUNES

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

Written in 1953

THE small towns between Beaumont and Houston in southeast Texas seldom were mentioned in the headlines before the first World War. The rice farmers, merchants, stock raisers, mechanics, and clerks pursued their daily tasks in their normally peaceful way except for an idle interest in the war raging in Europe.

This complacency was disturbed quite suddenly during the afternoon of August 15, 1915, when word was received by both telephone and telegraph that a violent hurricane was moving inland toward the towns of Nome, China, and Devers. By five o'clock all residents of Nome and adjacent areas who had telephones had been notified of the impending blow and advised to seek shelter in storm cellars or some sturdily constructed building in town.

Some had experienced similar storms and followed the latter advice immediately without further question; others elected to stay at home in underground storm cellars. Although strong winds had been noted since early morning some skeptics were convinced the warning was a ruse by burglars to get families away from their homes during the night in order that they might go about their nefarious business uninterrupted.

One of the buildings selected by the townspeople as a refuge from the storm was the local railroad station, a sturdy structure consisting of two waiting rooms, a baggage room, and the station master's office. Each waiting room measured about twenty feet square with several rows of very uncomfortable seats with iron arm rests. These arm rests served at best as a means to prevent anyone from sleeping in the station.

By shortly after six o'clock most of those who intended to seek shelter in the station had done so. The wind steadily increased in violence and the rain became a torrential downpour. Occasional hailstones of abnormal size were falling; some were hurled violently against the windows of the station resulting in a number of broken panes. Coats were hastily shed and placed in the broken windows to keep out the rain; crates were broken open in the baggage room to provide boards which were nailed over the openings. The roar of the storm was so great that it was necessary to shout in order to be heard.

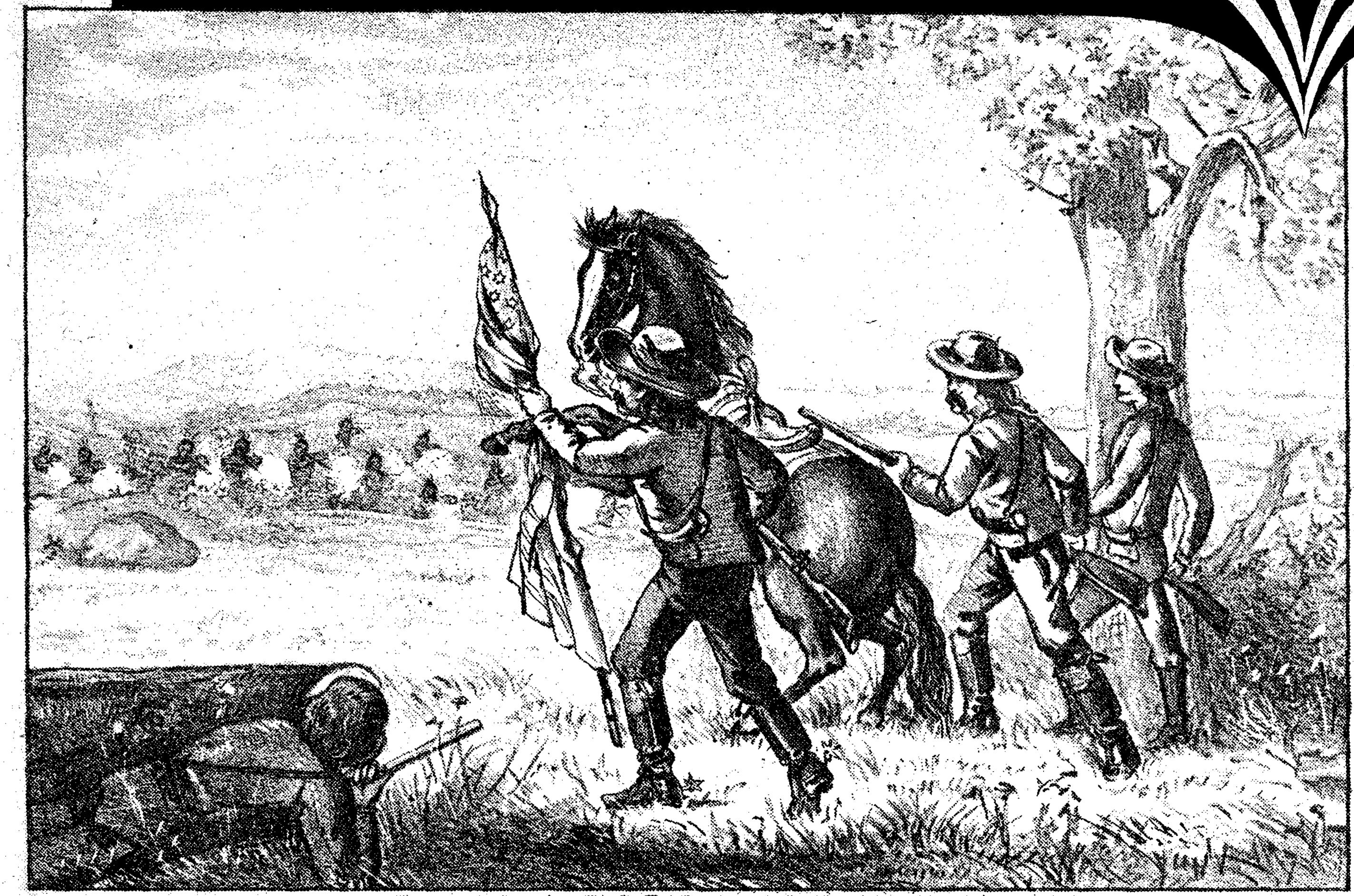
AS a few late-comers arrived, the station master burst suddenly from his office and called several men to him. He told them he just received a telegraphic message from China stating that an empty boxcar had been pushed from a siding onto the main line by the wind and was headed for Nome. Seconds later a large black bulk careened past the station at a terrific rate of speed traveling westward. As it flashed under the station lights it was an uncanny sight; seemingly a self-propelled box car, the roar of the storm drowning the sound of its passing. It was immediately lost in the darkness as it continued its wild flight toward Houston.

The Southern Pacific eastbound limited passenger train was at this time traveling from Houston on the same track and was soon due to pass through Nome on its delayed schedule. The station master rushed back to his office and keyed out an urgent message to Devers, the

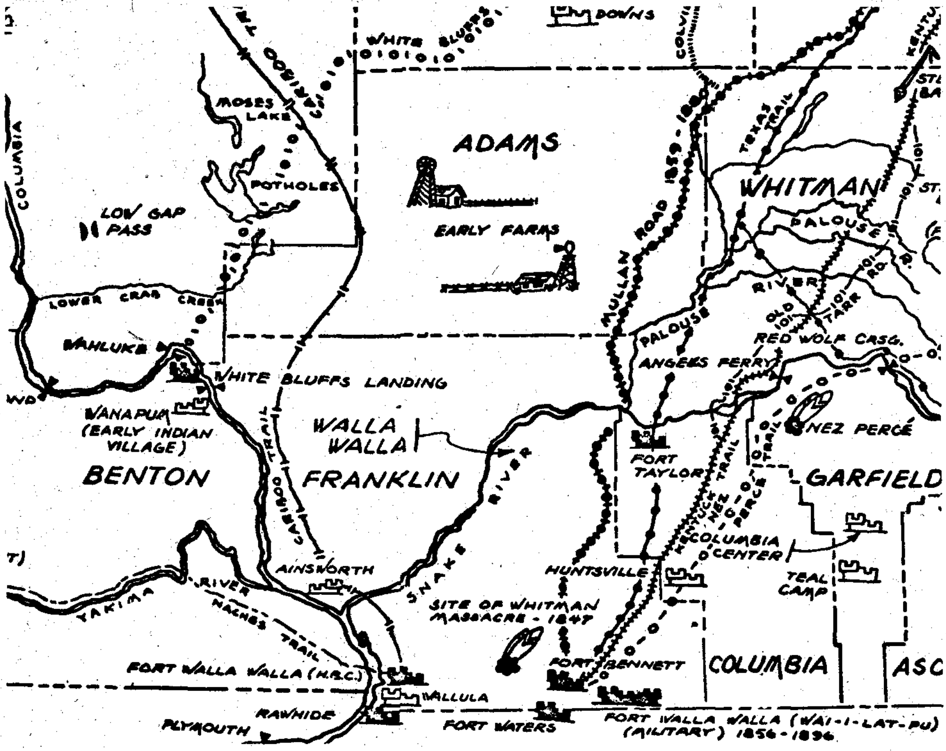
(Continued on page 44)

A FOUR-DAY

Killed too dead to skin!



FIRST CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF WALLA WALLA 1855.


WHITE BLUFFS
DOWNS
COLVILLE
KENTUCKY
CARIBOO TR.
MOSES LAKE
ADAMS
POTHOLES
LOW GAP PASS
COLUMBIA
EARLY FARMS
MULLAN ROAD 1859 - 1860
TEXAS TRAIL
WHITMAN
PALOUSE R.
RIVER
OLD TARR RD.
LOWER CRAB CREEK
WAHLUKE
PALOUSE
RED WOLF CRSG.
ANGEES FERRY
WHITE BLUFFS LANDING
VANAPUM (EARLY INDIAN VILLAGE)
WALLA WALLA
NEZ PERCÉ
FORT TAYLOR
KENTUCKY TRAIL
NEZ PERCE TRAIL
BENTON
FRANKLIN
GARFIELD
CARIBOO TRAIL
SNAKE RIVER
COLUMBIA CENTER
AINSWORTH
HUNTSVILLE
TEAL CAMP
YAKIMA RIVER
NACHES TRAIL
SITE OF WHITMAN MASSACRE - 1847
FORT BENNETT
COLUMBIA
ASC
FORT WALLA WALLA (H.B.C.)
WALLULA
RAWHIDE
PLYMOUTH
FORT WATERS
FORT WALLA WALLA (WAI-I-LAT-PU) (MILITARY) 1856-1896

Detail from "Ghost Towns And Forts Of Washington" map © 1969
The Christensens, Sprague, Washington

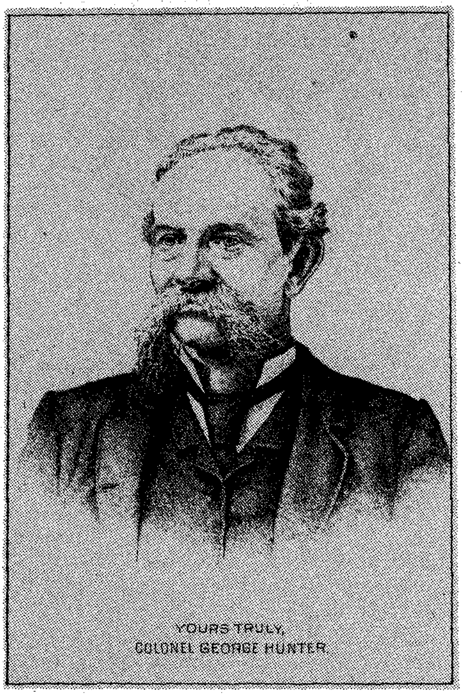
Explanatory Note: At the time this story opens, George Hunter and the rest of Company I, Denton County Volunteers, had just been lured into an ambush on the pretense of making peace with the Indians, but had successfully fought their way out and had reached a place later called Frenchtown, about five miles below the mouth of Mill Creek. It was late in the fall of 1855 and Oregon was in the midst of a powerful struggle between white men and the warriors living east of the Cascades.

WHEN we were first attacked, at the mouth of the Touchet, I was riding a pony that couldn't have outrun a cow; and, not wishing to be the *hindmost man* in case of a *possible retreat*, I stopped to change the pony for my fast mare, which I rode only when I thought a hard or fast ride might be necessary. Lint Starr and Dave White stopped with me though they were eager for the fray, as a charge had been ordered. It took me but a minute or two to change my "rig" to the mare; then forward we dashed, and overtook the foremost of the command, which position we maintained.

Just before we came to the mouth of Dry Creek, we noticed one of our boys

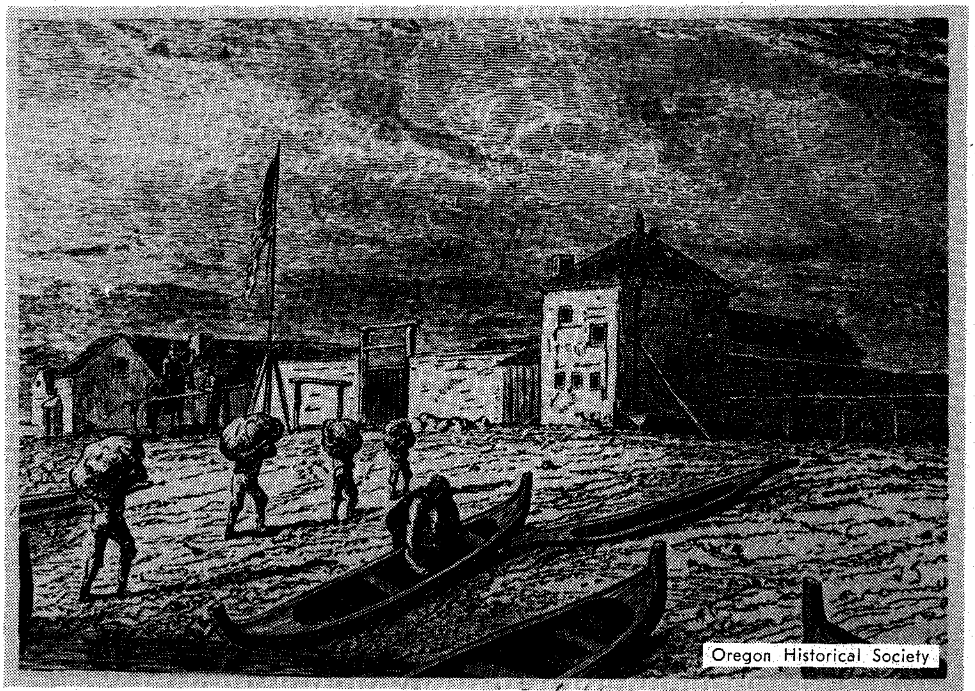
FIGHT

This adventure was taken from **REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER,** Memoirs of a Pacific Northwest Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout, Colonel George Hunter. Published in 1887 by H. S. Crocker and Company, San Francisco. Other episodes will appear in chronological order.



Above: George Hunter: Top right: Nez Perce brave with a white heron's wing fan. Below right: Old Fort Walla-Walla.

E. S. Curtis photo, from WP files

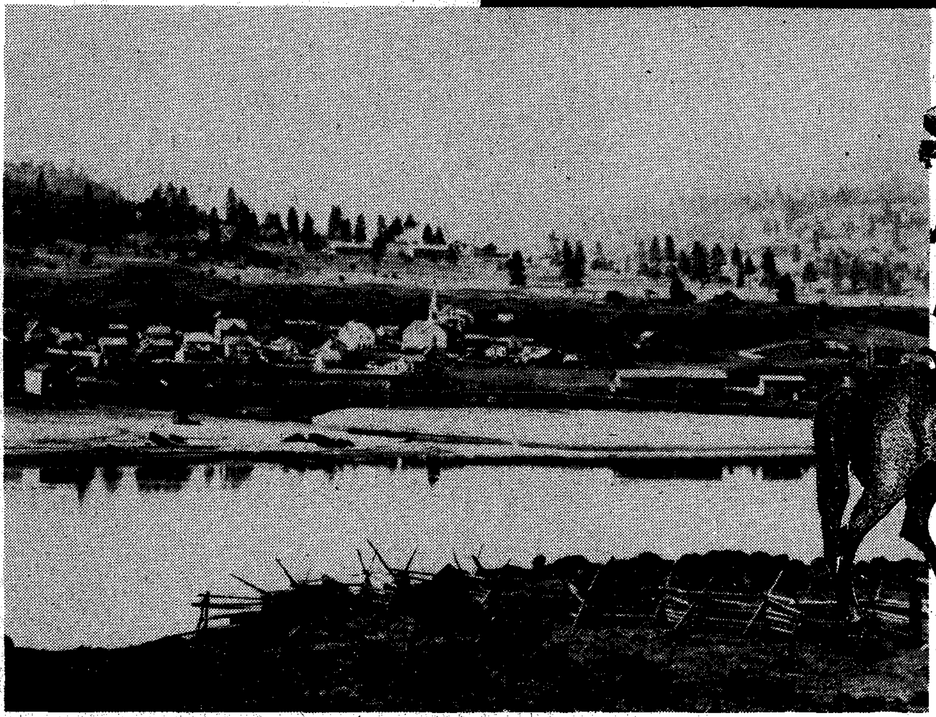


Oregon Historical Society

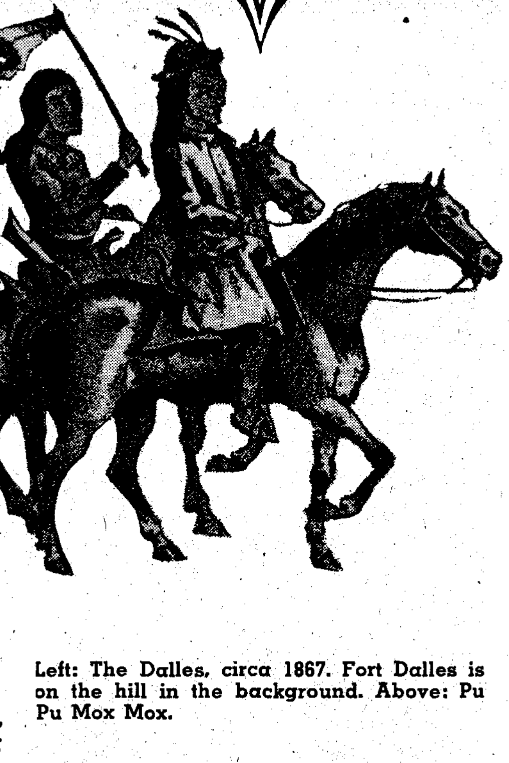
(Addington by name) dashing ahead and almost among the Indians. We were satisfied that Addington had lost control of the high-spirited horse he was riding, and that if someone didn't get to him quick, he would lose his hair; so we gave rein. My mare was the fleetest, and I thought I never knew her to do better work than she did then, as she bounded over the sage-brush and badger-holes to the rescue of Addington.

Just as I reached him an Indian either knocked or punched him off his horse. The Indians gained a horse, but lost a brave. Addington was not lost, for the rest of the command came galloping up as fast as they could.

At the mouth of Dry Creek the Indians made a stand on a high knoll, and were setting the grass on fire, when some of the boys dashed through the bushes and into their midst, while others had gone around the knoll, thus forcing them to a still further retreat, which they con-



Watkins Photo, Oregon Historical Society



Left: The Dalles, circa 1867. Fort Dalles is on the hill in the background. Above: Pu Pu Mox Mox.

tinued on to Frenchtown, as before stated. Here they had arranged for the final struggle. Ten or twelve hundred Indians were posted in the timber along the river and across the valley to the foothills. Coming up, we saw at once that the retreat had ended, and the fight must begin in earnest. A point of brush that extended out into the flat some distance, and a fence that a Frenchman had built around a cabin and piece of bottom land, afforded the only shelter for our men; and behind these they took position as fast as they came up, dismounted and secured their horses. At the mouth of Dry Creek I came up to Elliott, who was carrying our company flag. He said:

"Take this flag and carry it to the front. My horse is played out." No sooner said than done. I caught the flag and in company with Starr and White came up to the point of brush where sixty or seventy of the boys had already arrived and taken their stands, and were sustaining a heavy fire.

I found a short chunk or piece that had been cut off an alder log, this I picked up and carried out a few steps from the point where I threw it down, and having driven the spear of the flagstaff into the ground by it so the rest of the company could see where our men were as they came up, I lay down behind the chunk and kept my head close to the ground, for the bullets were whizzing uncomfortably near me.

I had lain there but a few moments when our captain (Munson) dashed up on a fine black horse that he had succeeded in "drawing" from the government, and dismounting, let go the horse, jerked up the flag, and without looking to see whether there was one or fifty of his men around him, or whether there was a hundred or ten thousand Indians in front, rushed wildly forward waving the flag over his head and shouting, *"Company I, charge!"* Forward he went on foot, his horse having already gone to the Indians.

NOT MORE than seven or eight of his company had yet come up, but those present were not to be outdone by their captain, so they charged with him. I having, as related in a previous chapter, been caught out in open ground by Indians, didn't relish the movement, and for a moment *I played that I hadn't got there yet.* But as Starr, White and some of the other boys charged with the captain, I saw that I must face the music, so I charged *rather slowly, I admit.*

When we got thirty or forty yards from the bushes the Indians raised from behind the sage-brush and other objects that up to this time had concealed them, and opened fire full upon us. About this time Sergeant-Major Miller came up and ordered a retreat. This left our little band in a tight place, but as luck would have it, at that moment Captain Munson got shot in the arm, which caused him to drop the flag and retreat (he had probably gained glory enough for one day).

When we turned to run I was, of course, in the lead, but turning around to see who had the flag, I realized that it was being left, and before I had taken the second thought I had run back, picked up the flag, and then I guess I did some of the finest running that a scared man ever did in Walla Walla valley. Owing to bad marksmanship or something else I reached the fence, when a rifle-ball grazed my temple, barely drawing blood, and scaring me so bad that I fell down, got up, fell down again, and finally found myself in the hands of Starr and White, who were trying to get my hands from my head and asking if I was badly hurt.

I told them *I was killed too dead to skin,* and from the sight of a few drops of blood and the feeling of my temple I thought I was.

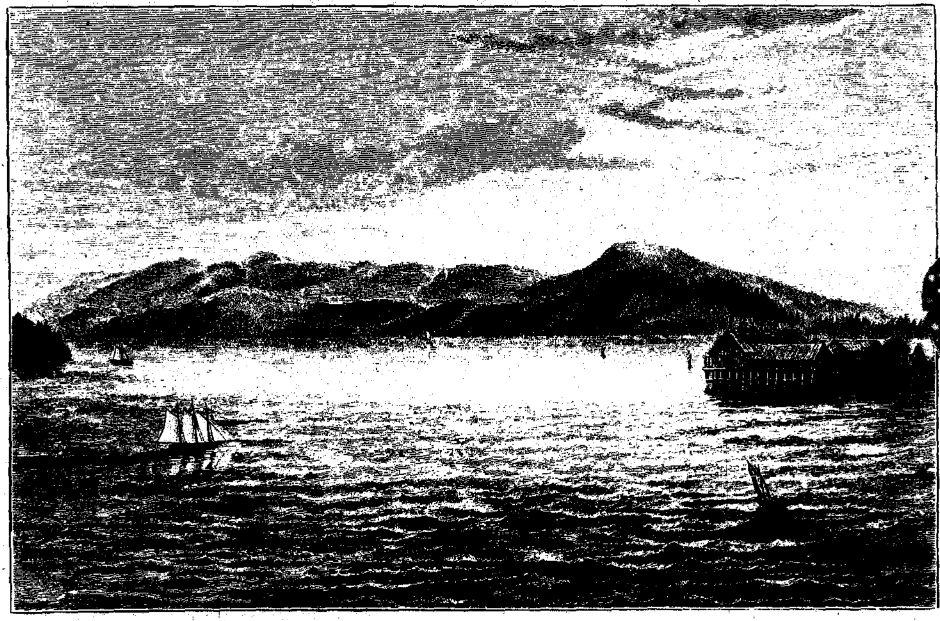
The boys got my hands down, and seeing I was only scratched, and not hurt a bit, they made me know I was alive.

Our men seeing the danger in leaving the point of brush, came back and met the Indians hand-to-hand, with knives, pistols and guns, and taught them to keep at a more respectful distance.

As soon as I saw that our men had driven the Indians out of the brush, I "came to," and helped care for our wounded and dead. There were five or six killed *(besides me),* and twelve or fifteen wounded. Among the killed was my young friend, Lieutenant Burrows, who fell by my side. I believe he was from Linn County.

A more determined struggle than this, at the point of timber, was scarcely ever made in the Northwest. The Indians seemed determined to hold the point of brush after they had gained it, and convert the short retreat into a stampede, but they had to deal with men of equal determination, who saw the value of taking and holding the point of advantage. Many were the incidents of bravery exhibited by volunteers and Indians on this the first day of the battle of Walla Walla, or Frenchtown.

Below: Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Right: Typical Indian of the Northwest, probably Yakima.



From **OREGON, THERE AND BACK IN 1877**

Courtesy Victor H. White

About this time the rest of the command came up with the supply-train and the Indian prisoners, and encamped at the cabin before mentioned—the cabin we used for a hospital.

We were all convinced that Chief Mox-Mox had all the time been planning our destruction, and demonstrations plainly showed that he had ordered this fight and wanted to escape from us. So, while the guards were forming camp, they concluded to tie the prisoners.

The Nez Perces proved to be friendly, and requested to be tied; but one of the others, "Wolf-skin" by name, jerked out a knife he had concealed, and stabbed Sergeant-Major Miller in the arm when the others attempted to escape. This settled it, and all but the Nez Perces were killed.

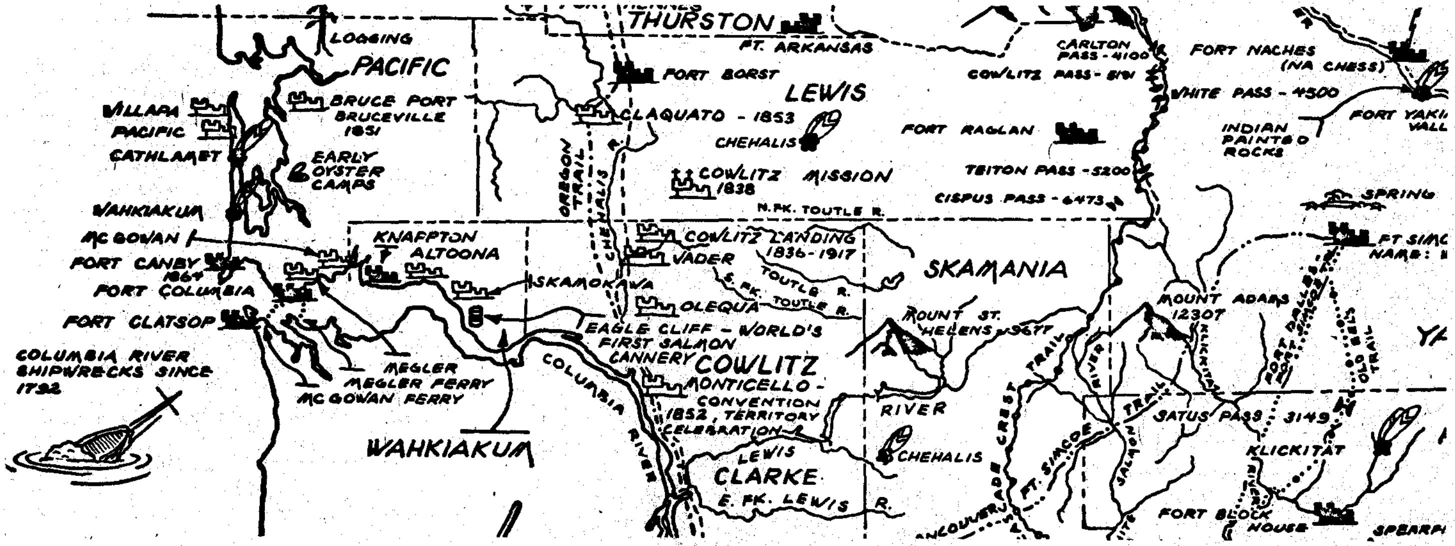
There have been several versions of this so-called "butchery of prisoners," but I am satisfied that the above is correct; that the boys were justified under the circumstances; and that, if the same principle had actuated our regular soldiers that did our command at that time, and Wright's command at Spokane later, there never would have occurred the Nez Perce war of '77, or the Bannack war of '78.

Ambuscade, treachery, torture and sneak are the components of the Indian, and fear is the only civilizing element that will bear heavily on him.

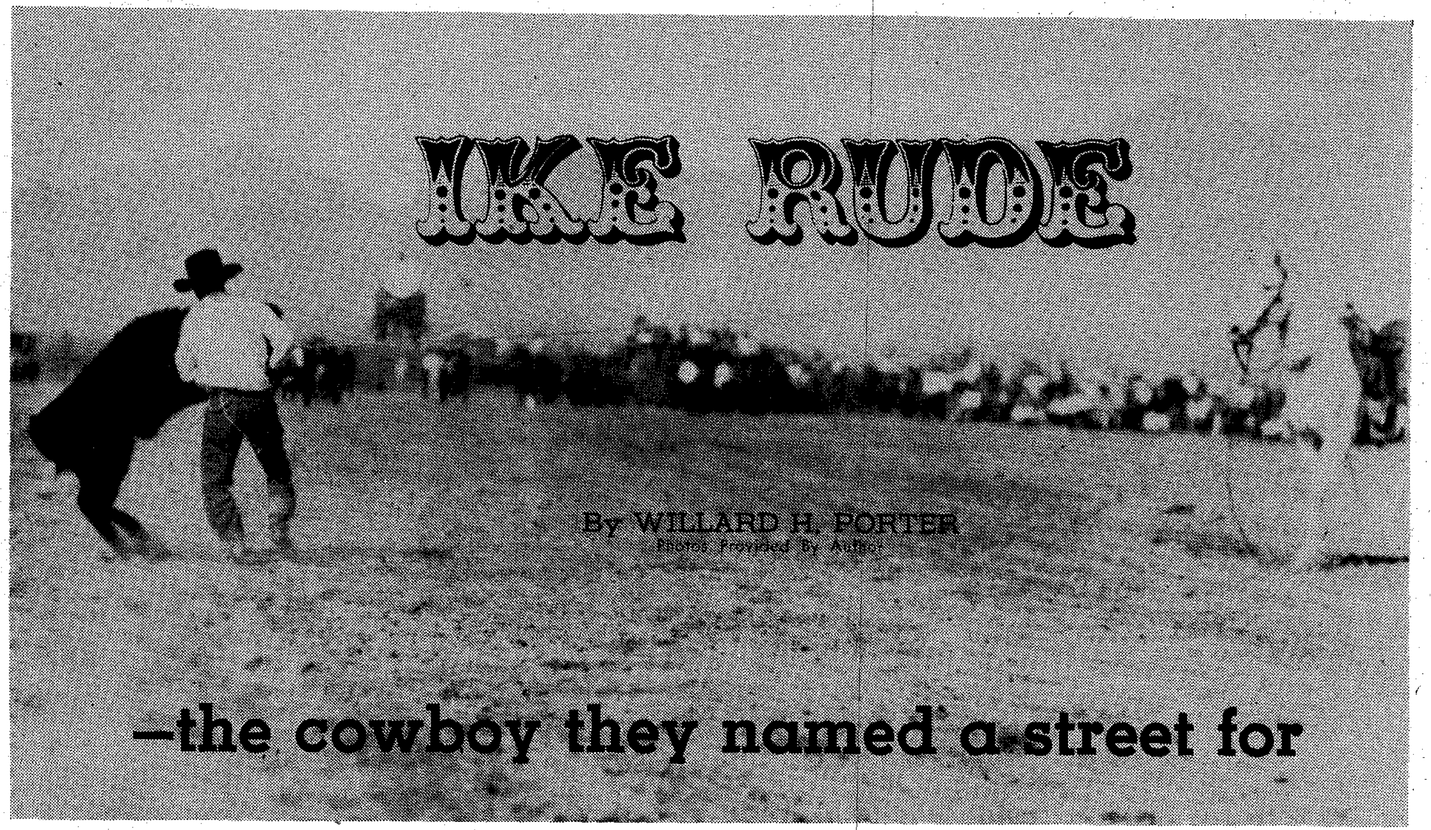
IT IS RELATED that when Governor I. I. Stevens and some other representative men from this country were trying to obtain some remuneration from the government for the services of the volunteers during the Indian war of 1855-56, a representative from one of the Eastern States opposed the bill, and during the course of his remarks said that the volunteers under Colonels Cornelius and Kelley had "murdered a friendly chief, who had come and delivered himself up."

This "fine-haired man of the East" had probably never seen an Indian and knew nothing of the hellish work they did when on the war-path. He said, "It

(Continued on page 50)


THURSTON
FT. ARKANSAS
LOGGING
PACIFIC
FORT BORST
LEWIS
WILLAPA
PACIFIC
CATHLAMET
BRUCE PORT
BRUCEVILLE
1851
EARLY OYSTER CAMPS
CLAQUATO - 1853
CHEHALIS
OREGON TRAIL
CHEHALIS
COWLITZ MISSION
1838
N. FK. TOUTLE R.
WAHKIAKUM
MC GOWAN
FORT CANBY
1864
FORT COLUMBIA
FORT CLATSOP
KNAPPTON
ALTOONA
SKAMOKAWA
COWLITZ LANDING
1836-1917
VADER
TOUTLE R.
S. FK. TOUTLE R.
OLEQUA
EAGLE CLIFF - WORLD'S FIRST SALMON CANNERY
COWLITZ
MONTICELLO - CONVENTION 1852, TERRITORY CELEBRATION
COLUMBIA RIVER
COLUMBIA RIVER SHIPWRECKS SINCE 1792
MEGLER
MEGLER FERRY
MC GOWAN FERRY
WAHKIAKUM
LEWIS
CLARKE
E. FK. LEWIS R.
CARLTON PASS - 4100
COWLITZ PASS - 5191
FORT RAGLAN
TEITON PASS - 5200
CISPUS PASS - 6473
SKAMANIA
MOUNT ST. HELENS - 9677
RIVER
CHEHALIS
CREST TRAIL
FT. SIMCOE
VANCOUVER
LEWIS RIVER
SALMON
TRAIL
MOUNT ADAMS
12307
KLICKITAT
SATUS PASS - 3149
KLICKITAT
KLICKITAT RIVER
FORT BLOCK HOUSE
FORT NACHES
(NA CHESS)
WHITE PASS - 4500
FORT YAKI
VALL
INDIAN PAINTED ROCKS
SPRING
FT SIMC
NAME:
FORT DALLES
OLD TRAIL
YA
SPEARF

Detail from "**Ghost Towns And Forts Of Washington**" map © 1969
The Christensens, Sprague, Washington



IKE RUDE

—the cowboy they named a street for

By WILLARD H. PORTER

Photos Provided By Author

IKE RUDE, Oklahoma steer roper, calf roper, old-time cowboy and all-around good guy, has won a lot of rodeo awards and trophies in his eighty-five years. One of the most astonishing honors, I think, was when the city fathers of Mangum, Ike's birthplace on March 26, 1894, and long-time home, changed the name of the street he lived on.

One morning Ike and his wife Cleo arose and took a stroll down what had been the day before Indiana Avenue. Now, they saw, all the street signs had been changed to Ike Rude Avenue. And the one special address, where Ike and Cleo live, is now 115 North Ike Rude Avenue.

That's unique, isn't it? I mean, streets are usually named for presidents, kings and queens, generals, inventors—not cowboys. But when you consider that Ike Rude may be one of the most prominent rodeo cowboys in the history of the sport, then you get the feeling that what Mangum's city fathers did is perfectly okay. Surely Ike's a legend in his own time—and much more.

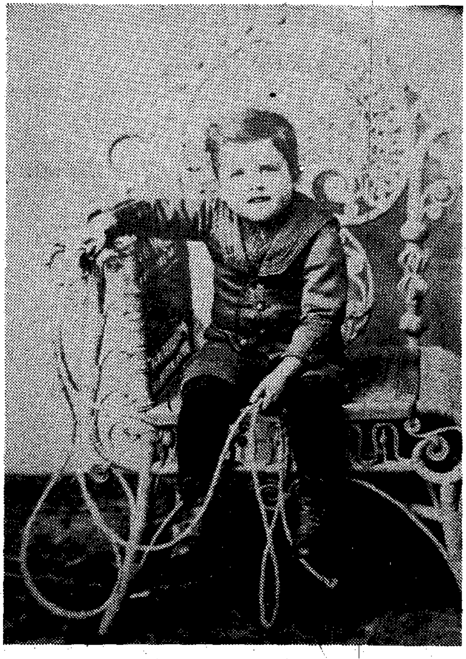
Though fully retired now, with a compete collection of the aches and pains that old-time cowboys gather, he typifies a kind of man that is a vanishing species because the environment that nourished him is no more.

Writing recently in *Persimmon Hill,* the quarterly publication of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, George Williams (Hall of Fame rodeo historian) said:

"Ike Rude, who could rope a snake, won his first prize money with a lariat rope in 1910 and his last in 1970. Known in rodeo as 'Jitney' and traveling a million miles, he had two million dollars worth of fun. He owned some good horses and looped a lot of cash, titles and honors, including three championships of the world along the way, and finally popped it on the big one. This time the sport of the cow country's highest honor—election to the Rodeo Hall of Fame.

"As that Cowboy Shrine's first living honoree, he takes rank with twenty-two of rodeo's greatest.

Top: At an early Tucson, Arizona rodeo Ike tries to leg a stout Angus calf to the ground. Catalina Mountains in background. Below: In 1897, at the age of three, Ike already had a catch rope in his hands.



"The Rodeo Historical Society's [a division of the Hall of Fame] annual luncheon during the 1974 National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City was the scene of Ike's induction.

"A resolution honoring Rude has been introduced into the Oklahoma State Legislature and a granite tablet dedicated to him has been erected in front of the old Greer County Museum at Mangum."

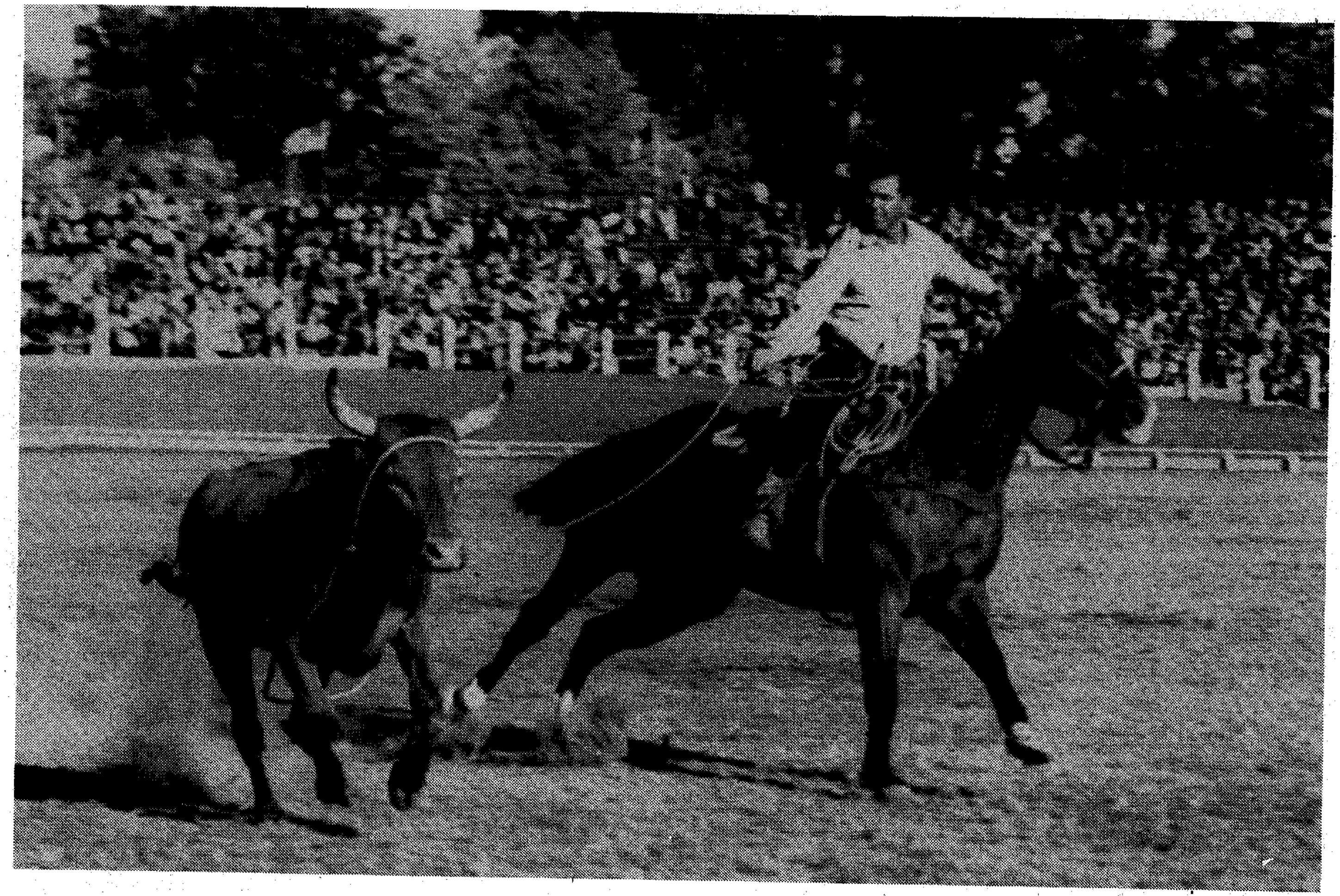
IKE'S FATHER, Sam Rude, was at one time or another during his son's growth, butcher, farmer, rancher and police chief, a vocation which once prompted him to warn his son, "Ike, keep your rope on your saddle more—if you don't you're going to spend some time in jail."

In those days nobody had practice arenas and there weren't enough rodeos to attend to keep one's hand and eye coordination up to snuff. The result of all this was that Ike had to practice on other folks' cattle, hogs, chickens, goats, dogs and the neighborhood children.

"They called me 'that mean little Rude kid' just 'cause I liked to rope," says Ike defensively.

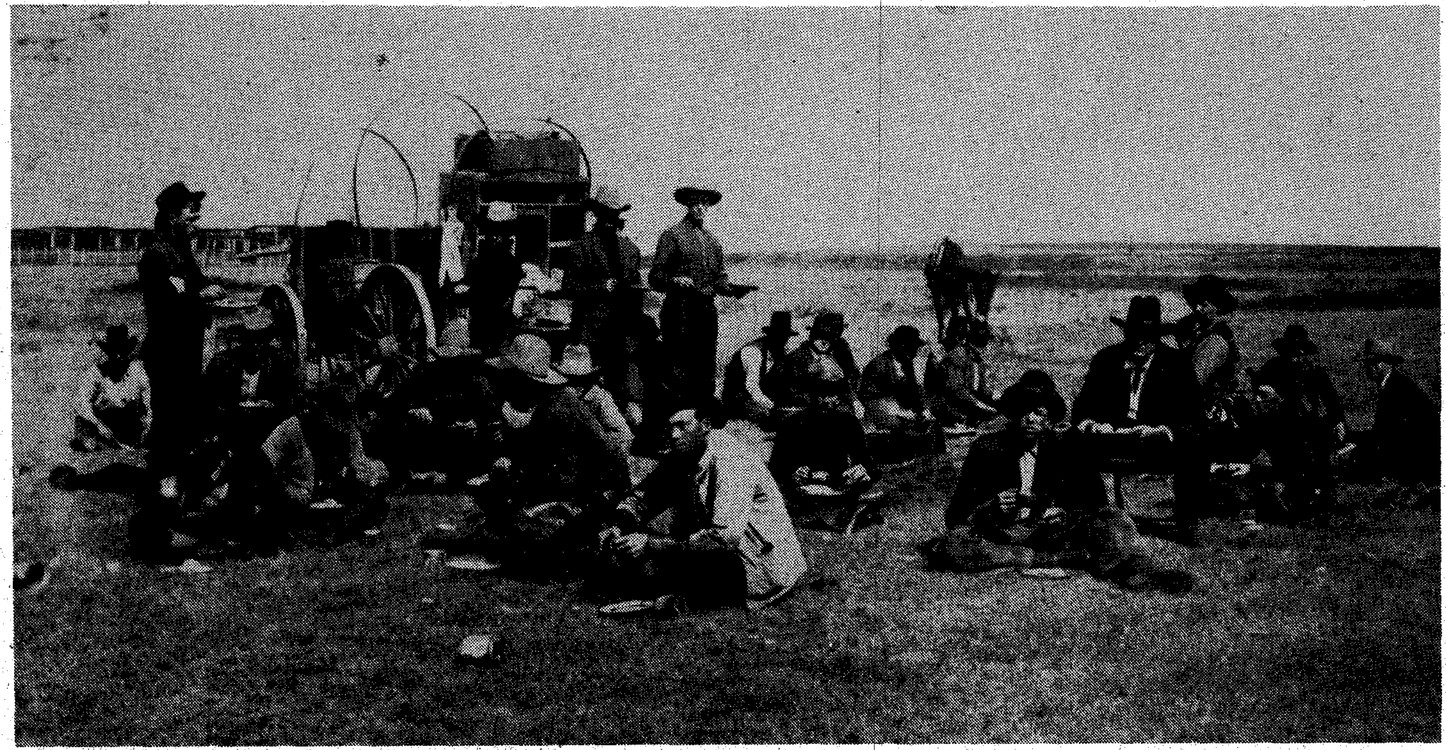
While still a boy, Ike began to garner heroes. Most of them, quite naturally, were proven artists with the catch rope. Two men he particularly admired were J. Ellison Carroll and Clay McGonagill. When these two talented steer ropers were matched in 1905 at San Antonio, Texas, young Ike could hardly wait for the results to trickle north into the Sooner State.

When Carroll returned to Mangum—he was then also a Greer County resident



Above: His trip is a little low here but Ike is going ahead with it anyway. He was one of the greatest steer busters rodeo has ever known. Below: Ike is shown getting off the hard-stopping calf horse, Old Baldy, on whom he roped for a number of years. Calgary Stampede, 1939. Ike won the calf roping competition that year.

CALGARY
STAMPEDE



Above: Shown with Matador Ranch hands in 1914, Ike stands in front of the wagon with his arms crossed. The turtleneck sweater was a popular item of dress among cowboys of that era. *Below: Riding Buster at a Ruidoso, New Mexico steer-roping a few years ago.*

—with news that he had been victorious, Ike thought it was the greatest moment of his life. He knew then what he wanted to be: a steer roper—the best in the world. One day he would realize his dream, but a long apprenticeship came first on some huge ranches.

The first big spread he worked for was the Matador Land and Cattle Company, an outfit that once branded over 15,000 calves. Ike went to work for $25 a month, plus room and board.

"We had plenty of room," he recalls, "all the ground in Texas, it near seemed, to sleep on—and the board was beef and beans—and then, for a change, beans and beef."

There were some salty guys—some "tough scoundrels" as Ike puts it—on the Matador in 1914. There was Wrang Thorton, the straw boss; Big John Southworth, the wagon boss; Billy (The Pitchfork Kid) Partlow, who had won the famed Seymour, Texas, steer roping ten years before Ike was born; and Henry Rowden, Ike's buddy who was just as talented and courageous as Ike.

One time he and Rowden and a few other hands jumped 500 head of yearling steers into Red River.

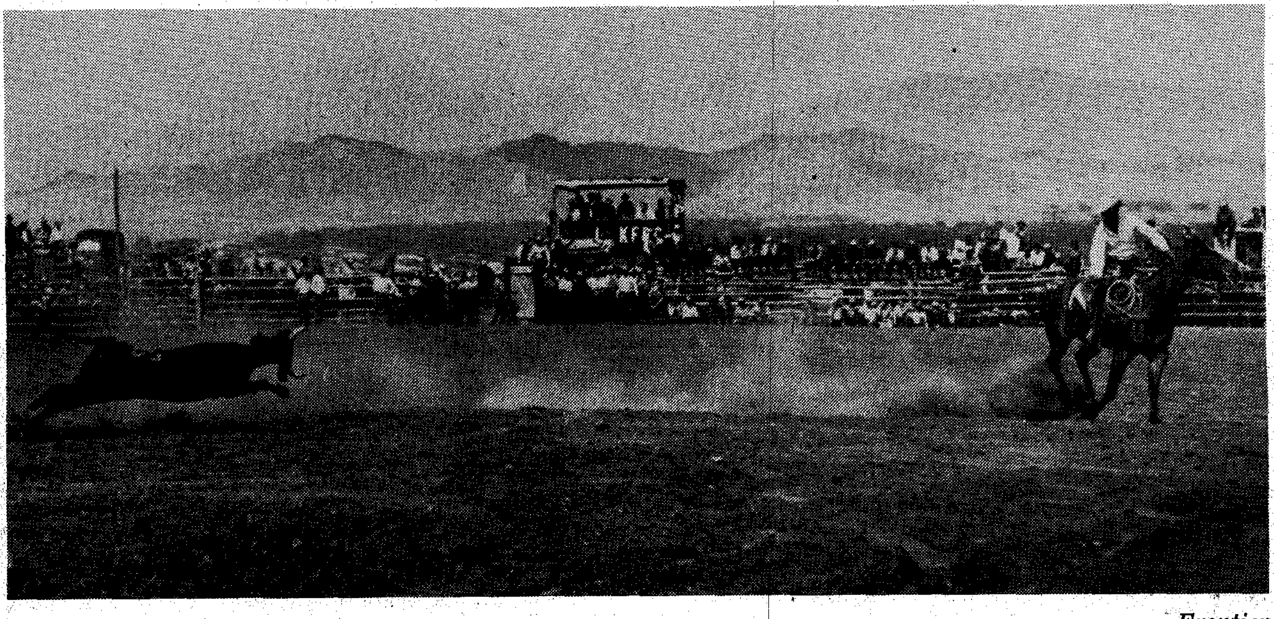
"I took my leggin's off," Ike remembers, "and tied 'em to my saddle. If I lost my horse, I wanted to be able to swim. Some of the old boys that followed us up said it was the wildest event they ever laid eyes on. I reckon it was, too. During the crossing, we were under the river more than we were on top."

Later on, Ike was with the JAs in Palo Duro Canyon, a cattle domain founded by Charles Goodnight. Here his boss, J. W. Kent, knowing that Ike was a hand with a rope, matched him against a top goat roper from the neighboring ROs. Ike won the ten-head contest even though he had never roped a consecutive number of goats in his life.

Still later, he hired out to the Chiricahua Cattle Company in Arizona, a spread that embraced most of the San Carlos Indian Reservation and took three days for a man to ride across.

Then it was work on the Double Circles, another Arizona ranch on Eagle Creek, with headquarters at Clifton near the New Mexico line. The ranch included

(Continued on page 40)



Written
circa
1900

Early-Day HOMICIDES in San Antonio

By TAYLOR THOMPSON

THE Scriptural commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," seems to have been little heeded by man since his creation. When Cain slew his brother Abel, which is the first homicide of which we have any record, there were but few men on earth and yet the desire to take human life would seem to have been as strong then as it has been since. The combined wisdom of men through the ages has been largely devoted to the enactment of laws to prevent men from killing each other.

I well remember the first man I ever saw killed. The killing occurred on the corner of Goliad Street and Main Plaza in San Antonio, Texas. One moonlight night in 1857 the boys of the old town were wont to congregate on the plaza, especially on bright nights, where they played ball and other games until bedtime.

In 1857 a man named Jonathan Hackett conducted a small business on Commerce Street. Hackett was a bachelor and lived alone in the rear of his place of business. He was a man who was well thought of by the citizens generally and was regarded as a quiet, peaceable fellow and good citizen. There was also living there at that time a man named Bob Wilcox, a handsome, dashing man. The population of San Antonio numbered many sporting characters, for the old town was a paradise for gamblers.

Wilcox and Hackett met one day in the latter's place of business and had an altercation over some business matter, the nature of which I do not recall. On the evening of the killing a crowd of boys who had been playing on the plaza were sitting on the curbstone of the sidewalk when Hackett and Wilcox chanced to meet on the corner of the street above mentioned. Within a few feet of where the boys were sitting the quarrel between the two men was renewed and suddenly Bob Wilcox drew a Bowie knife and stabbed Hackett twice in the stomach. Hackett sank to the sidewalk.

I well remember seeing the flash of the knife in the moonlight and shall never forget the horror which ran through me when I saw the victim fall and the blood from his wounds flowing into the street. Hackett was dead within a few minutes. Wilcox fled and was never apprehended, though I have always heard that when the Civil War came on he enlisted in the Confederate army and was killed in one of the battles in Virginia.

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Ox teams on West Commerce Street in early San Antonio.

In later years I saw another man killed with a knife on the same corner where Hackett fell. I also saw two men killed by pistol shots and I once shot at a man myself, but missed him, on the same corner. In 1865, immediately after the close of the Civil War, I witnessed another homicide on the second story of what was known as the James Building on the corner of Market Street and Main Plaza, just one block from the corner where I had witnessed four tragedies.

A FEW MONTHS after this homicide a mysterious murder took place in the old Lewis Mill near the footbridge on Market Street. The mill was built by Nat Lewis, one of the early pioneers of San Antonio, but at the time of which I write was owned and operated by a well-known German citizen named Leffering. The mill was run by water power, the water which turned the wheel running through a mill race constructed for that purpose. There were no banks in San Antonio and businessmen kept their money either at their business places or at their homes. There were not many iron safes in the city but in many of the old Mexican houses vaults were built in the wall for the keeping of money.

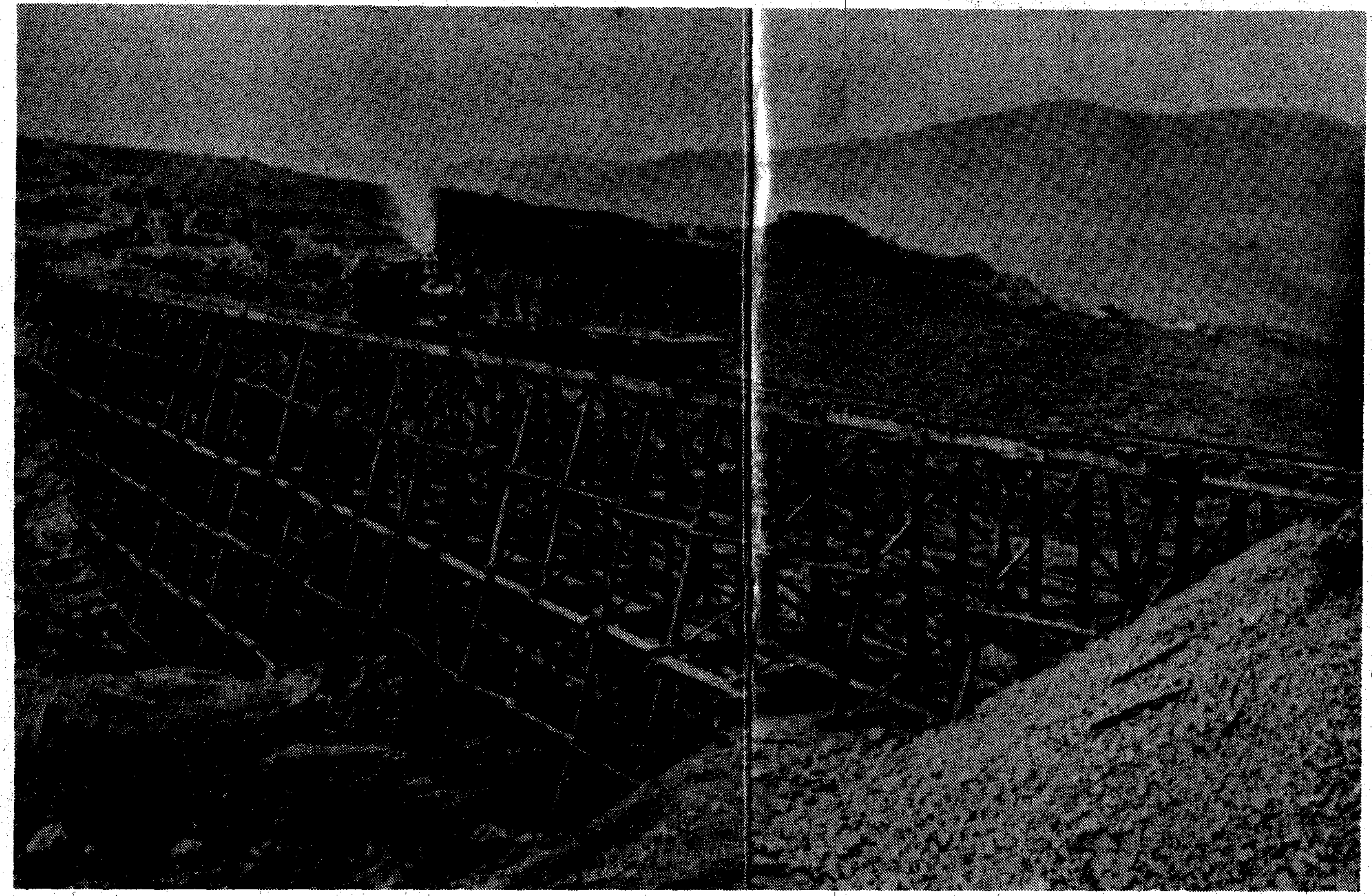
The mill was a paying institution and there was nearly always quite a sum of money on hand there. A German miller in the employ of Mr. Leffering slept in the mill and no one anticipated any danger of robbery.

One morning it was noticed the doors of the mill did not open as early as customary. Mr. Leffering came down about the usual time and after waiting for some time for the German who slept in the mill to open the door, an investigation was made and the German was found dead, lying in a pool of his own blood, his head having been crushed by blows from some blunt instrument.

The chest in which the money was kept had been broken open, papers were scattered about and a sum of money which I heard variously stated from $15,000 to $25,000 was gone. Officers were hurriedly summoned, evidence was found which seemed to show that someone had entered the mill race, floated down it until the water wheel was reached, knocked off some planks where the shaft of the wheel entered the mill and thus securing an entrance, had gone to the room where the miller slept and committed murder.

But it was several days before any clue was found as to the perpetrator. There was a man who had been in town several weeks, who had come there from Eagle Pass. He was a tall, handsome man, a gambler by profession, but had for several weeks been "down on his luck." Some serious suspicion pointed to this man. It was said that among the money stolen from the mill were quite a number of Spanish doubloons and several days after the murder and robbery this man seemed to be flush with money

(Continued on page 44)



Union Pacific's #119 crosses the Big Trestle in May 1869.

Utah State Historical Society

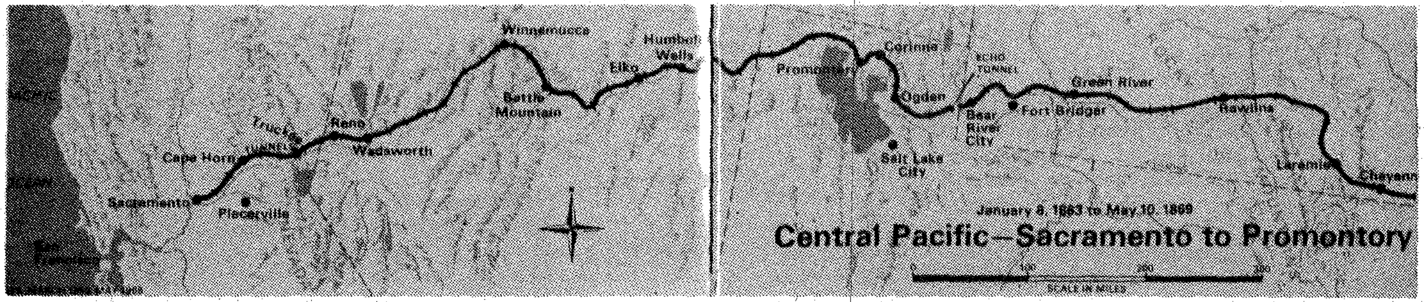
TUNNELING THE SIERRA WITH NITROGLYCERINE

By LAWRENCE DOORLEY

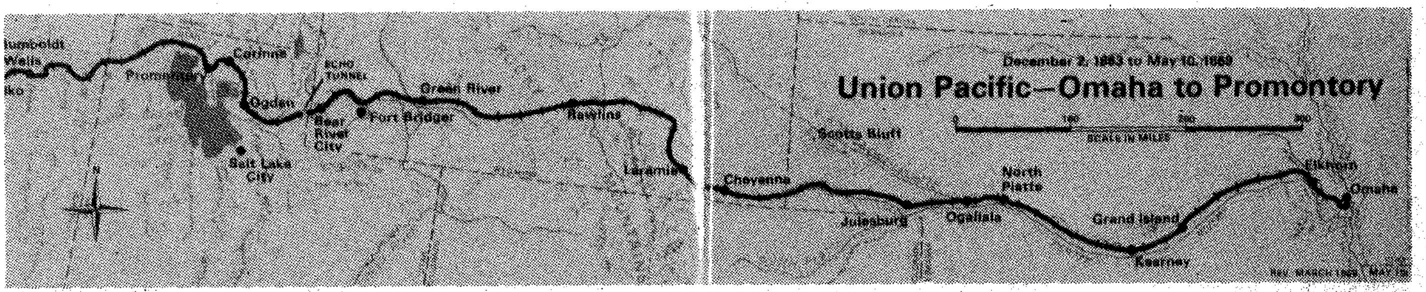
Reducing mountains of granite into mounds of Swiss cheese was pulled off by one chemist, one construction engineer, and an army of nameless heroes . . .

IT TOOK a while after President Lincoln signed the Pacific Railroad Act on July 1, 1862 for the Central Pacific to get started. Ground-breaking ceremonies were held at Sacramento on January 8, 1863 but it wasn't until the spring of 1865 that sufficient money, labor, and supplies had been accumulated for the Central to begin its all-out race eastward.

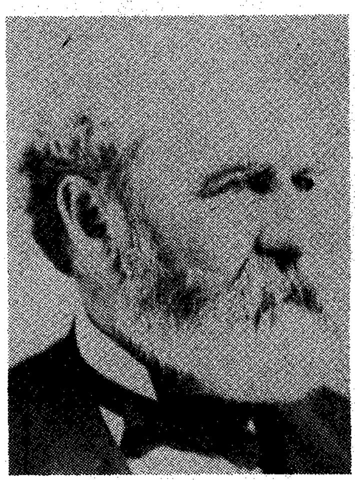
The initial going was easy compared to what loomed ahead. At $48,000 a mountain mile in federal loan grants (*Congress had been persuaded through* judicious bribery that most of the land between Sacramento and the Nevada line was actually mountain country), plus the twenty square miles of free land for every mile of track laid, the Central had hit a bonanza in the flatlands of Mother Lode country. Money poured in, and the Big Four (Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker) jubilantly agreed to


PACIFIC
OCEAN
San Francisco
Sacramento
Placerville
Cape Horn
TUNNEL
Truckee
Reno
Wadsworth
Winnemucca
Battle Mountain
Elko
Humboldt Wells
Promontory
Corinne
Ogden
Salt Lake City
ECHO TUNNEL
Bear River City
Fort Bridger
Green River
Rawlins
Laramie
Cheyenne
January 8, 1863 to May 10, 1869
Central Pacific—Sacramento to Promontory
0
100
200
300
SCALE IN MILES

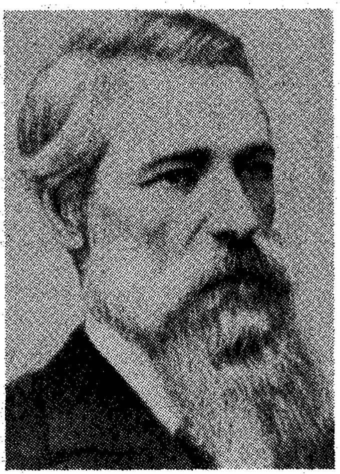
From **GOLDEN SPIKE,** National Park Service Handbook, Series #40



From **GOLDEN SPIKE**, National Park Service Handbook, Series #40



Courtesy Southern Pacific



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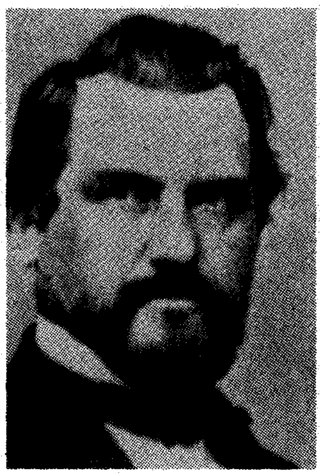
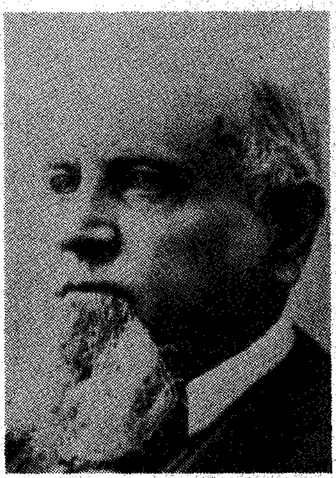


Stanford University Archives



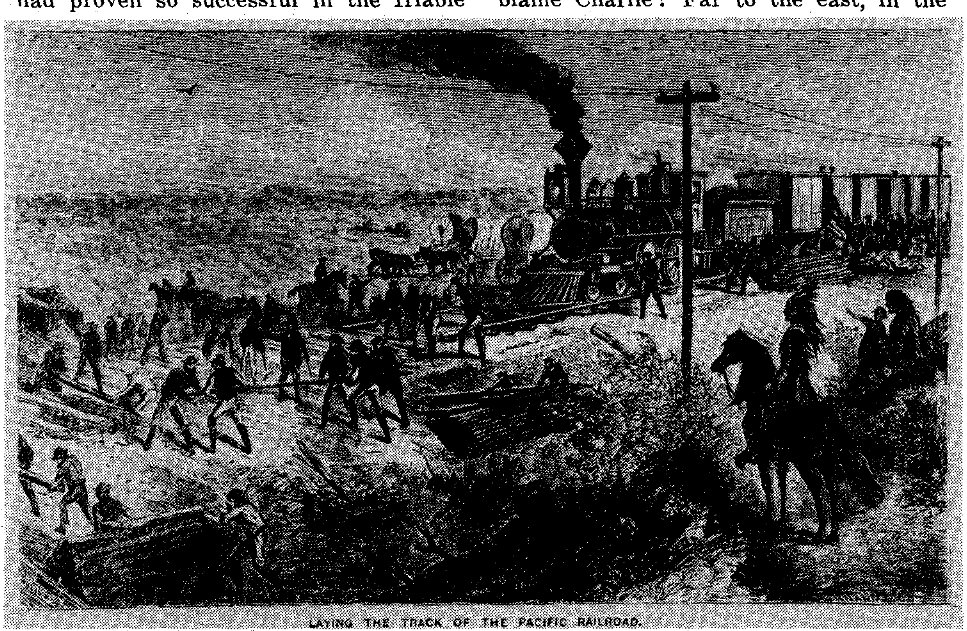
Courtesy Southern Pacific

Left to right: Collis P. Huntington; Mark Hopkins; Governor Leland Stanford; and Charles S. Crocker.

disregard the part of the act which required the Central Pacific to stop at the Nevada line. Hell, the way things were going the Central could be halfway across Utah before the Union Pacific, coming from Omaha, got started. So it seemed.

But in the autumn of 1866 the Central reached the towering Sierra Nevada where fifteen tunnels would be required to get the rails over the summit, and the glorious bonanza petered out just as so many rich gold veins had vanished for the Forty-Niners. Black powder, the common blasting agent of the time, which had proven so successful in the friable rock of the western slope turned out to be about as effective as a puny Chinese firecracker in the hard rock of the high mountains. Countless black powder charges exploded out of the 2½" diameter bore holes like shots out of a gun, without disturbing the surrounding rock. Things looked bad. Awful. Bankruptcy loomed.

Charlie "Big Bull" Crocker, in charge of construction for the Big Four, a coarse, foul bellower, cursed and bellowed more than ever and devoured twice as much whiskey as he had during the happy days down in the flatlands. Who could blame Charlie? Far to the east, in the high plains, somewhere west of Omaha, the Union Pacific had finally overcome its problems. With $32,000 a mile in loan grants, Grenville Dodge in charge of construction, and the Casement brothers, Jack and Dan, under contract to lay track, the UP was gobbling up the miles with maniacal speed. The Casement brothers' Irish laborers, that fall of 1866, stormed through the Platte River Valley laying a mile of track a day, an astonishing thirty miles a month.



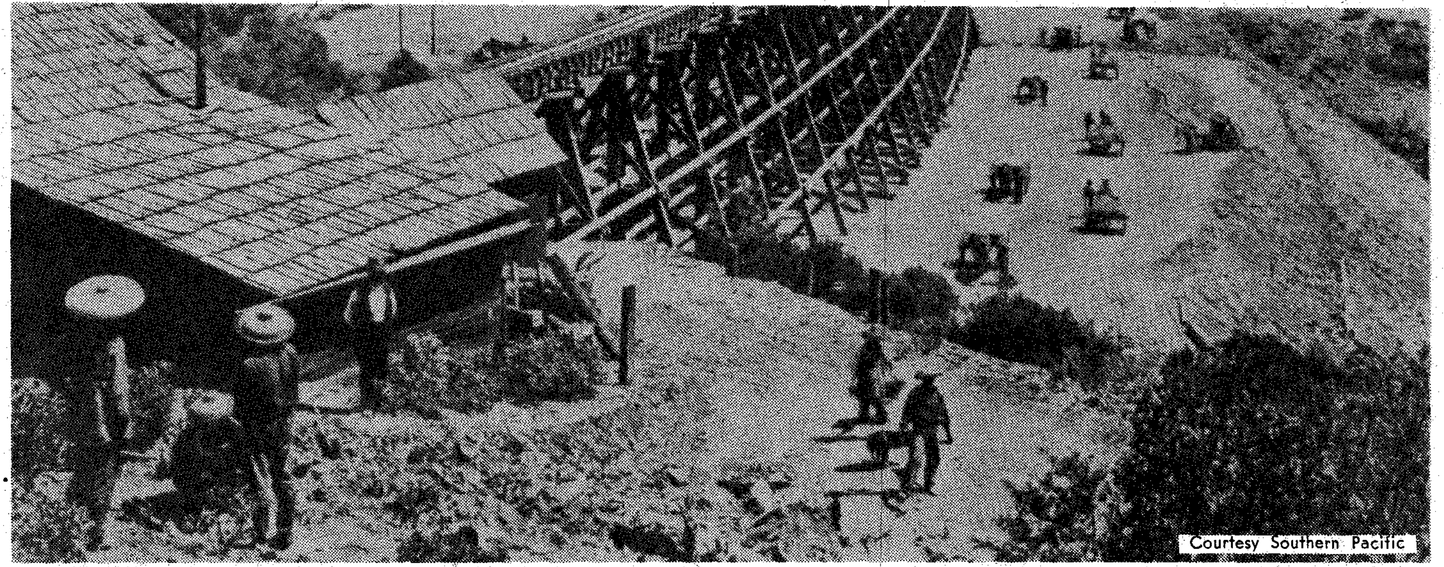
LAYING THE TRACK OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

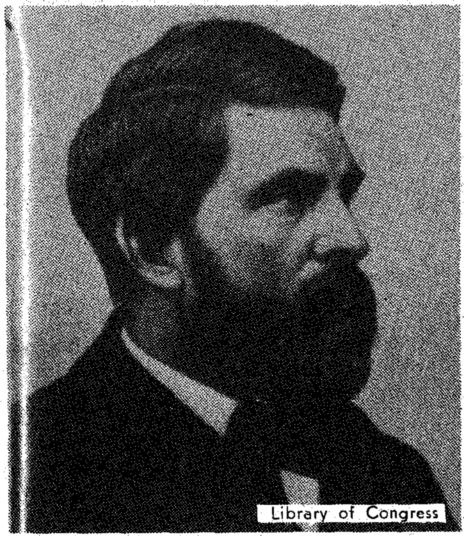
Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad Museum Collection

Stuck in the snow-covered mountains, inching through the hard granite, the CP promoters blanched and moaned with every new message from their spies back in the UP camp. That is, three of the Big Four moaned; Charlie Crocker was no moaner. A blancher maybe, now and then, but Charlie was at his best when things were tough. He had already conquered hundreds of problems. He wasn't going to get beaten now.

It was Charlie who had brought the Chinese coolies from the tumbledown shacks of San Francisco out to the right of way when white labor proved too undependable, most of the white men working only long enough, at $35 a month, to gain enough of a stake to get to the silver and gold fields of Nevada.

When, to the astonishment of his skeptical partners, Crocker's little fellows with baggy blue trousers and flying pigtails demonstrated an incredible capacity for the hardest labor, he sent labor recruiters to the Far East. Soon there were hundreds more little fellows scurrying like busy ants along the right of way, veritable perpetual motion machines with picks and shovels and wheelbarrows. The tireless, frail-looking coolies dug, tore,


Courtesy Southern Pacific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Stanford University

Above: Crocker's Chinese workers on the Central Pacific. Middle left: Grenville M. Dodge. Bottom left: Jack Casement.

and flayed away at their work, demons of industry and perseverance.

Undoubtedly they would have clawed their way across the Sierra had not nitroglycerine appeared on the scene, but by then the UP likely would have been somewhere around Golconda, full steam ahead.

IT ISN'T KNOWN how Crocker got in touch with James Howden, who at the time had the reputation for being the best chemist in all of San Francisco, but it happened. And Howden was asked if he could come up with an explosive more powerful than black powder. Luck was with Crocker because the chemist had recently taken an interest in nitroglycerine, spurred by the catastrophic explosion of fifteen or sixteen containers of liquid nitroglycerine on April 16 of that year in the Wells Fargo Express office. This accident killed fifteen people, injured hundreds, and blew the two-story granite building all over the Bay area.

Howden, a rash, hard-drinking Englishman in his middle-thirties, was intrigued by the fantastic power of nitroglycerine and when Crocker appeared out of the blue with a desperate plea for some substance to blast away the granite rock of the Sierra, Howden said quietly, "I'm your man." They drank on the deal (a quart each, probably).

An Italian, Ascanio Sobrero, a professor of chemistry at the University of Turin, had invented nitroglycerine in 1846, but cautious tests convinced him that the stuff was too sensitive, too erratic, too untrustworthy to handle on a commercial scale. He put the potent liquid aside and went on to other things; first, however, he published a paper on his "Blasting Oil," as he called it. Soon half the viaduct, dam, road, and munitions contractors of Europe were attempting to manufacture and use the stuff. With sad results. Sobrero was right. Nitroglycerine couldn't be used safely.

Then Alfred Nobel, a young Swede who was a partner with his father and a brother in a munitions firm (land and submarine mines) discovered by chance—a leaky sheet metal can—that by mixing nitroglycerine with an absorbent such as infusorial earth, or sawdust, or coal dust, or meal, the nitroglycerine retained most of its explosive power while becoming more insensitive to shock than in its pure form. This new product became the basis for the dynamite industry. Prior to the discovery though, the Nobels' nitroglycerine plant had exploded on September 3, 1864, killing the brother, a young chemist, and severely injuring the father, Emmanuel. It was Alfred Nobel's nitroglycerine, consigned to the California goldfields, that had demolished the Wells Fargo office in San Francisco.

Back to Howden. With dynamite still in the offing, liquid nitroglycerine was about to be manufactured under the most primitive, exasperating conditions imaginable. Crocker had a shed built up against the side of a cliff at Donner Lake, 6700′ or so above sea level. There had been several other explosions of nitroglycerine in the San Francisco area in 1866 in addition to the Wells Fargo disaster, and word of its awesome power and ease of detonation had spread. Rumor had it that a heavy goose or chicken feather, or even a loud cough or an answering "Gesundheit" could cause the oily liquid to explode—and when it came time for help to be provided to Howden not a white man came forward even though Crocker offered a substantial bonus.

So Crocker gave Howden a bunch of the little Chinese, the voracious tea drinkers, polite little jumping-jacks of energy, eager to please, wonderful workers. Naturally they were to be paid the usual coolie labor rate of $18 a month.

Howden made eight or nine dummy runs with his crew, gradually overcoming the language barrier. He stressed the great care required in handling nitroglycerine. No hasty moves. Take it easy. No jiggling or juggling. No smoking. No horseplay. No funny business. Be alert. Watch out.

"All right, let's go. This is for real. Ling Tong, start the steam engine."

(Continued on page 46)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Felts

Does anyone have information on Isham Buell Felts and his son Isaac B. Felts? He left Wilkes County, North Carolina before 1850. Family tradition says Isham married an Indian woman in Kentucky. He died in Missouri in 1884.

I will exchange information on Felts, Redding, Shoemaker, Immelt, Emel and Collier families.—Peggy Atkinson, 212 Agate Way, Broomfield, Colorado 80020

Bowman

Theophilus Bowman, also known as Mason T. Bowman, was born in Bourbon County (?) Kentucky in 1844. He resided in Mt. Pleasant, Texas from 1851-1868 (?). He was a member of the 11th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., Co. 1, from 1861-1863; and the Graham Rangers, Captain Coustes Sutton's Company B, from 1863-1865 (?). He was believed to have participated in the Lee-Peacock feud of Northern Texas following the Civil War. He was a deputy in Trinidad, Colorado from 1873-1874; deputy in Colfax County, New Mexico from 1875-1882; sheriff of Colfax County from 1882-1883. He died (poisoned?) in Trinidad, Colorado in 1883. He was buried in Springer, New Mexico.

Bowman's widow, Dora Searcy (second wife) married a Springer teacher, Sam Hill, 30, a Pennsylvanian. Around 1900 the Hills moved to Roswell, New Mexico. They had three children: Clarence, Irene, and Iona (or Eula). The daughters married; Irene moved to California, Iona to El Paso. Clarence never married. Dora was believed to have died in El Paso in the 1940s.

The following is a list of the Bowman family from the Mt. Pleasant, Titus County, Texas 1860 census: Madison McMonigle Bowman, 42; Mary J., 37; Theophilus, 15; George T., 13; William, 10 (who were all born in Kentucky); A. D., a son, 5; and M. J., a daughter, 2 (born in Texas). I would welcome any information.—James Stephen Peters, 2811 W. 27 Avenue, Apt. 1, Denver, Colorado 80211

Daugherty

I am seeking the name of the father of John Quincy Daugherty born in Morgan County, Tennessee, December 4, 1827. He married Sarah Pickett, daughter of James Pickett and Louisa Kinsey Brady, August 4, 1851 in Calhoun County, Arkansas. His mother was named Elizabeth and the two of them are listed on the 1850 census of Ouachita County, Arkansas.

Shortly after his marriage the family moved to Uvalde County, Texas where he later was deputy sheriff and sheriff. He was murdered on the front porch of the jail and died in his mother's arms, March 18, 1865. His murderer was a member of the Owens gang.

He was a Texas Ranger, having served from January 1, 1856 to December 31, 1856 with Capt. R. W. Black's Minute Men and again he enlisted in the Rangers on June 19, 1859. William R. Henry was his commanding officer.—Mrs. Robert W. West, 4120 Hartwood Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76109

Free Genealogical Help

There will be three new columns starting in the *Northside Herald*, and *Northwest Herald*, San Antonio, Texas; and *The Herald*, Universal City, Texas. Queries need not have a Texas connection. No charge for queries; query should be clearly stated with typed or printed surnames to minimize errors. Send all letters to Lloyd F. Oliver, 2500 Jackson Keller, Apt. 1806, San Antonio, Texas 78230

Derossett

I am seeking information about Sam and James Henry Derossett, both born in Roane County, Tennessee. I would also like to know about their descendants. James Henry was my grandfather. He married Cordelia Catherine Slagel on March 15, 1853 in Polk County, Missouri. Their children were Sarah Emma, Melsena, Elonzo T., Thomas J., Ella M., Charles, Edward R., Fanny, Minnie, Jane, Alice B. (my mother), Bertha and Henrietta.—Mrs. Marie Walden, 527 E. 9th St., McMinnville, Oregon 97128

Tipton-Winchester

I am seeking information on the descendants of George W. Tipton. He was born October 15, 1847 in Blount County, North Carolina. He lived in Alabama, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. He married Elizabeth Winchester.

I am also seeking information on the ancestors and descendants of Willouby Winchester. He was born in 1827 in Alabama. His daughter,Elizabeth, was born in Arkansas and his son, Willouby, Junior, was born in Grayson County, Texas.—Betty Le Chapman, 9970 Belcher Street, Downey, California 90242

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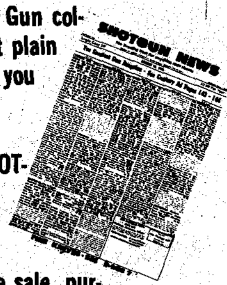

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Dread of the Villa Raiders

By CHARLSIE POE

Courtesy John R. Peavey

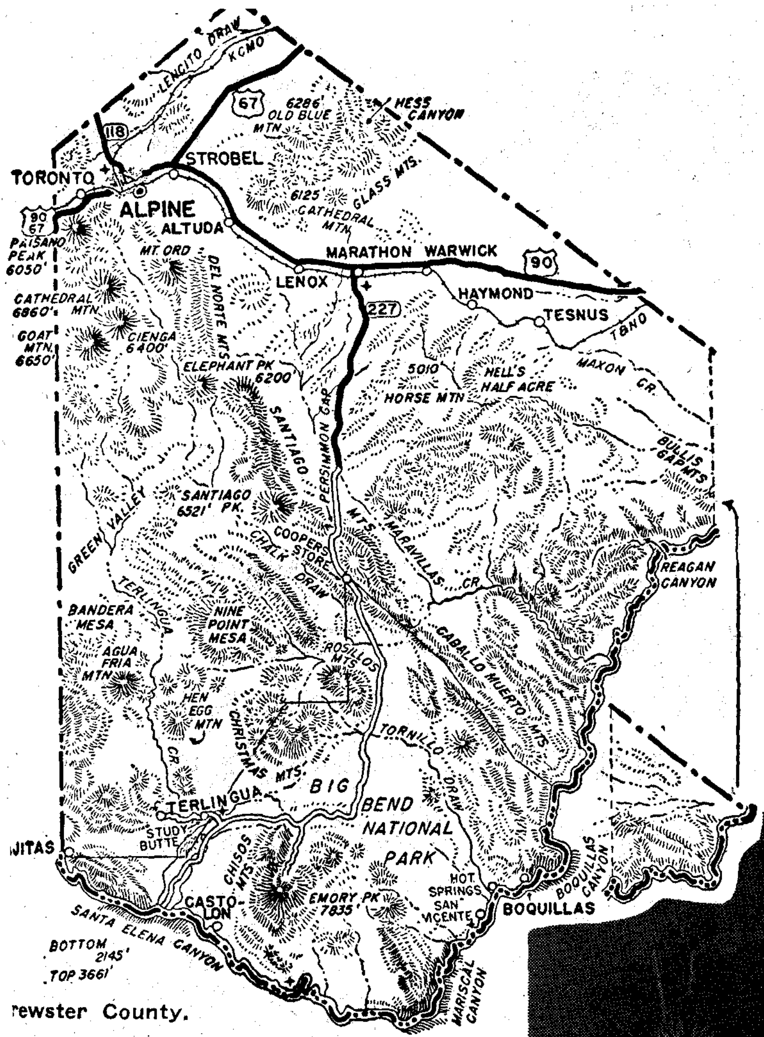
Mexican outlaws along the Rio Grande circa 1915-1916.

Two sure ways of getting rid of a rancher were bleeding him white with a gun, or bleeding him white by theft . . .

"ALL the hardships of growing up on a frontier ranch were nothing compared to the fear we had of Pancho Villa," said Merle Ansley Bains, who moved to the Big Bend area with her parents and six brothers and sisters back in the early 1900s.

Just across the Rio Grande in Mexico, bandits led by Pancho Villa hid out in the mountains and raided across the river into Texas, rustling the ranchers' cattle for food. "We were told that if the rancher interfered he would be killed, so we lived in constant dread.

"The time came when most of our cattle were stolen one night and they


LENCITO DRAW
KCMO
67
6286'
OLD BLUE MTN.
HESS CANYON
118
STROBEL
GLASS MTS.
TORONTO
6125'
CATHEDRAL MTN.
ALPINE
ALTUDA
90
67
PAISANO PEAK 6050'
MT. ORD
DEL NORTE MTS.
MARATHON
WARWICK
90
LENOX
CATHEDRAL 6860' MTN.
227
HAYMOND
TESNUS
T&NO
GOAT MTN. 6650'
CIENGA 6400'
ELEPHANT PK 6200'
5010
HORSE MTN
HELL'S HALF ACRE
MAXON CR.
SANTIAGO
PERSIMMON GAP
BULLIS GAP MTS.
SANTIAGO 6521' PK.
GREEN VALLEY
COOPER'S STORE
CHALK DRAW
MARAVILLAS CR.
REAGAN CANYON
TERLINGUA
BANDERA MESA
NINE POINT MESA
ROSILLOS MTS.
CABALLO MUERTO MTS.
AGUA FRIA MTN.
HEN EGG MTN
CHRISTMAS MTS.
TORNILLO DRAW
CR.
BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK
TERLINGUA
JITAS
STUDY BUTTE
CHISOS MTS.
HOT SPRINGS
BOQUILLAS CANYON
CASTOLON
EMORY PK 7835'
SAN VICENTE
BOQUILLAS
SANTA ELENA CANYON
BOTTOM 2145'
TOP 3661'
MARISCAL CANYON

rewster County.

Courtesy the **TEXAS ALMANAC**, Dallas

From **PICTURESQUE SOUTHWEST**, 1937

Courtesy Texas Highway Department Travel and Information Division

Above: Map of Brewster County. Top right: Reagan Canyon a few miles from Marathon. Right: Santiago Peak.

were never recovered. We had no means of support for there were no jobs to be had, so my father and two oldest brothers, Nick and Jack, went to Central Texas to pick cotton one fall," Merle said.

Merle Bains' father, S. N. Ansley, born in 1854, was a native Georgian who had come to Texas and joined the Rangers. He was stationed in Comanche and served through this territory, engaging in many skirmishes with the Indians. After his marriage to Mary Margaret Gaston, a Georgian schoolteacher who was thirteen years his junior, they lived in Comanche for some time.

Then as an inducement for people to settle in the Big Bend section, the government offered eight sections of ranch land to families who could qualify, if they would also live on their land for three years.

Since Ansley liked frontier life, he took advantage of the offer and with his wife and seven children, ranging in ages from three to sixteen, moved in a covered wagon to the foot of Santiago Peak, south of Marathon. He built a shack for the family to live in and bought a few horses and cattle. The ranch was not fenced (most were not), and each rancher had to keep up with his livestock as best he could.

Life was lived in the most primitive way. The next neighbor was ten miles distant and the nearest town, which was Marathon, was forty. It was three days' journey by wagon. Trips were made about once a month, and only for supplies. The family camped out on the way.

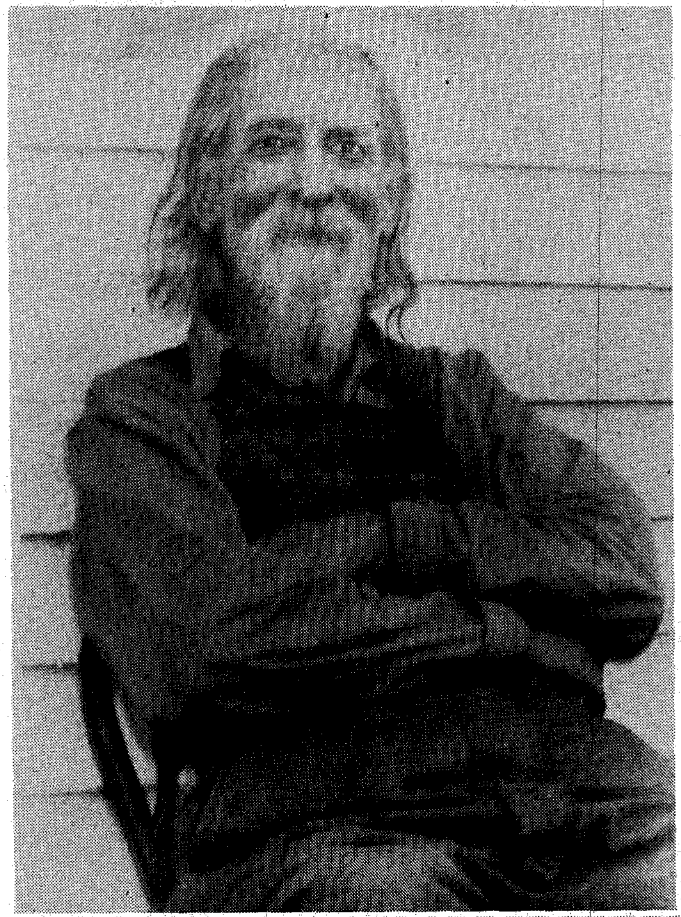
"The only water we had was from Chalk Draw, about a hundred yards from the house, and a hand-dug well we used when the draw was dry, which was a large part of the time," Merle recalled. "We also had to draw water from the well by hand, for our use and for the livestock. Our cattle were the longhorn breed, and believe me, those bulls made us shinny up a tree at record speed when they were waiting for water."

The cotton picking trip after the raid was too much for Mr. Ansley. After he and the boys returned home he became ill and died. His body had to be placed in the covered wagon and carried to Marathon for burial. A rancher and his wife came to help the grieving family.

While camped for the night on the way back home, the oldest boy, Nick, was sleeping on the ground. He was bitten by a skunk but managed to kill it by using a singletree from the wagon. The travelers hurriedly turned around and carried the skunk to Marathon to have it analyzed for rabies. The head was sent to Austin for the test and when it proved to

(Continued on page 41)

CHARLIE CORMACK--

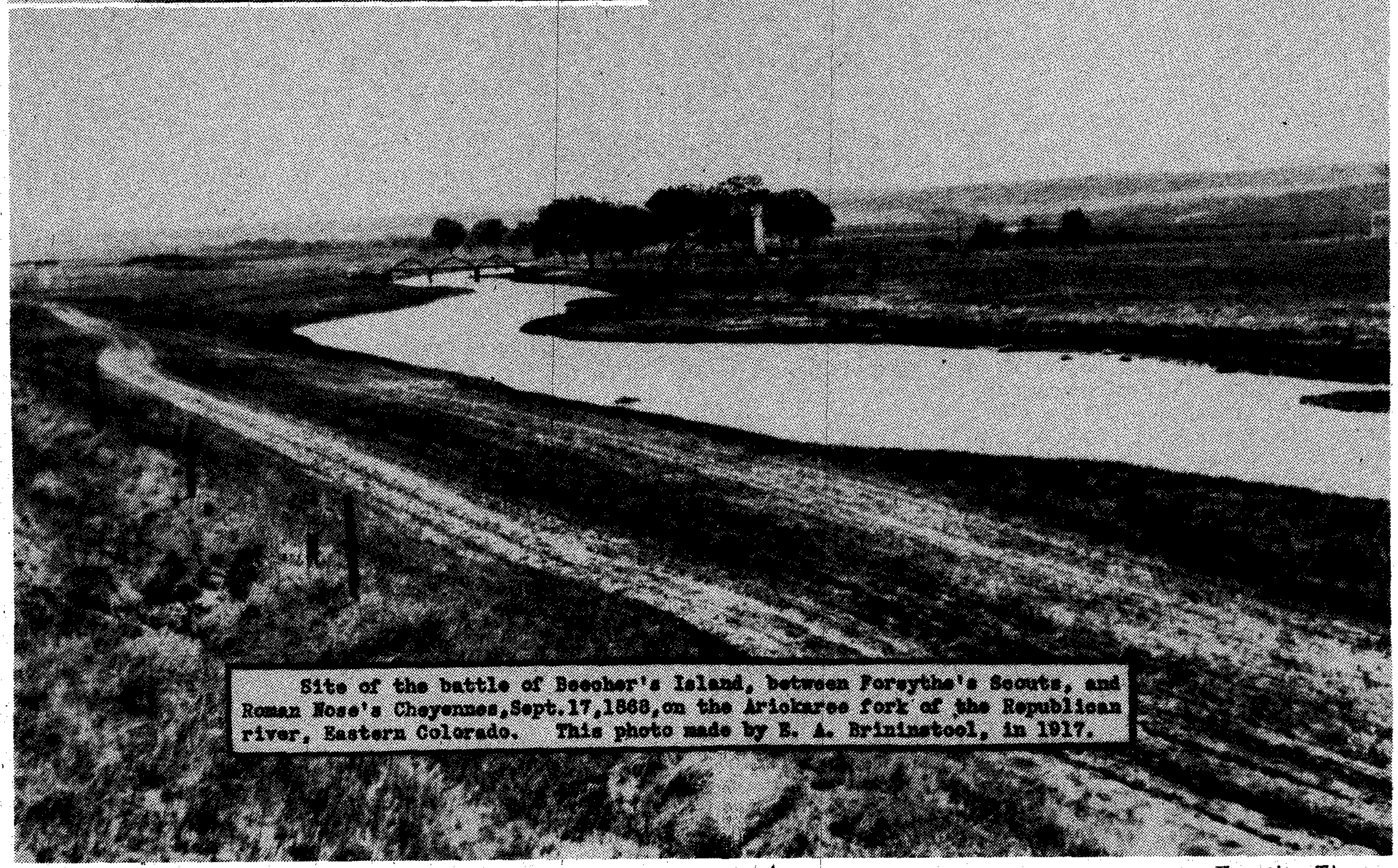


Charles H. Cormack

Western History Collections,
University of Oklahoma Library

By THOMAS J. CORMACK
Photos Provided By Author

...TO HIM BEECHER ISLAND WAS "THE ONLY PLACE WHERE I THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER GET OUT ALIVE."



Site of the battle of Beecher's Island, between Forsythe's Scouts, and Roman Nose's Cheyennes, Sept. 17, 1868, on the Arickaree fork of the Republican river, Eastern Colorado. This photo made by E. A. Brininstool, in 1917.

FORSYTH SCOUT

Author's Note: My great-grandfather, Charley Cormack, believed he was the last survivor of the scouts who took part in the fight at Beecher Island, one of the most dramatic incidents of the Old West. I have studied his notes and letters, visited the battle site, and read many accounts of what took place. An article written by S. J. Sackett ("Arickaree," Summer 1962 Frontier Times) was a major source, among others.

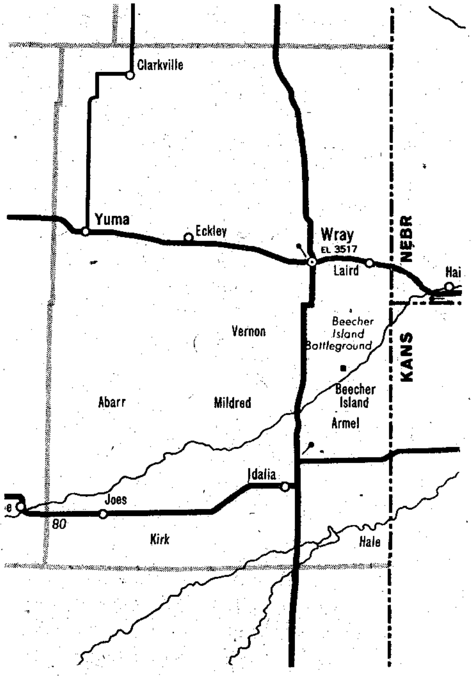
Charles H. Cormack was born in the St. Louis area in 1846 and left home when he was 14. Charley put it this way in a letter he wrote in 1928, "I ran away from home in 1860, worked on a farm, and saved enough money to buy a team of horses, a wagon, and a set of harness. I lived in Missouri until I enlisted in the army."

The Civil War was nearing its end and after Charley was mustered out, he and two other men took a herd of cattle from Texas to Canada. His two partners stayed in Canada, but Charley returned south to Kansas where he became a buffalo hunter for Forts Hays and Wallace. He also had a contract to supply meat for crews constructing the Union Pacific Railroad through Kansas.

Charley once stated that he had an outfit of forty-two men, many horses, and a few wagons. On one trip he left Fort Hays in September and returned in February. They hunted on the flats between the Smoky and Arkansas Rivers, and at the end of the trip had 5,700 buffalo hides.

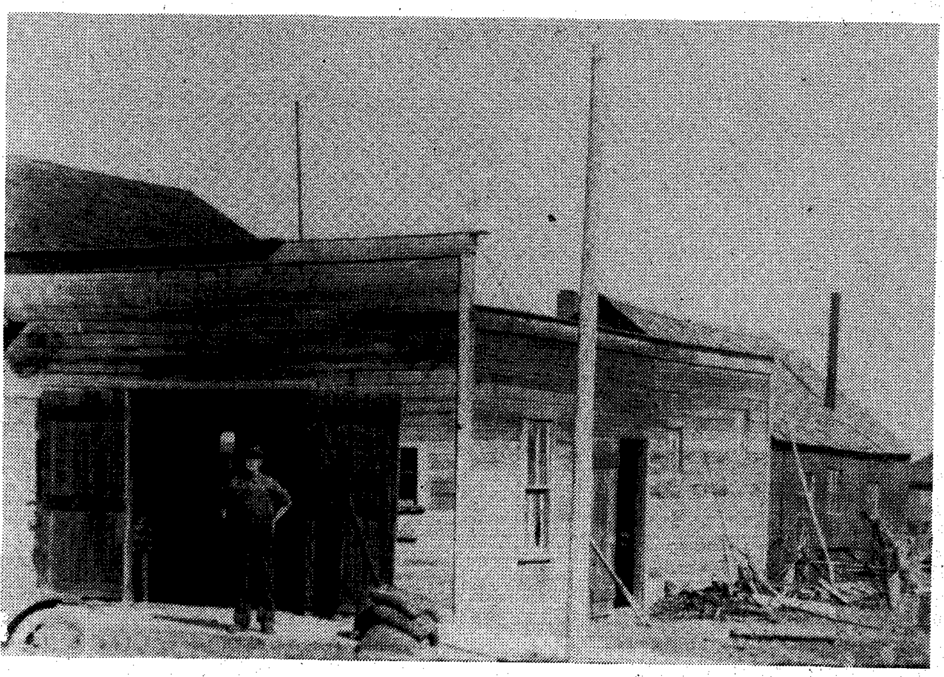
From time to time Charley would join up with a wagontrain passing through Kansas. When he did this, he would serve as scout and also as blacksmith, a trade he took up in his later years.

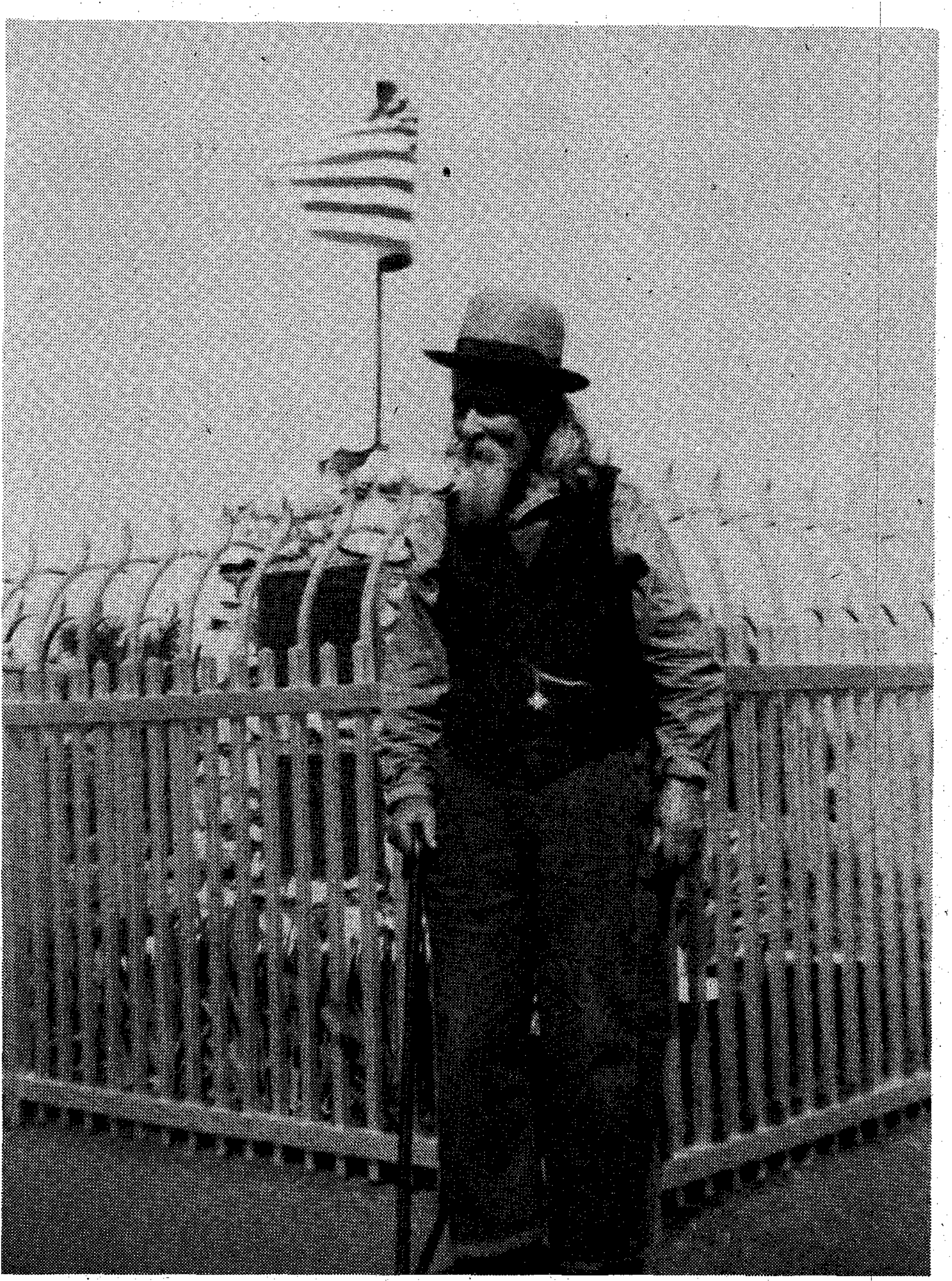
Charley got to know many of the Indians of the area and often visited with



U.S. Signal Corps Photo #111-SC-89205
In The National Archives

Above: Colonel George A. Forsyth. Below: Cormack in front of his blacksmith shop in Bird City, Kansas in the 1930s.





Charles H. Cormack at age 93, visiting Buffalo Bill Cody's grave (in background).

them. He learned several Indian dialects, so communication was no problem.

WESTERN KANSAS in 1868 was a poor place to be if you were white. The Indians, angry because the Government had again occupied frontier forts that had been almost empty of soldiers during the Civil War, and angry because the Union Pacific Railroad was building through the center of their best hunting grounds, went on the warpath that summer. They murdered 154 white settlers in western Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska; captured many white children and women; and burned out numerous homesteads.

General Sheridan was importuned by the settlers in the Saline, Smoky Hill and Solomon Valleys (those who had suffered most) to authorize a troop of independent rangers to take the field in a war of extermination. Faced with these demands for protection, Sheridan got the idea of using a body of picked men, composed entirely of battle-wise scouts, the best to be found on the frontier, to destroy the Indians. Colonel George A. Forsyth, Sheridan's aide, was selected to lead them.

The detachment of scouts came from Forts Wallace and Hays, and from Ellsworth, Kansas. Each was to be paid $75 a month if he furnished his own horse, and $50 if he didn't. The take-home pay, which made little difference to these Kansans, equalled about two dollars a day. Their arms included two revolvers apiece and a rifle or carbine. Pack mules were used to carry a few indispensible articles of substance—salt, coffee, and hard tack—but their main reliance for food would be buffalo meat and other wild game.

When the detachment left Fort Hays on August 29, 1868 it contained sixty-five men. They spent the first eight days of September looking for Cheyennes. Unsuccessful, they started to Fort Wallace for supplies.

Many of the scouts didn't relish being under the command of Col. Forsyth. On their way to Fort Wallace, they realized that their leaders, although of unquestioned bravery and integrity, were unfamiliar with Plains warfare and that even their "guide" could not find his direction. After having traveled *away* from Fort Wallace for several hours, the men became restless and angered. They were entirely out of food. Finally one of them shouted to the leaders, "If you want to go to Fort Wallace, it's that way," and pointed out the direction.

One morning as the detachment was camped on the Saline River, sixteen of the scouts simply washed their hands of the situation and rode out to return to Fort Hays. These men were John Wallace, Alexander "Old Coon" Powers, Matt Gibbs, Lew Fletcher, Dick Dickenson, Charley Mays, Ed McCelland, Frank Bailey, C. A. Danforth, Mike E. Conroy, Abner Wilks, Isiac Van Noir, John Allen, Edward Debrow, Jim McCoy, and M. R. Lane. This was a serious loss.

Tucker and McCall overtook the men and tried to get them to rejoin the group, but only one of the sixteen returned, M. R. Lane.

WHEN the detachment reached Fort Wallace, two scouts who were ill were replaced, and Sharp Grover joined up as Chief Scout. This brought their strength to fifty-three, including the two officers.

The Command rode north from Fort Wallace and made twenty-five miles the first day. During that ride that ended along the Republican River, the small band had lots of time to think:

Col. George A. Forsyth, thirty-one, had served with Sheridan during the Civil War and had held the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General. With the shrinking army of peacetime he had been given the rank of Major in the 9th Cavalry and subsequently promoted to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

Lieutenant Fred H. Beecher, twenty-seven, of the 3rd Infantry, was second in command. A nephew of the famous minister, Henry Ward Beecher, he had been wounded twice during the Civil War, once at Gettysburg, and had been commended for heroism.

Chief Scout Sharp Grover had been serving under Col. Carpenter, commander of the 10th Cavalry which was made up of black troops. Grover was a thirty-year veteran of the Plains country and an experienced Indian fighter.

W. H. H. McCall had been a Brigadier-General of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was serving in the expedition as First Sergeant.

Louis Farley was one of the many riding north that day who had personal wrongs to settle with the Indians, and blood called for blood among these men who were out for vengeance. Farley, the

Charlie's wife, "Hanna" Jane Cormack.

oldest member of the group, had settled in Lincoln County and had surrounded himself with the comforts of a pioneer home. He lost everything to the Indians.

Hudson "Hutch" Farley, son of Louis Farley, joined his dad in hopes of punishing the Indians who had torn apart his family.

Frank Harrington had been wounded with poisoned arrows.

Thomas Alderdice had seen three of his children killed by the Indians, and another child, an infant, and his wife taken captive.

Alexander J. Pliley, born and raised on a farm near Topeka, had served in the 15th Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth under the command of Col. W. F. Cloud. Serving as scout for several forts, he had a great deal of fighting experience and knew the cunning of the redman.

Isaac Thayer was a long way from his birthplace of Boston, where in his early days he had wished to be a sailor. He went to sea for the first time when he was sixteen, but later had gone West to seek adventure and his fortune.

Charles H. Cormack, my great-grandfather, was one of the Command to enlist under another name, "A. J. Entler," to keep his father, who had been searching for him since he left home at the age of fourteen, from finding him. At twenty-two, he was already a veteran buffalo hunter and Indian fighter, and considered Kansas his home. He had picked the name Entler because it was his mother's maiden name.

Thomas J. Murphy was a young plainsman of twenty-four years, a veteran of the Civil War, in perfect physical condition, and eager for revenge on the Indians.

E. A. Gilbert, another name not listed among the scouts' ledgers, was going under the name of Louis McLoughlin. Not long before, he had been ordered to go down to Indian country and break up a gang of traders who were supplying arms to the Indians. He accomplished this, but some of the gang got away and were looking for him, so he assumed an alias to escape them. At the time Forsyth's Command was being organized, he was serving as scout at Fort Harker.

Dr. J. H. Mooers, who joined the group at Fort Wallace, had seen Civil War duty, too.

Jack Stillwell, only eighteen years old, was known as "Comanche Jack."

M. R. Lane, a tall, husky scout with a long beard, had joined the group at Fort Hays. Lane had taken part in several Indian engagements in the North.

Jack Donovan was a carefree Irishman, far from home.

"Sig" Shlesinger had left New York at age sixteen to work for a Leavenworth merchant. Alone that summer of '68, he had hung around Fort Hays and listened to the Government scouts talk of their Indian-fighting adventures. For a while, he had sold newspapers in the town of Hays. One of his customers was George A. Custer. Forsyth told Shlesinger the first time he saw him—when he came to sign up—that he wasn't old enough to join the outfit, but the other scouts spoke up for him and he was signed on.

Pierre Trudeau, close to sixty years of age, had been a trapper for many years. He knew the ways of Indians and spoke Cheyenne.

Yes, this was a rough group of plainsmen, and all had their reasons for wanting to find the raiders. The other scouts were **George Green, George Oaks, Howard Morton, Chalmers Smith, W. Stewart, Fletcher Violett, Thomas Ranahan, Eli Zigler, T. K. Davis, G. W. Culver, William Wilson, W. Armstrong, G. B. Clark, Barney Day, John Haley, Thomas O'Donnell, H. H. Tucker, John Lyden, C. B. Whitney, Martin Burke, William Reilly, Harry Davenport, C. C. Piatt, H. T. McGrath, Edward Simpson, Richard Gantt, John Hurst, J. H. Ketterer, Alfred DuPont, Wallace Bennett, C. B. Nichols, M. R. Mapes, John Wilson,** and **Joseph Lane.**

ON September 12, 1868 Forsyth's men had ridden forty miles to a place known as Big Timber, and the next day another thirty miles to Chief Creek, which flows into the Republican River. The following day they rode another twenty-five miles down Chief Creek to Short Nose Creek, and so far no one had seen any sign of the enemy. It was on the 15th that things started to happen.

As they neared the Republican River, one of the scouts decided to water his horse. He was pushing through some young willows and alders when he noticed a buffalo hide thrown over some young trees to form a shelter. Grass had been put on top of the hide to conceal it. He yelled to the others. The scouts' investigation of the wickiup on Short Nose Creek indicated it had been occupied by two Indians not many hours before.

The scouts followed their tracks, soon spotted others, and watched as the "trail" grew to a broad highway. It was clear that many Indians, some of them women and children, had passed this way not long before. Signs of cattle, horses, and travois accompanied the tracks of Indians on foot.

The scouts followed all day, and at one point, where the Indians recently had camped, signs of over 600 lodges and tepees remained. The trail led to the Republican River.

Cormack's son, Seth Joel, author's grandfather.

The scouts camped at sundown and continued their march the next day. Crossing the river, they entered what is today Colorado.

Some of the men were alarmed at the obvious size of the tribe, and asked Colonel Forsyth whether it might be a good idea to return to Fort Wallace. Forsyth's answer was also a question: "I would like to ask you men whether you did not enlist to fight Indians?"

This silenced the scouts and they rode on, though it was clear to them from signs along the trail that the Indians knew they were being followed. The small band of whites moved more slowly now, watching for indications of a trap or an ambush. All this time they had not seen one Indian, yet they were sure that the Indians were close and most likely had the whites under observation.

Suddenly the Command came upon a little valley about two miles across. To the south the ground sloped from a rolling plain to the Arickaree. To the north the ground was level for about three-quarters of a mile, and then rose sharply to a line of bluffs.

Forsyth ordered a halt to allow the horses to graze, and Tom Murphy and Jack Stillwell took this opportunity to urge the Colonel to camp just opposite an island in the river. Forsyth agreed that the spot would have strategic value if the Indians should take the offensive.

Ironically, at that very moment the Indians had set a trap only a half-mile upriver where they waited for a chance to attack. If the whites had not stopped when they did, undoubtedly all would have been wiped out.

FORSYTH ordered the horses hobbled and picketed. In the event of an attack, each man was to secure his mount and stand by, rifle in hand, awaiting orders. Several of the scouts could not resist saying that they wouldn't need any orders; they knew what to do when Indians attacked!

Few of the men got any sleep that night—all were on watch for something to happen. E. A. Gilbert, one of the scouts who had felt they should return to Fort Wallace, sat with several of the others and talked about the trail that led to their campsite. He knew the Indians were well armed, for he had seen traders supplying weapons and ammunition to them on more than one occasion. During the night Forsyth made several rounds of the sentries.

Just at daybreak, Forsyth saw something move on the horizon. He and the others cocked their rifles almost at the same time. They heard sounds of unshod hoofs and spied three sets of headdresses. The men fired simultaneously.

Forsyth ran back to camp shouting, but most of the scouts needed no other warning than the sound of the shots. Sentries came running to the camp area to join their comrades. A small band of Indians were already down on them, and the sound of whooping and shrieking filled the air. The Indians had hoped to scatter the horses, but Forsyth's order to hobble and picket them prevented a stampede. The men reached their horses and awaited orders.

It was at this time that Forsyth gave an order to take up position on a nearby dry ridge. Chief Scout Grover came up to Forsyth, eyes blazing, and shouted, "I *always* thought *you* were *no* Indian fighter, and now I know it! Let's get to that island—we have a chance of getting out of this trap if we move fast!" Forsyth nodded to Grover to take over and get the men to the little sand spit in the bed of the Arickaree.

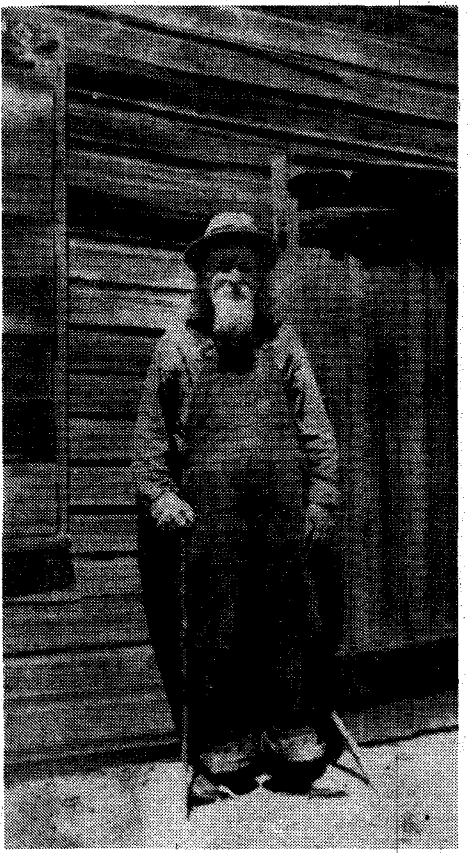
The scouts rode over and dismounted. Some shot their own horses and others were killed by the Indians. The men used the dead animals for protection as they started digging rifle pits in the sand. Here they would make their stand against the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Sioux led by Cheyenne Chief Roman Nose.

WHOOPING AND YELLING, firing arrows and bullets, the Indians attacked. A Cheyenne named Bad Heart rode right over the island and through the scouts, then turned and rode back again without being hit.

Three of the scouts, terrified, hid in the bushes and refused to fire. Another called out, "Don't let's stay here and be shot down like dogs! Will any man try for the opposite bank with me?"

A voice answered, "I will!"

Forsyth yelled, "Stay where you are, men. It's our only chance." He then pointed his revolver and added, "I'll shoot anyone who attempts to leave!"



Charles Cormack in Bird City. This is one of the last photos ever taken of him.

Coming up behind Forsyth was McCall, who said, "And so will I!"

Lieutenant Beecher was nearby, crouched behind a horse, firing his rifle with as careful an aim as if he had been on a target range.

The men knew without Forsyth's warning, "Don't shoot until you see something to hit," that wasting their ammunition could mean losing their lives.

As the morning went on, the attacks slowed down. Forsyth waved his Chief Scout over. "How many are there, Grover?" he asked.

Grover shook his head and answered, "Over a thousand, Colonel." Forsyth, in disbelief, looked up on the hill where squaws and children had gathered to watch the fight.

Dr. Mooers' pit was at the lower end of the island. The surgeon was upset. In the mad rush to the sand spit, they had forgotten his medical chest. It would be sorely needed before this battle was over. Forsyth had just taken a position beside the doctor, but on the bare ground, when a bullet struck him in the right thigh. The pain was so intense the Colonel couldn't speak for some moments. Nearby scouts thought sure he had been killed.

Dr. Mooers immediately called for some of the men to help him enlarge his rifle pit to make room for the Colonel. While they were doing this Forsyth leaned over to talk to them, and another bullet struck a bone between his ankle and knee. The men dragged Forsyth into the rifle pit where, despite his wounds, he retained his command.

INDIANS were falling all around them, but the scouts were suffering, too. Howard Morton had his eye put out by a bullet. He wrapped a handkerchief around his head and kept on firing. John Harrington, with an arrow lodged in his forehead fought without taking time to remove it. Eli Ziegler was digging his rifle pit when he heard Henry Tucker say, "I'm shot through the arm!" Tucker wanted someone to tie his arm to stop the bleeding. John Haley, on his way to help, was shot in the hip. Then an arrow glanced off Ziegler's thigh and embedded itself in Tucker's leg.

Strangely, in the midst of this pandemonium, the scouts who had panicked had regained their nerve and were fighting as valiantly as the others. That is, all but M. R. "Jim" Lane. He had fired one wild shot and was lying on his face in his rifle pit quivering with fear.

Forsyth seemed to be a marked man. Once more a bullet found its target, fracturing his skull without breaking the skin. Soon afterward, a bullet struck Dr. Mooers' head, and he slumped forward. The surgeon was still alive, but the bullet had struck his brain.

The Indians had ridden downstream toward the bend in the river. This could only mean that Roman Nose was forming his warriors for another charge. Forsyth yelled to his men to ready every rifle and revolver they had, but not to fire until he gave the order.

Soon the strain of waiting was broken by a blast from an Army bugle from around the bend. At this, the scouts growled angrily, for it meant some renegade white man was out there with the Indians. Then a solid mass of warriors surged into the open and came in their direction.

But, just as suddenly, they halted. The pause it seemed, was simply to torment the waiting scouts.

Roman Nose was dressed flamboyantly, with a headgear that floated nearly to the back of the horse, as he rode. On his left arm he carried a shield and

(Continued on page 47)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

TEXAS RANGERS ATTACKED

Gunpowder Justice by Julian Samora, Joe Bernal, and Albert Pena (University of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556, 179 pages, $10.95 hardbound, 8½x5½ inches).

This book will undoubtedly become one of the most controversial books ever written on the Texas Rangers. Nicely produced, the volume is described as a reassessment of the Rangers. But if you are one who admires the heroic figures of the Rangers as portrayed in what the authors call American folklore, you may yell foul. The authors attempt to separate fact from fiction and update the Rangers' history in light of their recent activities.

The authors show how the Rangers, originally assigned to protect the frontier from Indian and Mexican raiders, lost their rationale for existence by 1881. The authors detail how the Rangers became a statewide law enforcement agency "whose ruthlessness, corruption, and political patronage" led to their reorganization in 1935.

The authors claim that the Rangers have continued as a conservative and elite group, interfering with the rights of Mexican-American voters and picketing farm workers in the 1960s and '70s. And they detail frequent violations of civil liberties. The authors also show that the powers of the Texas Rangers are duplicated by other law enforcement agencies.

Readers with strong and positive feelings toward the Rangers and their colorful history will resent what the authors write. Others may cheer the book. Regardless, it is interesting.

Samora is professor of sociology and anthropology and director of the Mexican-American studies program at the University of Notre Dame. Bernal is a former Texas state senator. Pena is a political activist and currently a municipal judge in San Antonio.

Because of the controversial nature of the book it is easy to understand why it was not published in Texas.

Recommended.

CYCLING COAST TO COAST

The Wonderful Ride by George T. Loher (Westword Books, Harper & Row, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111, 146 pages, $7.95 hardbound, 8½x6 inches).

If you have ever dreamed of taking a long journey on a bicycle, you can enjoy the trip from your armchair with this new book. It is the fascinating story of George T. Loher, a butcher from Oakland, California who decided that it would be "a pleasant undertaking" to bicycle from San Francisco to New York City in 1895.

He left on August 11 on a Stearn's Yellow Fellow with no brakes and no maps. He cycled through thirteen states and territories, across five mountain ranges, through deserts and across sandy valleys. He covered 4,354 miles. The journey took eighty days.

This book tells of his adventures in 1895. He ran into a train in Oregon, smashed his front wheel on boulders in Montana, was cussed in Swedish as he crossed North Dakota, partied with tobacco buyers in Wisconsin, rode between oil wells in Ohio, and sat in an electric chair in New York.

The book is full of adventure. It captures the feeling of the turn of the century in America. And the black and white historic photographs add much to Loher's journal of his trip. It was edited by Ellen Smith, Loher's granddaughter, who ran across the journal while going through Loher's papers and memorabilia in Oakland. George Loher died more than three decades ago.

Highly recommended.

ARCTIC WHALER

A Whaler & Trader in the Arctic by Arthur James Allen (Alaska Northwest Publishing Co., 130 Second Ave. South, Edmonds, Wash. 98020, 213 pages, $5.95 paper, 8½x5½ inches).

The author, Jim Allen, as he was called, was twenty-one in 1895 when he sailed from San Francisco to join a ship equipped to spend the brief Arctic summers whaling in the Arctic North. This is his story of his adventures, of playing baseball on the ice, of rescuing a shipwrecked crew, of being shipwrecked himself, as working as a harpooner, and a host of other experiences.

The book spans the period 1895 to 1944. The author began the task of writing while recovering from surgery in a San Francisco hospital. Allen died in 1944.

This highly readable volume provides many insights into life in the Far North. It is, as the publisher says, a true adventure story.

Highly recommended.

VANISHED ARIZONA

Vanished Arizona by Martha Summerhayes (University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 307 pages, $15.00 hardbound, $4.95 paper).

This is a new reprint edition of a book privately printed in 1908. It is the recollections of the Army life of a New England blueblood. The story is rather astonishing from the viewpoint of this cultivated Eastern woman.

She married Second Lieutenant John W. Summerhayes and followed him from one army camp to another in Arizona, California, and Texas. Her description of the trip from Fort Apache, where a son was born, to Holbrook—they were surrounded by Apaches most of the time—is full of drama.

Most of her recollections center on life in Arizona during the 1870s. There are a few illustrations. There is no index.

Recommended.

BUENA VISTA, COLORADO

Happy Birthday, Buena Vista! by Judy Porrata (Little London Press, 716 E. Washington, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907, 63 pages, $3.00 paper, 8½x5½).

This little booklet, nicely produced, is a quick history of Buena Vista, Colorado, located in the Upper Arkansas River Valley. One thousand copies were published to celebrate the community's centennial.

This thumbnail history is well-written and illustrated. The author points out that there seems to be "no definite proof as to how the town itself was named." She includes short chapters on the birth of the town, railroads, and the growth of the community.

The many historic photographs add much to this interesting booklet. Readers interested in Colorado history, especially Buena Vista and the surrounding area, will find it a nice addition to their libraries. Recommended.

THE OZARKS

Bittersweet Country edited by Ellen Gray Massey (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 245 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017, 434 pages, $6.95 paper, 9½x6 inches).

In late 1973, a high school English class in Lebanon, Missouri began publishing a magazine called *Bittersweet.* It sought to look at the lives of the rugged individuals who first settled in the Ozarks.

This book contains a collection of the best articles from the magazine. Most are delightful stories about interesting people and what they did. It is true Americana.

The volume begins with what might be described as a history of the early Ozark settlers. Then the stories unfold: stories about cooking and farming; about barbed wire and tractors; old-time horse cures; using a grain cradle; blacksmithing; milling; and numerous other subjects.

Much of the book could be described as "how they did it," how the people of the Ozarks lived. And there is a fine article on the country store (crackers, coal oil, and conversation).

(Continued on page 62)

Manitou's Ghosts Were Sisters

(Continued from page 8)

cant, which it was, off and on, for years. My informant, Margaret Smith, attended the Manitou school in her youth.

Emma Crawford's mother continued to live in Manitou after her daughter's untimely death. A talented musician and music teacher, she was always in great demand, and she was known to be a woman of sufficient means. She had a younger daughter named Alice who was an actress of great promise and, though still young, was considered to be among the coming greats in her chosen profession.

Alice had been acclaimed by the big city critics for her beauty and her talent, but had dropped her career to marry a rich Alaskan and gone off to live in "The Land of the Northern Lights." After a few years of married life, however, she divorced her husband and came to live in Manitou in 1908 where she rented the Castle on top of Iron Mountain.

Iron Mountain is much lower in elevation than Red Mountain, but is still a sizeable hill. Only a gulch separates the two mountains. The Castle had been built years before by the Davis brothers, businessmen of Manitou who had owned all of the land on the summit of Iron Mountain and had built Red Stone Castle on the peak as an eye-catcher, a promotional gimmick to attract attention to their subdivision. From the beginning many believed the Castle to be haunted, it looked so lonely and eerie—it still does.

The Castle did attract attention. In fact, it created quite a stir and thousands of inquiries were made about it—but no lots were purchased in the subdivision from the Davis brothers.

W. A. Davis lived in it himself for a while. Later it was rented when a renter could be found. It's a pretty steep climb up to it. It is located south and west of the Manitou business district, and high above the town. The structure is a beautiful thing to behold and it bugs the curiosity of everyone who sees it.

THERE were long periods of time when the Castle stood vacant and it was believed by many to be haunted, but the haunts became certainties after Alice Crawford Snow leased the Castle in 1908. She was, as were her mother and sister and many friends, a spiritualist and a medium. Seances were held in the Castle two or three times a week, attended by many of the faithful and, undoubtedly, by a few nonbelievers.

Bill Crosby attended a few of the seances and he says they were really worth the price of admission. They would have tables and chairs walking all over the place and all sorts of funny sounds coming from different places and a device that sounded "like an old-time radio," blaring right over the medium's head. But there were no radios then. Bill went up to see if he could find the device after the medium had left, but someone had beat him to it.

Bill Crosby says the medium's acting talent was a great help to her in her work of conjuring up spirits of the dead. Besides the sound effects, she controlled a weird group of lights which, together with her magnificent acting, kept the avid believers on tenterhooks.

Nobody who knew Alice Crawford Snow dreamed she was anything but a happy person. She seemed to enjoy living in the haunted old Castle and she was "going with" a prosperous Colorado Springs attorney and her friends were laying bets they would be married within a short time.

But there were undercurrents in Alice that no one, least of all her mother, suspected. She longed to take up her acting career but she had been away from Broadway for several years and got little encouragement from her former agents. Finally, while her mother was away on a trip to California, she took off for a week in Denver where she is said to have made the rounds of the local agents in a desperate attempt to find a booking, but to no avail. She had borrowed the money for the trip from her lawyer friend.

Returning home to her lonely Castle (her mother didn't live with her but she had a daughter whom she had sent to California with her grandmother), she attempted to commit suicide but bungled up the job by shooting herself in the knee. Her lawyer friend was supposed to call on her about 5 p.m. The date was February 12, 1910.

Fortunately, or by design, it was approaching 5 o'clock when Alice shot herself. She called his office and found that he had already left, and when he arrived she was in bed with a very bloody knee and a mass of flames. Somehow or other, the bedclothes had caught fire. The lawyer jerked her from the bed and doused the flames and then had her taken to the hospital.

Mrs. Snow at first denied that she had attempted suicide. The Colorado Springs newspaper dated February 13, 1910, reads, "Woman in Flames and Shot in Bleak 'House of Mystery.'"

The Denver *Post* dated February 13, 1910, says, "Mrs. Snow Shot Herself, Proven by Letter." The item goes on to explain that she had written a letter to her landlord. In the letter, she told the landlord, W. A. Davis, that she was going to commit suicide and asked him to take care of her body. Her "dying" request was that she be buried on top of Red Mountain with her sister, Emma, who had already been there for many years.

But the case wasn't settled that easily. On February 16, 1910 the Denver *Post* ran a different headline. It reads: "Owner of Hat May Explain Shooting of Mrs. Snow." The story goes on to say that a brand new 1910 derby hat was found on the serving table, and a dent had been kicked in the kitchen door.

But the letter and the testimony of Alice's lawyer friend, who said that she had confessed to him that she had attempted suicide but the revolver had discharged prematurely and shot her in the knee, cleared up the matter and dissolved any speculations as to foul play.

However, during the time that the matter of Alice Snow's life or death hung in the balance and foul play was feared, one man's life was in jeopardy; for in those days they hanged men for murder without making many bones about it.

"Little John" Olafson was a young cripple who worked at odd jobs but generally was a plumber's helper, chiefly to plumber Ben Leonard. Incidentally, was one of the pall bearers who had helped carry poor Emma Crawford to her lonely grave at the summit of Red Mountain twenty years before.

Besides playing plumber's helper, when his help was needed, Little John did chores for Alice Snow at the Castle. He brought in the wood for the huge fireplace and stoked the furnace in the basement, feeding it plenty of coal to keep the big place warm until the next morning.

Little John had finished his evening chores at the castle and had left barely minutes before the lone occupant, Alice, attempted to leave this world for the next. If she had died of her wounds or from the flames, Little John would have been arrested at once for her murder. It was four days before the landlord, who had been in Denver on business, produced the letter that proved she had attempted suicide, and during that time Little John was held under suspicion by many of his erstwhile friends and neighbors. He was known to be the last person to see her alive and he was seen coming down the hill from the Castle shortly before the lawyer arrived and reported that she had been shot and her bed set afire.

"And that," says Bill Crosby, "is what made me quit believing in circumstantial evidence. Little John wouldn't have had a leg to stand on if it had turned out different than it did."

Alice left the area as soon as she was able. She had leased the Castle for two years and was nine months in arrears on the rent. This may have led to her despondency, but nobody could understand how she could be so hard up. She had been married to a very wealthy man and her mother was also well-to-do.

WHEN her sister Emma's bones were found some years later, lying on the slope of Red Mountain, no trace of Alice Crawford Snow or her mother could be found. All this was more grist for the mill of the ghost thinkers. But it did not interfere with the Davis brothers renting the place and none of the tenants were ever frightened away. The Castle did stand vacant for long periods, but mostly because it cost a fortune to heat it.

After the would-be suicide left the premises the Castle was occupied for several years by one of the Davis brothers and his wife. They ran a curio store in Colorado Springs. Margaret Smith remembers them when they were very old and still living in the Castle. They would walk down Iron Mountain, catch a streetcar to the Springs, run their shop all day, ride a car back in the evening, "and climb that steep mountain a mile back up to the Castle."

Later, a friend of mine, Louis Hakes, and his wife bought the Castle from Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Hakes worked for years for Mrs. Davis. The Hakes and their children lived in the Castle for ten years, through the entire decade of the 1940s, and when they sold out, the haunts were still there.

(Continued on page 40)

FIRST TRIP TO THE (SOUTH DAKOTA)

By GEORGE O. CROUCH

Photo Provided By Author

IT WAS A STRANGE EXCITING PLACE

to an Iowa boy: dogs lived in the ground; you wore shoes in the summer, carried a stick, and didn't climb trees—because there weren't any!

THERE WERE nine children in our family. The oldest, Elsie, was the only girl. Then came Lloyd, Emmons, Ed, Logan, Albert, Abe, me, and Frank the youngest. Having this large family to raise was probably what gave Dad the feeling of needing more space. My parents, Abram W. and Mary L. Crouch, were farming about 140 acres of crop land, some of it two miles from the house. Three small pastures made up the balance of the farm. We lived in Central Iowa.

In the early part of 1880 Dad had homesteaded in Kansas, and had been unfortunate enough to move there in time to experience a bad drouth and a grasshopper plague. He then went to Colorado and worked two years on railroad construction before returning to Iowa.

In the early 1900s when Indian reservations in South Dakota were opened to settlement, Dad and Mother decided to try the new land in western South Dakota.

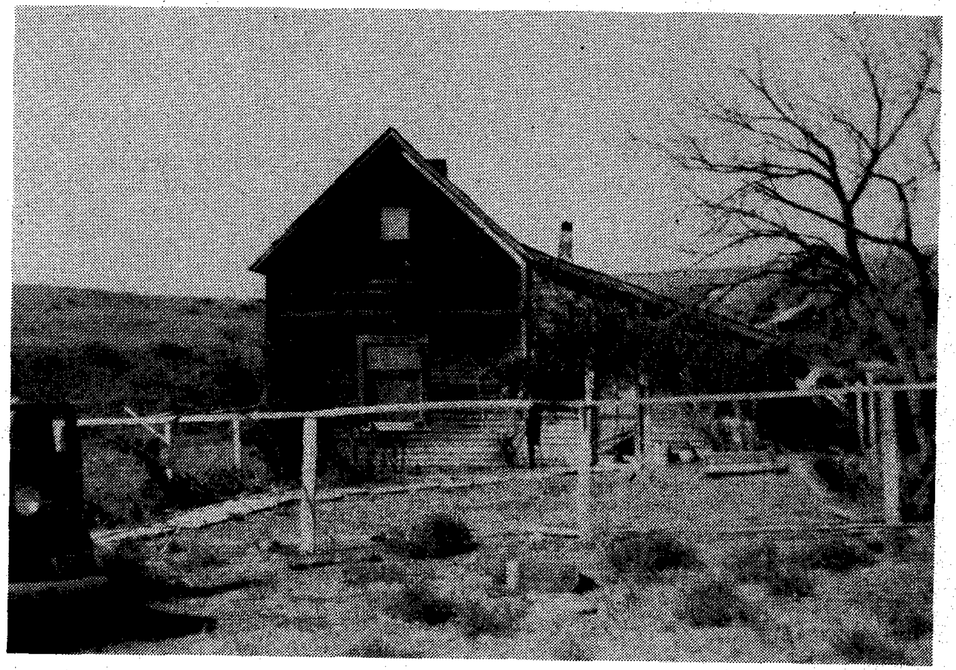
In the spring of 1909 Dad located a homestead five miles east and twenty-three miles north of Wall. During the spring and summer he bought a team of bay geldings, named Charley and Sam. Then he bought a lumber wagon. He hired a man for a dollar a day and board to help him build a house and stable on the homestead. They also fenced part of the land off for pastures, and dug a well by hand.

He hired a neighbor to plow up about thirty acres of sod and planted some of it to corn. He also filed a desert claim of 160 acres and bought another so-called isolated tract of 40 acres. This totaled 400 acres of government land homesteaded and purchased. He also bought 640 acres of deeded land that adjoined the homestead. To someone who had lived on about 200 acres in Iowa, it did seem that almost two square miles of real estate would provide for lots of elbow room.

With the new home in shape to occupy, plans were made for the move to South Dakota. The Northwestern Railroad had a special freight rate for what was called an emigrant car—a box car in which a homesteader could move his household goods and livestock. Such a car generally had inside measurements thirty-two feet long, eight feet wide and eight feet high. The common way to load one was to put livestock, horses, or cattle in one end and household goods in the other. One person was allowed to ride in the car free.

On August 26, 1910, the Station Agent at Canarvon notified us that our car was ready for loading. For the next two days everyone was busy moving household goods to the car. It was a seven-mile round trip, and we three youngest boys, Abe, Frank, and I, were everywhere. At last the loading was completed and ready to go.

This is a list of what was in the car, as I remember it: cupboard, bookcase, dining room table, sewing machine, two rockers and other chairs, kitchen range, washing machine, bedding and beds, dishes, cooking utensils, three trunks of clothing, books, a barrel of oats packed with dishes, home-canned fruit and vegetables, tableware, farm tools, a five-gallon dasher churn, a crock of eggs packed in oats, parlor organ, two crocks full of fried-down pork in lard, several jars of lard, two coops of chickens, a riding plow, harnesses and saddles, a two-seated surrey with a folding top, a single-seated buggy, a team of black mares (Kit and Topsy), one five-month-



House the Crouchs built on their new homestead north of Wall, S.D.

old colt, and a gray two-year-old mare named Myrtle.

Mother had fixed fried chicken and sandwiches for the two older brothers, Lloyd and Logan, who were going with the emigrant car. They had a barrel of water for the horses, and oats and hay to feed them. The freight train left about six p.m.

Father and mother were taking the passenger train the next day shortly after noon on August 29, and Abe, Frank and I were going with them, of course. Abe was eleven, I was nine, and Frank was six. I don't remember where we slept at the house that night because our beds were on the way to South Dakota in the box car.

WE WERE up early, dressed in our best clothes. Abe and I wore shirt-waists, knickerbockers, black stockings, ankle-height laced shoes, and cloth caps. Frank wore a Buster Brown suit.

We had two regular suitcases, and a trunk which was checked in the baggage car, a small suitcase with clothing belonging to us boys, and a box of sandwiches and fried chicken. The ordinary passenger train did not have a dining car and did not stop for meals except at division points, and often there was no eating place close to the depot.

We had our noon meal at the old farmhouse, then went to the railroad station in a lumber wagon. One of my older brothers drove the team, as three of them would be staying on the farm and taking care of it until it was sold later in the fall.

That trip was my first experience in riding on a train. The locomotive was a coal-burning steam engine with two drive wheels and two pilot wheels on each side, and a tender for coal and water. The only big thing about it was its whistle, which was always busy. It had an express car, a baggage car, one smoking car, and a day-coach, in that order. Smoke from the locomotive came in through the windows, along with soot and cinders.

The seats could be turned to face either way, forward or back, and were covered with red plush. There were toilets in each car and ice-water to drink. We had collapsible aluminum drinking cups.

The conductor wore a blue uniform and his cap had a metal plate with the word "Conductor" on it. His jacket (or coat) had shiny brass buttons. He took the tickets and punched them with a card punch. He also punched a marker that he put in a clip by the seat.

The brakeman also wore a uniform. His cap said "Brakeman" on it, and he called out the stations where the train would stop. He could tell to what station you were going by the markers the conductor left at the seat, and it apparently was his job to see that passengers got off at the right place.

The third member of the trainmen was the news boy. His uniform was not as fancy as the others. He sold candy, Crackerjacks, chewing gum, oranges, and apples. Sometimes at night he would rent pillows.

The trainmen helped people get on and off the train and would answer questions as to how to get from one train to another.

To a youngster of my age, looking out the car windows while the train was moving was a fascinating experience. The number of things to be seen was endless. The train stopped at every station and people were getting on and off each time. Everything was exciting, new and strange. It took us until evening to reach Sioux City, Iowa where we got off to wait for the train that would take us to Huron, South Dakota. The Union Station was the busiest place I had ever seen. It was like a beehive with all kinds of people going in every direction.

One thing that intrigued Abe and me were the Hansom Cabs. They were two-wheeled carts with a top over the seat. One cab could carry two people and was pulled by one horse. The driver sat behind and higher than the cab-top. He drove the horse from his elevated seat, the lines to the horse going over the cab-top. He wore a duster and a plug hat.

We counted the cabs along the sidewalks on two sides of the depot. The most we counted at any one time was thirty-two, but as they were constantly coming and going, there must have been a good many more.

Soon after dark, Dad and Mother took us for a walk uptown, perhaps eight or ten blocks, to see the electric signs. They were very impressive. Dad stopped in a bakery and bought twenty-five cents worth of doughnuts. There were twenty-six in the sack.

WE CLIMBED ABOARD our Huron-bound train at about midnight. There was very little for Abe and me to see. The day coach had gas lights and everyone was trying to sleep. This was a longer train, having at least six or seven cars. It, too, stopped at every station, but not many people got on or off, although most of the seats were filled. We arrived in Huron about breakfast time and changed onto the train that would take us to Wall.

While at Huron, we watched the train being cleaned. Men with hoses and long-handled brushes washed the outside of the cars and the windows, and swept out the inside with brooms. The outside of the C&NW passenger cars were painted a bright yellow and the men had to clean off the soot and fine cinders which had blown back from the locomotive smoke-stack.

After a wait of an hour or two, the train to Wall came in and we were again on our way. From Huron west the country was very flat with no trees in sight. We kept watch for our emigrant car as we went along but we didn't see it. However, Lloyd and Logan saw us. They were on the siding at Highmore, halfway between Huron and Pierre, South Dakota.

I saw my first prairie dog from the car window. There were several dog towns along the railroad tracks the rest of the way. And I saw the Missouri River which looked mighty wide and big. The train stopped and whistled before it started across.

During the forenoon we noticed that the grass was getting dry, but after we crossed the Missouri we could see no green grass at all. There were trees along Bad River, but not long after we left Philip they grew fewer and fewer and by the time we arrived at Wall there were none at all. It was late in the afternoon.

Wall was a town that was mostly on Main Street about two blocks long. The majority of the business places had living quarters in them. On the east side of Main Street were two lumber yards, a livery stable, a couple of real estate offices, a butcher shop, and a few other buildings including a bank. On the west side were three grocery stores, another bank, a hardware store, post office, and the Babcock Hotel, a large two-story building which included under its roof one of the grocery stores, a bar, a lobby and dining room downstairs and rooms upstairs. Main Street was new enough that the prairie grass sod and grass were still there.

We went to stay with a neighbor who had lived near us in Iowa, and who was now living in a house on the edge of the Badlands east of town. We were expecting the emigrant car to get into Wall, and it did—two days later.

Dad had left his team with his closest neighbor, so the neighbor brought our team and wagon, plus his own team and wagon. And two more neighbors each brought a team and wagon. Our two-seated surrey was pulled by the team we shipped from Iowa. All four wagons had good loads. Mother, Logan and we three younger children rode in the surrey. It made quite a caravan as we left Wall—twenty-eight miles to go and all prairie trail.

To someone from Iowa, the houses seemed a long way apart, and the brown grass-covered land stretching for miles, with very few fences or plowed fields, made quite an impression on us.

We went through five long miles of barking prairie dogs, and in that dog town we saw our first coyotes, two of them. By this time the land had become rolling, but still had the same dry brown grass.

We could see our house when we were about three miles from it. There was another dog town for a mile and a half, then another mile and a half and we arrived after a long all-day trip.

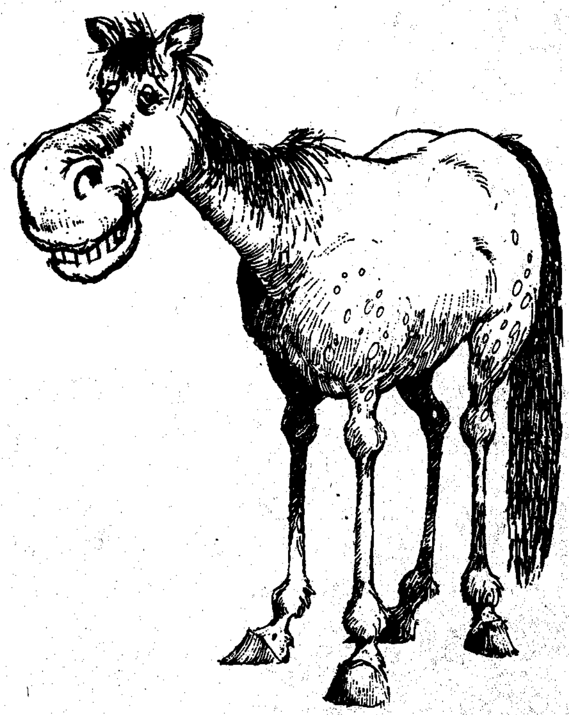
It seems to me now that the kitchen range was about the first thing to go into the new house. Anyway, the unloading went quite fast. By the next evening most everything was in its place, at least for the time being.

FOR the next six weeks, we youngsters proceeded to get used to the differences between Iowa and western South Dakota. We would go out exploring and the first thing we learned was that, whereas we had always gone barefoot in Iowa, that was out of the picture now. The reason was everywhere—four varieties of cactus all over the grassland; and in the low places were patches of underbrush, wild roses, wild plums, buffalo berries, thorn apples, all with plenty of stickers; then on the hillsides were yuccas, and more buffalo berries.

So, with shoes on, we collected deer antlers, a few elk antlers, buffalo horns, fossils, and even some Indian arrowheads. We learned to carry a stick with us as protection against rattlesnakes.

(Continued on page 45)

GOT A BUNCH OF FOLKS THAT YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE HAPPY?



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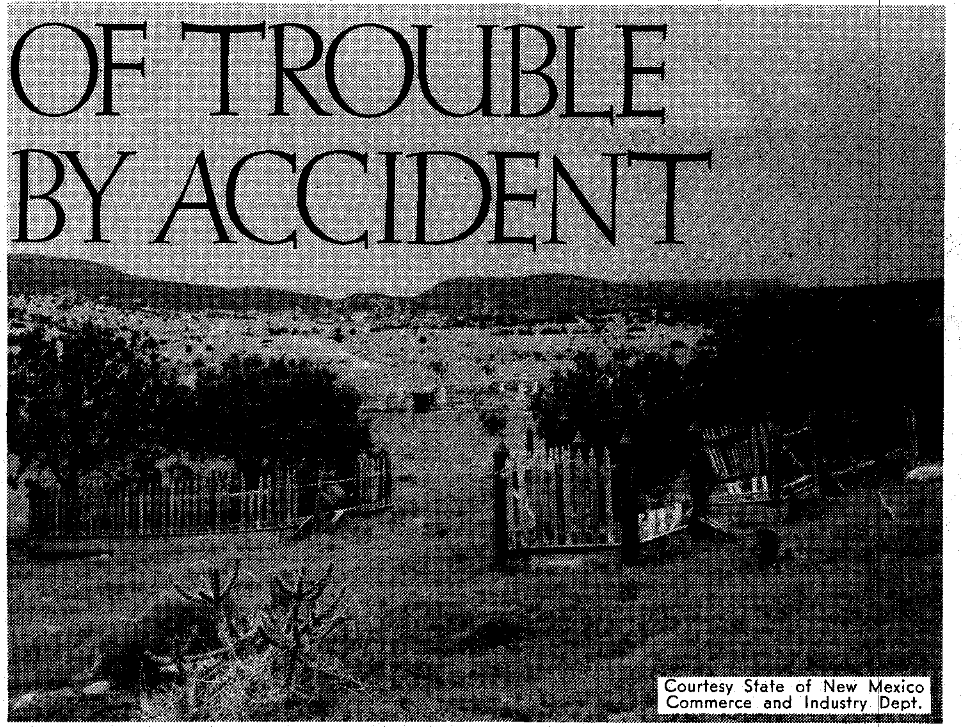
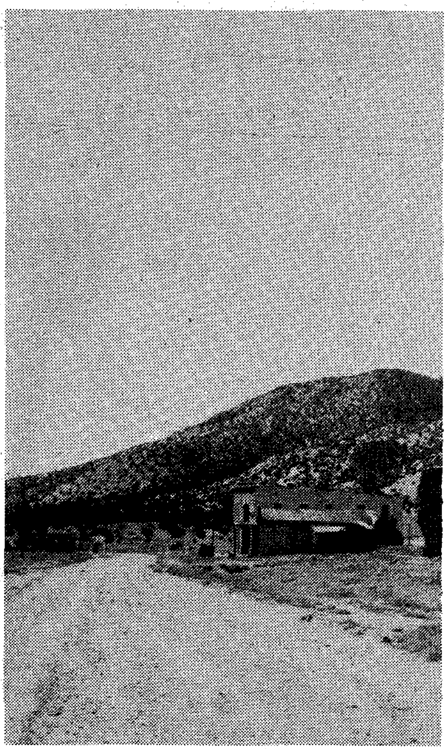
HOW TO WIND UP IN A LOT OF TROUBLE BY ACCIDENT

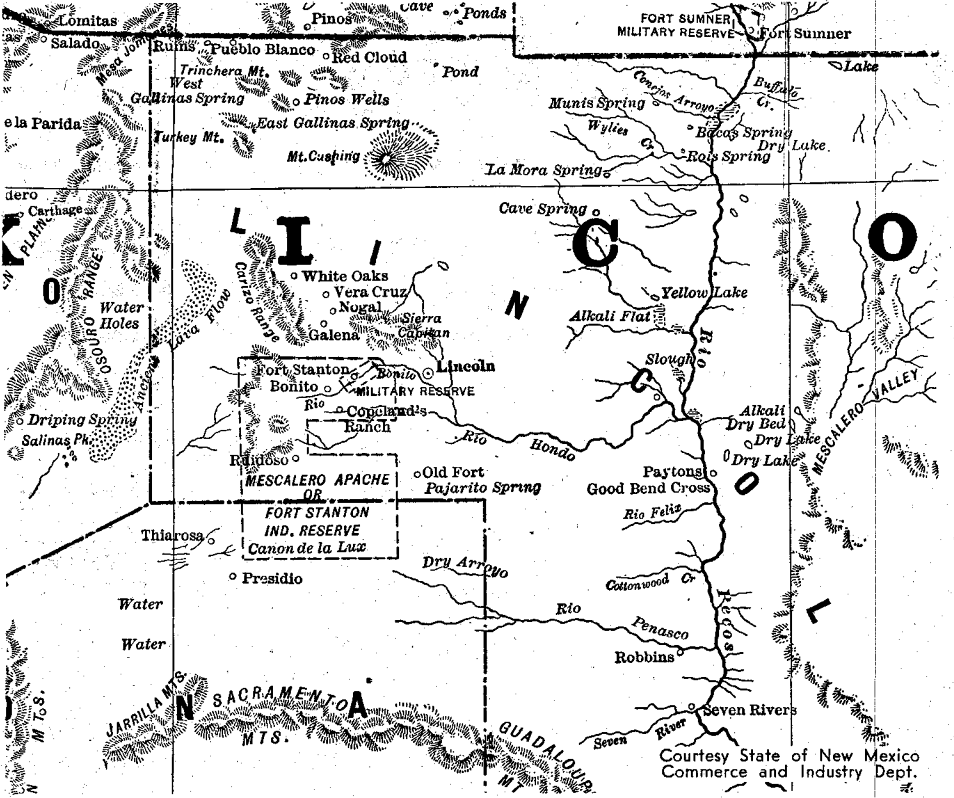
Written in 1954

By J. J. BISHOP


Courtesy State of New Mexico Commerce and Industry Dept.



Above: Town of White Oaks, New Mexico is barely visible beyond its moldering graveyard. Below: 1884 map.


Lomitas
Salado
Pinos
Ponds
FORT SUMNER MILITARY RESERVE
Fort Sumner
Ruins
Pueblo Blanco
Red Cloud
Pond
Lake
Trinchera Mt.
West
Gallinas Spring
Pinos Wells
Munis Spring
Conejos Arroyo
Buffalo Cr.
la Parida
Turkey Mt.
East Gallinas Spring
Wylies Cr.
Bacas Spring
Dry Lake
Mt. Cushing
La Mora Spring
Rois Spring
Carthage
Cave Spring
L I N C O L N
White Oaks
Vera Cruz
Nogal
Sierra Capitan
Galena
Yellow Lake
Alkali Flat
Water Holes
Carizo Range
Lava Flow
Slough
Rio
Fort Stanton
Bonito
Lincoln
MILITARY RESERVE
Copeland's Ranch
Rio Hondo
Alkali Dry Bed
Dry Lake
Dry Lake
MESCALERO VALLEY
Driping Spring
Salinas Pk.
Ruidoso
MESCALERO APACHE OR FORT STANTON IND. RESERVE
Old Fort
Pajarito Spring
Paytons
Good Bend Cross
Rio Feliz
Thiarosa
Canon de la Lux
Dry Arroyo
Presidio
Cottonwood Cr.
Pecos
Water
Rio Penasco
Water
Robbins
JARRILLA MTS.
SACRAMENTO MTS.
GUADALOUPE MTS.
Seven Rivers
Seven River
Courtesy State of New Mexico Commerce and Industry Dept.

IN 1888 my father, S. W. Bishop, and my mother, also my brother, S. B. Bishop, moved from Bell County, Texas to New Mexico. Bell County had been their home since childhood and it was a trying undertaking to depart from it. My mother was in bad health and doctors had advised that she seek a higher altitude.

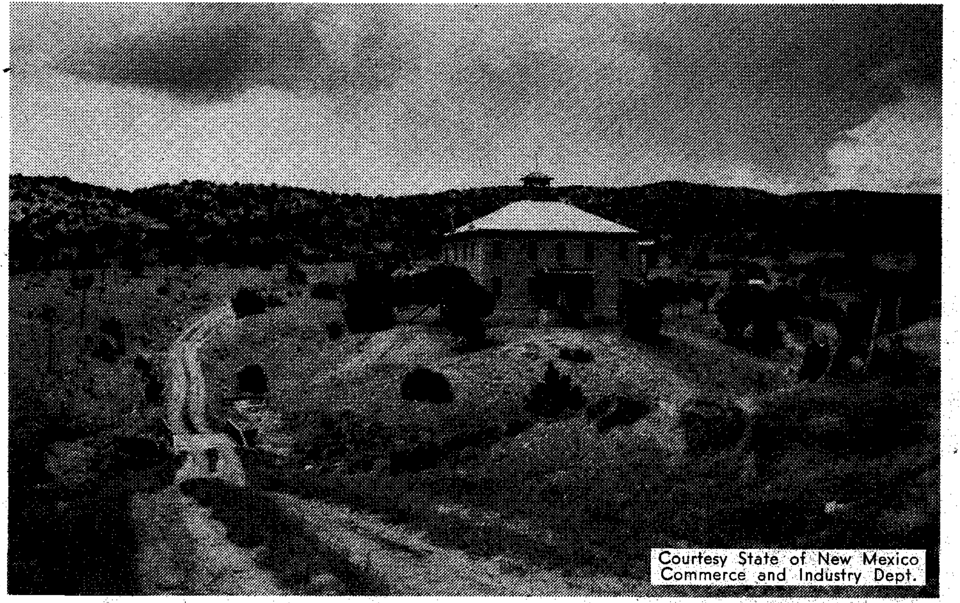
They were accompanied on their move by a neighbor and friend, Bill Robertson and his large family. Mr. Robertson had just returned from New Mexico and had found a place that he admired and had filed claim on, a 160-acre tract of land with lasting water. He gave a glowing description of the country—exhilarating climate, fine grass, open range for cattle, and wild game plentiful. The country abounded with antelope, blacktailed deer and black bear. Hunting was a wonderful sport. The game was valuable for home consumption, and there was also a market for the meat and the hides.

Father was carried away with Robertson's report of the country. So both families began preparation for the move. It was in the spring. Each of them procured a heavy wagon with two yokes of steers to a wagon. Household goods and all heavy articles were placed in them.

Each of them also procured a light two-horse wagon in which camping equipment, food and the families were conveyed. Each family also acquired about 250 head of cattle which they threw together to make the journey. A few saddle horses and hired hands were also obtained.

Procuring all these necessities required considerable time. It was late summer when the caravan started on its journey. Their goal was at the eastern foothills of the Alamogordo Mountains in southeastern New Mexico. I accompanied the caravan to San Saba, then returned to Bell County to teach a second term of school at Heidenheimer, a small town just east of Temple, Texas.

Courtesy State of New Mexico Commerce and Industry Dept.



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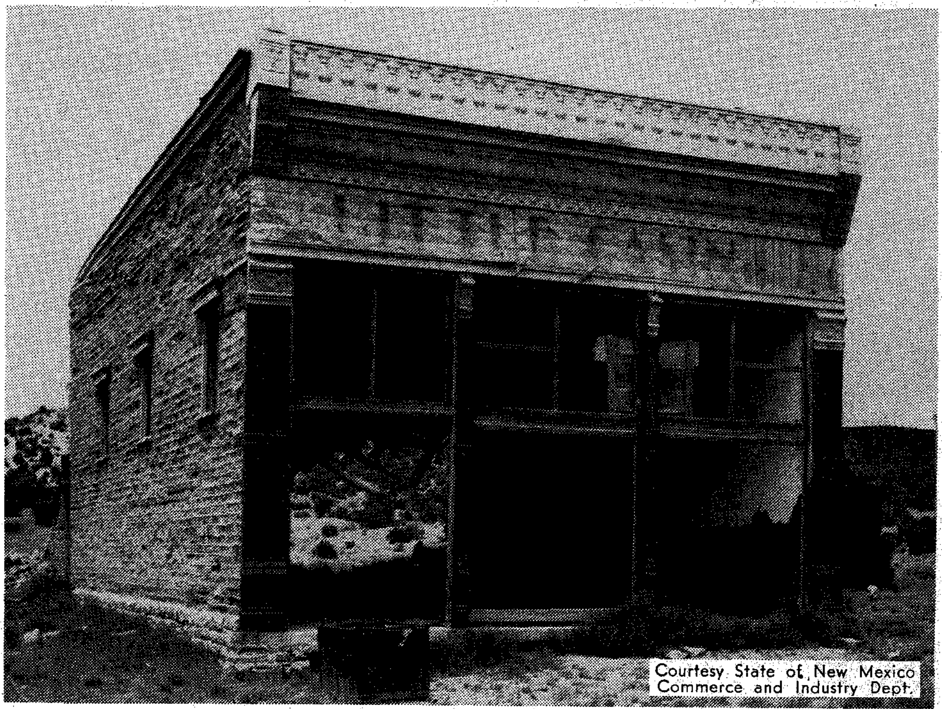

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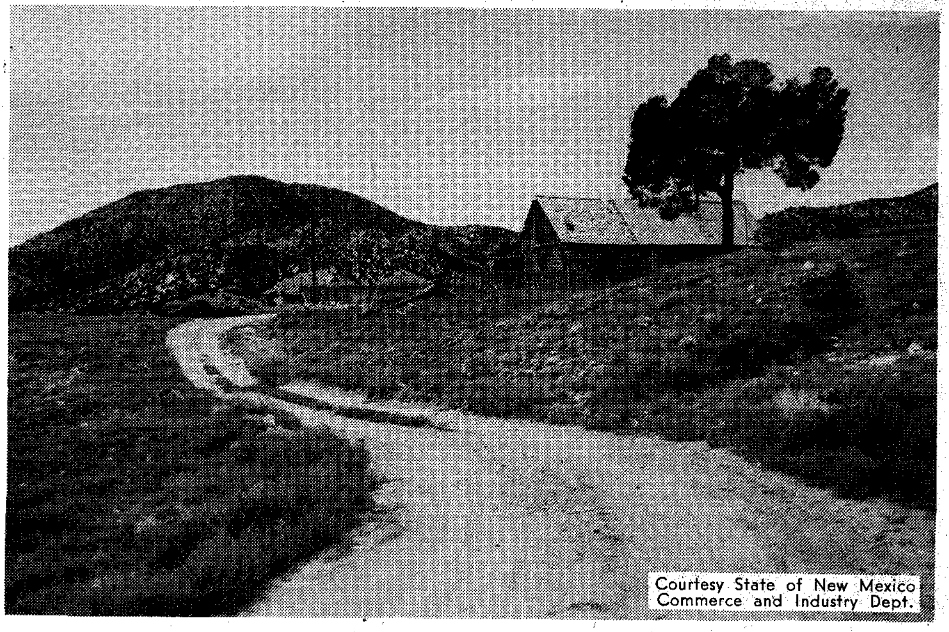


Courtesy State of New Mexico Commerce and Industry Dept.

Above: Looking down the main street of White Oaks. Top right: White Oaks' old schoolhouse. Middle right: Little Casino Saloon. Bottom right: Road into town. Baxter Mountain in background.

ALL was well for the caravan as it moved slowly to Midland on the Texas plains. There they rested a half day, grazing the cattle, replenishing their food supply and obtaining information about the route. It was 120 miles from Midland to the Pecos River with only two watering places between. In spanning that distance across the barren plains of Texas and New Mexico, with watering places 40 miles apart, they encountered some thrilling experiences and one serious incident.

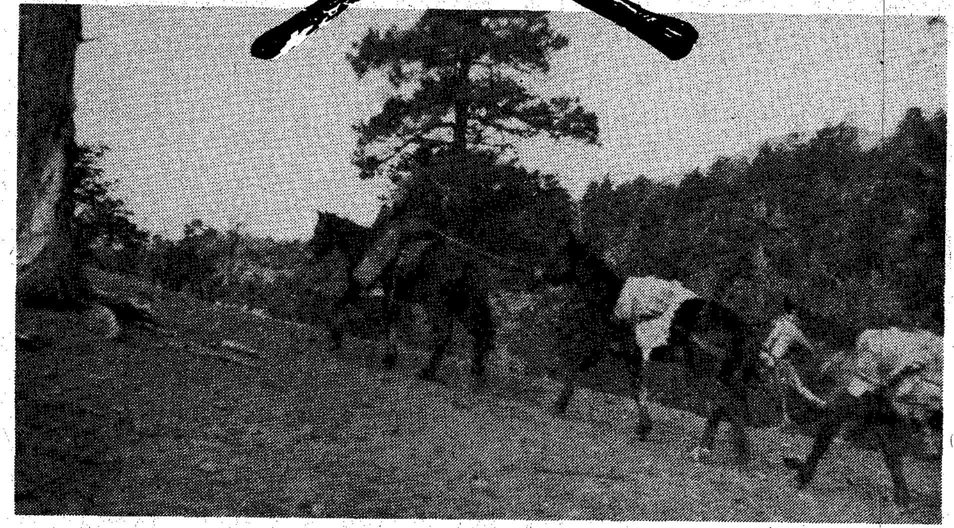
They moved out one afternoon and made fifteen miles before camping. A stranger had fallen in with them at Midland, driving a yoke of oxen to a dilapidated old wagon. He had a wife and a small child and all his earthly possessions in the wagon. Next morning when the cattle were rounded up they found about 20 head missing and also the stranger's oxen.

The herd had to move on to reach water before night. They all counseled together and decided that my brother, mother and the stranger and his wife would remain with the two-horse wagon, and as soon as the missing cattle were found, would proceed on the journey as fast as possible.

The main caravan moved on. My brother and the stranger saddled horses and rode away in pursuit of the missing cattle. My mother and the strange woman and baby sat there in the wagon on the lone prairie till 1 P.M. before the men returned. They reported no trace of the cattle whatever.

(Continued on page 56)

NUGGETS



***Top left:* Early settlers were often hired to transport provisions to packers and soldiers stringing the telegraph wire. *Middle left:* Early photo shows Sam Hill's pack mules feeding in the stubble of a settler's garden at Indian Gardens along Tonto Creek. *Bottom left:* Packers running the telegraph line relax at the East Verde River crossing.**

PIONEER PACKERMAN

By Ralph A. Fisher

SAM HILL was an Englishman who had arrived in California at an early age and crossed the Colorado River at the old Hardyville ferry, an important crossing at that time, into Arizona. He became the Chief Packer for the United States Army troops stationed at old Fort Whipple, at Prescott. Sam liked to tell stories about the time the troops were called upon to erect the Army telegraph line.

The wire for the line was brought around the Horn via Clipper sailing vessel to the West Coast then freighted by mule train to old Fort Lincoln from Ehrenberg over the old military trail to Fort Whipple.

Selected troops were sent out on scouting missions to string the wire over the mountains and valleys to Union Park (the present town of Payson) then east through very rugged Ponderosa pine forest country to Starr Valley and over into Green Valley Hills, a small growing settlement of cattlemen pioneers, then into Tonto Creek country and the famous "Hell's Gate" Canyon, the most rugged part of the route.

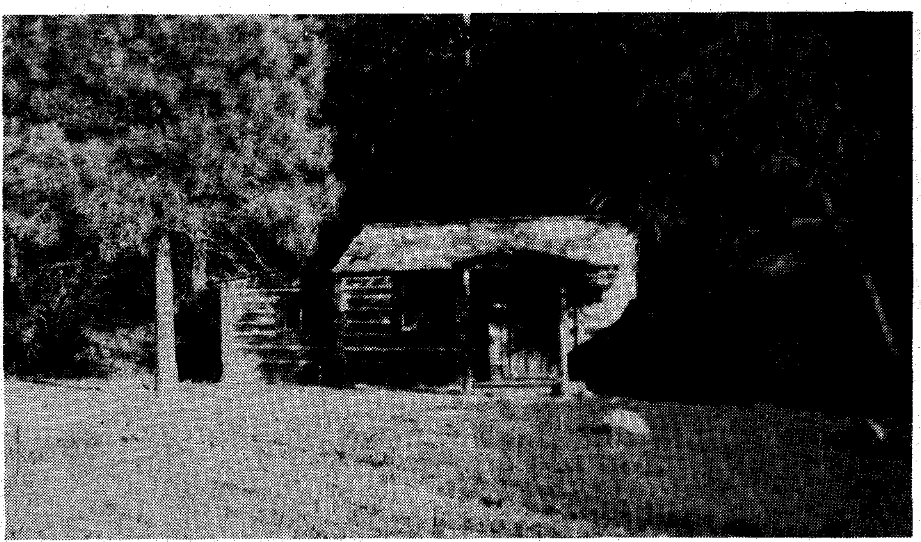
Sam related that as Chief Packer of the venture made in November 1873, he had fifty pack mules, ten packers and an escort detail of ten enlisted soldiers. Sam said it rained most all of the time, turning into sleet that made the steep trails impassable at times.

The rolls of wire were difficult to control and packing was at its worst. Loads would slip off and roll back downhill, bouncing their way to the bottom on the wet trail. The packers would begin cussing and often threatened to desert—but Sam just sat alongside the trail and laughed, knowing that they dared not desert for the watching Apaches would soon lift their scalps if they did.

"None deserted and we later topped out of Hell's Canyon to enter Pleasant Valley (an area known later for the Pleasant Valley War between cattlemen and sheepmen). There the going was much easier and we strung the line through Cibicue to Fort Apache, where the task ended."

Sam spoke of the high cost of the wire, from the manufacturer to its delivery to Fort Whipple. It would have been prohibitive to any other party except the United States Government. But this was only a small part of the expense and hardships endured by those who were in the West during pioneer times, be they troopers, packers, or just settlers.

Sam also told about the experience he and his packers had on one trip when



This log house on the East Verde River was Sam Hill's home for the duration of his wire-stringing days. It is now a Forest Ranger summer sub-station.

the Indians were being moved from Haskell Springs in the upper Verde River Valley to the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation in 1875-76.

The Apache-Mohaves and Apache-Yumas were moved from Haskell Springs, where they had been located for years, to the San Carlos Agency by Lieut. Harry Haskell, Twelfth U.S. Infantry. There was considerable enmity between the two groups of Indians being transferred, and an effort was made to keep them separated while en route.

One night camp was made on the lower East Verde River at the junction of City Creek. The separate tribes were encamped on two hillsides, while the packers were camped between them in the lower valley.

During the bright moonlight night the Indians started shooting across at each other, not taking into consideration that the troopers and packers were in the direct line of their fire. Sam shouted orders for the men to flatten out as much as possible until the shooting ceased.

No one was hurt in the cross-fire but the following morning the trek was resumed with even more space between the two groups of Indians.

Records show that the first pole on the military line to the west from Maricopa was set on October 8, 1875. The first pole from Fort Whipple Barracks was set on September 2, 1873. The main line reached Tucson, Arizona Territory and accepted messages on December 1, 1873.

The government built the telegraph line to connect military posts in Arizona, New Mexico and Western Texas. In 1872 Congress had allotted $50,311.80 to erect the first line from San Diego, California east to Yuma, Arizona and to Maricopa, Tucson, Silver City, New Mexico with branch lines running to Prescott, Fort Apache, and on to Santa Fe. No less than 540 miles of the line, with seventeen poles to the mile, were erected.

Most of the work was done under the supervision of Lieut. Philip Reade, 3rd U.S. Infantry, and Captain George F. Price, 5th U.S. Cavalry, as directed by Chief Packer Sam Hill.

As late as 1920, Sam Hill was working a mining claim in the Ox Bow Hills, south of Payson, Arizona and lived in the old Pat Welch cabin that still stands well off the beaten trail.

There is a Sam Hill mountain peak named after him four miles southwest of Tombstone, Arizona. And James A. Lamb of Tombstone recalled a mine worked in the early days on the side of the mountain that was known as "Uncle Sam" in honor of this early Westerner.

A TEXAS GUNMAN TURNED THE TABLES

By Vera Saban

THEY KNEW old Dan Lee was a gunslinger from Texas. He had even admitted to a rather close acquaintance with the Rangers, and it wasn't friendship. And they knew he could have what they called "bad spells" when he would handle that gun of his with reckless abandon.

But Dan Lee had been around the northern Wyoming community of Shell for quite a while, since about 1879. Apparently he had tamed down. He wasn't a big man and once he must have been a good-looking fellow. Everyone liked to visit with him. He was a good talker, very polite acting.

That was in the early 1900s and things were becoming civilized. Along with schools and churches, lodges had been organized. To belong to a lodge gave a man a feeling of importance and permanence, and of being a good family man.

The Woodmen of the World had a chapter and they held their meetings in a schoolhouse on the Lampman ranch. The building, a one-room wooden structure, stood on the point of a hill above Shell Creek, with the Big Horn Mountains towering nearby. The Lampman family lived down on the creek, below the schoolhouse. They had no idea that one of those meetings of the Woodmen would turn out to be a long-remembered event, one that became part of the country's folklore.

THE MEMBERS of the Woodmen of the World decided to take old Dan Lee into the lodge. He couldn't get any insurance but he could be a social member—they kind of liked the old boy.

The night that he was to be inducted had been carefully planned. They would initiate the ex-gunman in good style. But it didn't occur to anyone that on such an occasion a prospective member would be wearing a hidden gun. Old Dan Lee had his forty-five on him.

In the course of the initiation they had him blindfolded and were leading him around, when something they did evidently didn't set right. Dan Lee pulled his forty-five and started shooting.

Even blindfolded he didn't miss. The first shot hit Bob Sweeney in the stomach. He doubled up and fell over. "I'm shot. I'm dying," he moaned, and lay there on the floor. After the first stunned surprise, pandemonium broke loose.

Ridding himself of his blindfold Dan fired at a fellow who was trying to get under the stove. With no mercy, Dan shot him. The noise in the place was awful, the shouting and the banging, and men falling over. One young fellow who weighed close to two hundred pounds, kicked a window out, sash and all, and took a dive to safety outside. And all the time Old Dan was laughing and laughing and shooting at will.

Finally some of the more courageous men swarmed him and knocked him to the floor, piling on top of him. Then old Dan, still laughing, whispered to them, "Let me go and I'll have some more fun. There's nothing in the shells."

Before the meeting, down in the Lampman house, Dan had loaded his gun with blanks. The lodge member who was escorting him had been aware of Dan's plan to have himself a little fun.

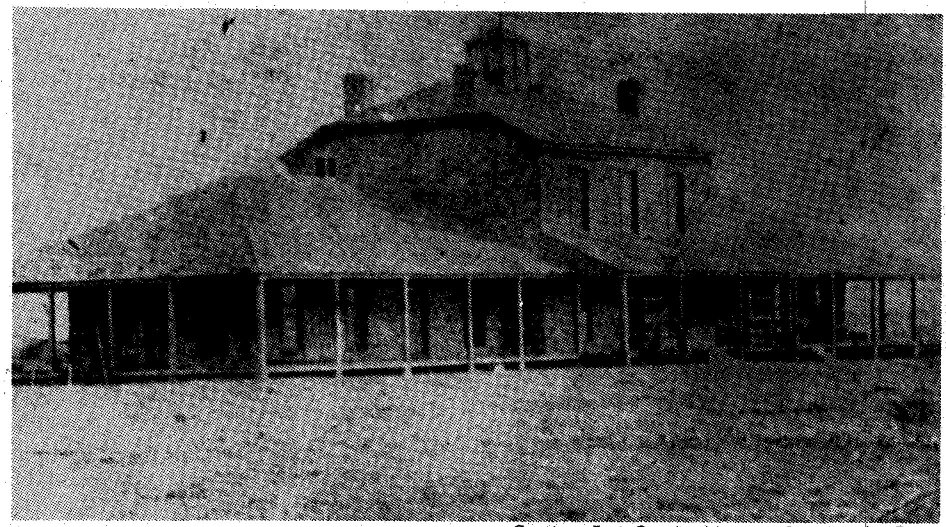
Herb Smith, with a back injury from meeting up with an ornery horse, had sat in a corner, taking no part in the initiation. In the middle of his shooting spree, Dan had whispered to Herb, "Do you suppose I didn't take out some of those bullets?" The moaning and groaning of the members who had been hit sounded mighty real.

As the "bullet-ridden" men, feeling very foolish, got up from the floor, covered with dust and dirt, Dan Lee kept on laughing. The initiation had been a helluva success as far as he was concerned, but to some of the more solemn members of the Woodmen of the World, it wasn't so funny.

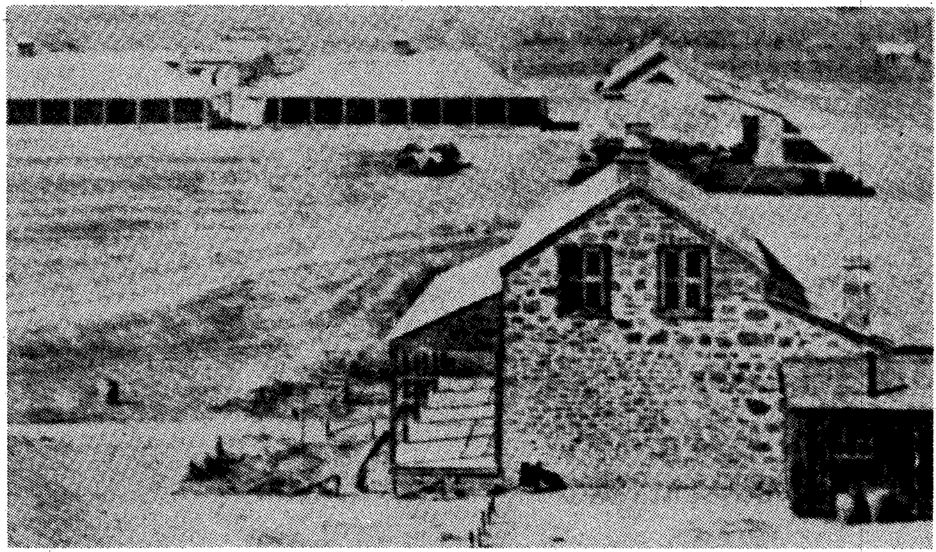
The whole story was related many times over by those who hadn't been "shot." It was the "dead" men who suffered—they were a long time living down their extermination by the gunfighter with blanks in his forty-five.

Later Dan Lee admitted, "I got kind of scared, myself. They were all falling so easy." And one member said, "I thought he was having one of his spells and would kill us all."

(Continued on page 64)



Courtesy Fort Concho Museum, San Angelo, Texas



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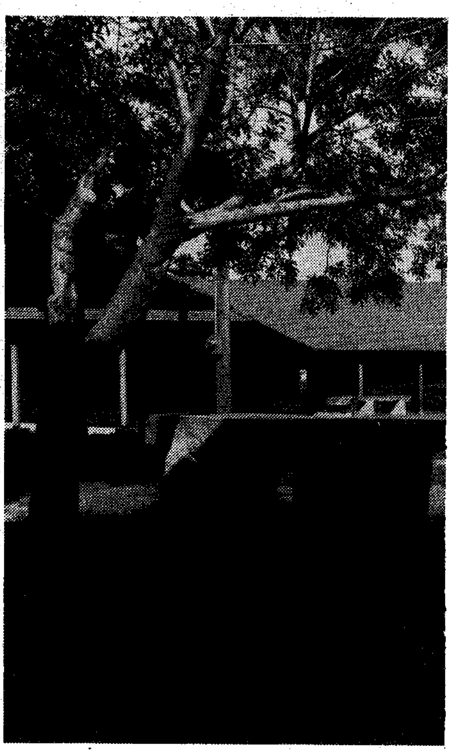


Top Left: Fort Concho hospital in 1871. Left: Barracks, Headquarters, and Surgeon's Quarters under construction 1871-1875. Above: Courtyard at enlisted men's barracks, Fort Concho.

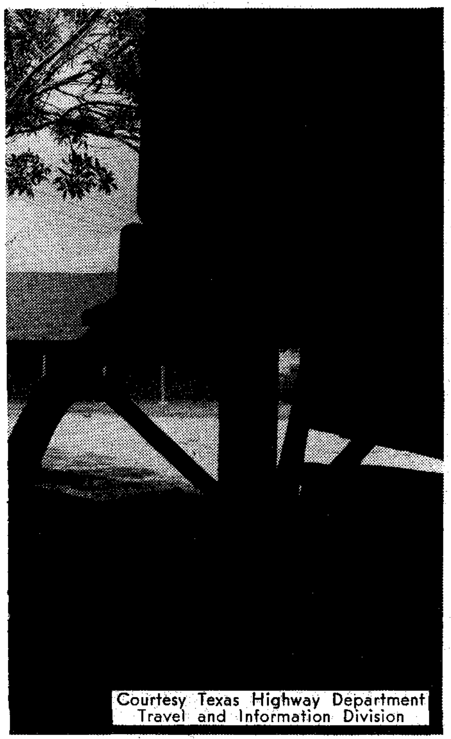
SORTIES out of Fort Concho

Written in 1935

By CAPTAIN R. G. CARTER

Explanatory Note: For some twenty years before his death I was in regular correspondence with Captain R. G. Carter, U.S.A. Ret., and received many letters from him in which he related much of his experience while serving in the Fourth United States Cavalry on the border with General R. S. Mackenzie in 1871 to 1876. Captain Carter passed away in Washington, D. C. in 1937. Shortly before his death he published his splendid book, "On the Border With Mackenzie," which gives a first-hand record of the activities of the Fourth Cavalry in Texas during those five hectic years. Captain Carter's book was limited to only about 500 copies, and in consequence is now a rare item for collectors. He gave me permission to use any of the historical material the book contains, and from it I take the material for the story of the establishment of Fort Concho:—J. Marvin Hunter, Sr.

IN 1866 a commission was appointed by the Secretary of War to visit all the frontier posts of Texas, which had been abandoned by the United States government at the beginning of the Civil War. The commission, accompanied by an escort consisting of two companies of cavalry, left San Antonio in June or July, 1866, and came by way of Fredericksburg, Fort Mason and Fort McKavett, and thence across to Spring Creek, where they remained in camp several days, prospecting, as per instructions from Washington. The result was the selection of the delta formed by the junction of the North and South Concho rivers, and on this point of land, chosen on account of the abundance of wood, water, good range for cavalry horses and its advantages from a strategic standpoint. However, the post was not built exactly on the site chosen and recommended.

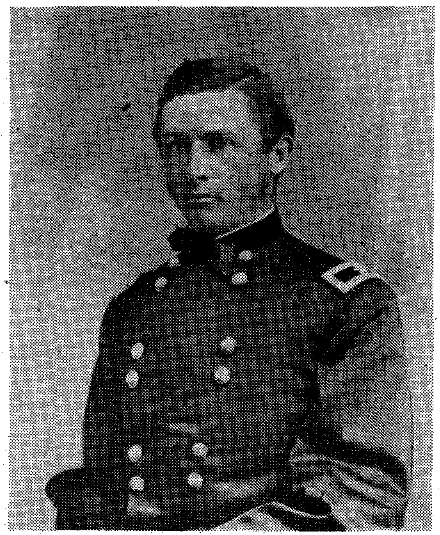


Courtesy Texas Highway Department
Travel and Information Division

Below: Ranald Mackenzie in 1883. Top right: Fort Concho Officer's Quarters building #8. Middle and bottom right: Fort Chadborne ruins.

Early the year following, December 4, 1867, the first contingent of troops—five companies of the Fourth Cavalry—arrived and pitched their tents along the Concho. The officer to whom was delegated the task to survey and plot the new post, decided that the site chosen by the commission and approved by the Secretary of War, was unsuitable, and on his own volition he selected the present site on which old Fort Concho stands, made his survey, establishing his metes and bounds, sent in his report, and was later tried by a military court and was said to have been dismissed from the army.

(Continued on page 60)



U.S. Signal Corps Photo # 111-B-2735
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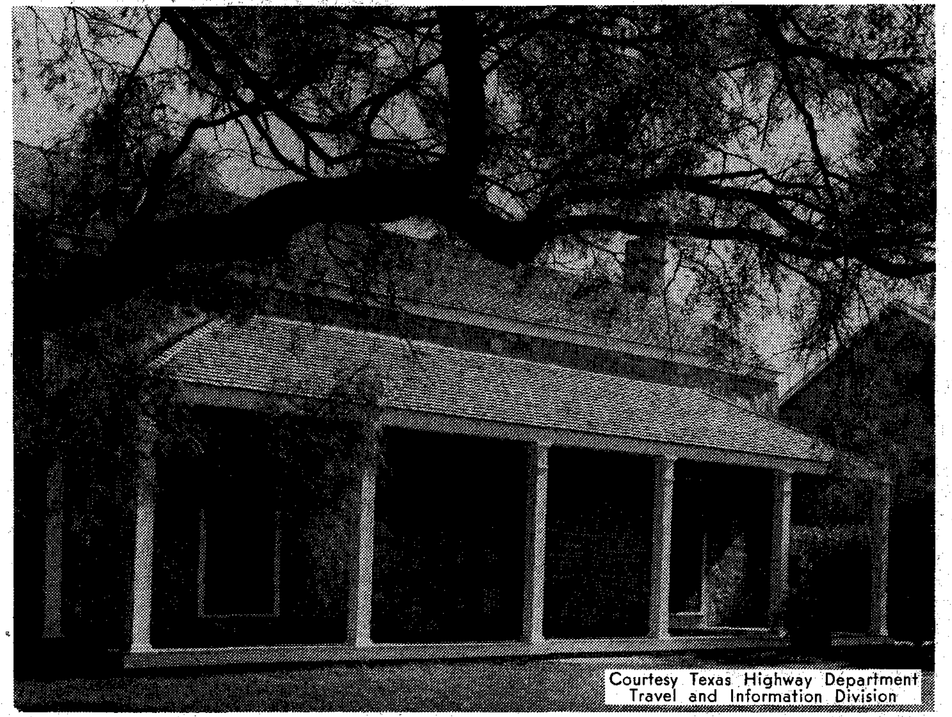

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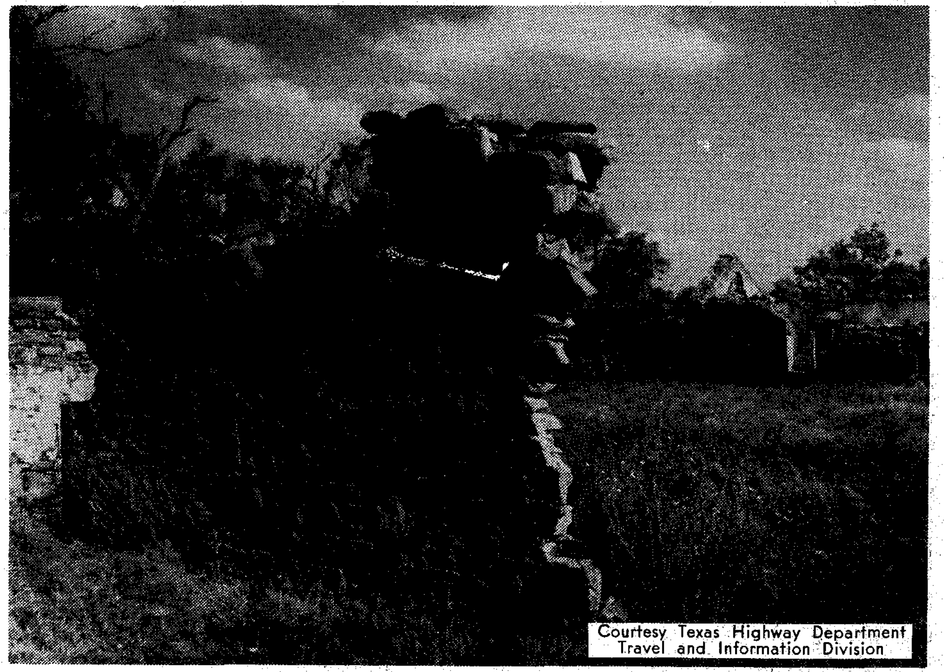

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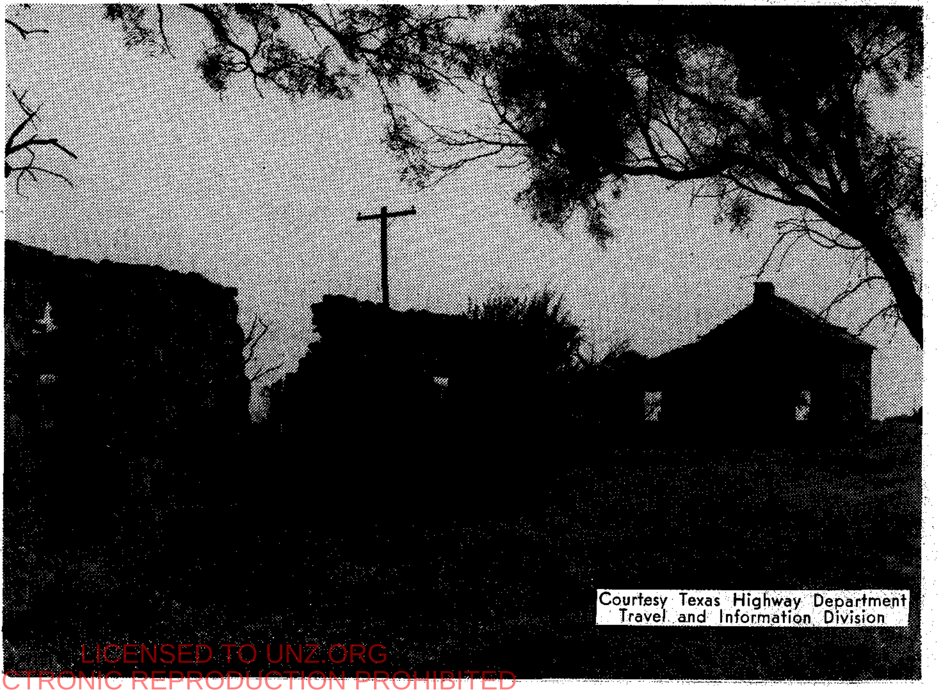


Courtesy Texas Highway Department
Travel and Information Division

Manitou's Ghosts Were Sisters

(Continued from page 30)

"Whenever the wind blew," said Mrs. Hakes, "it made some pretty eerie sounds that could be heard in every room in the Castle. I told the children it was only Gabriel blowing his horn."

They thought the noise was made in the great old chimney or around the cornices and eaves, or both. "It was a weird sort of music," said Mrs. Hakes, "but the kids seemed to enjoy it after we told them it was coming from Gabriel's horn."

On one occasion, however, even Mrs. Hakes, who doesn't believe in ghosts, began to wonder. In the house alone one day, all of a sudden she heard a loud clanking noise echoing all over the Castle and bouncing off the stone walls to re-echo in other rooms. It was really quite a din, and she endeavored to trace it to its source. After inspecting every room in the Castle itself, she went down to the basement. Here the noise was much louder and seemed to be coming from the furnace.

Not a woman to be easily frightened, Mrs. Hakes walked boldly over to the furnace and threw open the door. A large mountain squirrel was running frantically around and around inside the furnace in an effort to find a way out. And every time he passed a certain point in his rush around the inside of the furnace, his tail brushed against a damper or something which, in turn, banged against the side of the furnace. It made quite a racket and was almost continuous because of the squirrel's terrific speed.

It seemed the squirrel had climbed down the chimney, as they sometimes do, and then couldn't climb back up. "And that's the nearest I ever came to seeing a ghost," says Mrs. Hakes.

But the owls still roost in the trees around the old Castle, and the wind makes its weird sounds (Gabriel still blows his horn) around the eaves and in the chimney—and the haunts Mrs. Snow used to conjure up from the past are still wandering in the shadows and dark corners of the old Castle waiting for her to call them forth again. (Time doesn't mean much to a spirit; they have all eternity.)

The Hakes finally sold the Castle because for six months of the year it took four to five tons of coal a month to keep the place warm, and many times Louie would have to park his car at the bottom of the hill and climb Iron Mountain on foot. He couldn't even pull the steep grades and curves with chains when the road was icy.

Red Stone Castle still stands in splendid isolation above the town of Manitou. Solid as Pikes Peak itself, it looks as new today as when it was built by W. A. Davis and his brother Robert in 1891-92. [Some think it was built even earlier.] It has changed hands at least three times since it was sold by the Hakes family and it has recently been redone in its original decor of the 1890s. And it no longer sits and broods in vacancy, for it has been occupied almost constantly since it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Hakes and by other purchasers since the Hakes left.

And so we close the history of the Haunted Hills of Manitou. The haunts only add to the glamour of the stone Castle and Red Mountain. Perhaps Emma Crawford still walks abroad at night on her beloved Red Mountain accompanied by her Indian lover. And perhaps the spirit of her sister, Alice Crawford Snow, has returned to walk with them—it's a lovely place to spend eternity. And they may visit the castle on occasion. When Mrs. Crawford, mother of the two girls, used to visit Alice at the Castle she often claimed she heard Emma playing the grand piano in the huge living room, but Emma had been dead for many years.

Editor's note: At last report the present owner of the Castle has asked that the public be reminded that the home is on private property and neither it nor the grounds is open to sightseers.

Ike Rude

(Continued from page 16)

range land in the Mogollon Mountains—rough country. Supplies were carried in on the backs of pack mules.

IKE went off to join the forces of World War I and he drew the 90th Division, made up of Texans and Oklahomans. It became known as the "Tough 'Ombres" Division and carried Ike to the battle of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He got his army discharge papers in June 1919 at El Paso.

Ike had performed in his first rodeo (at Mangum) in 1910 when he was just sixteen. It was a steer roping. One of the last big rodeos he made was in 1956, at Cheyenne, where at the age of sixty-two he won the steer roping. Crammed in between these two get-togethers have been some of the biggest and smallest ropings and rodeos in the country, plus a number of matched ropings.

A few years back, Cleo, with Ike's help, drew up for me a list of all the money-winning competitions Ike had worked in his career. This compilation, several pages long, is headed up with these facts: he was Rodeo Cowboys Association champion steer roper three times—1941 (at age forty-seven), 1947 (at age fifty-three), 1953 (at age fifty-nine); he made the New York City Madison Square Garden rodeo twenty-six times; he worked Tex Austin's 1934 London, England, rodeo at White City Stadium; he won matched calf ropings from Ben Johnson, Sr., Bob Crosby, and Hugh Bennett; and he won matched steer ropings from Dick Truitt, Everett Shaw, and Cotton Lee.

The compilation goes on to mention wins and places in calf roping, steer roping, team tying and goat roping in Arizona, Texas, Montana, California, New Mexico, Wyoming, Indiana, Illinois, Idaho, Missouri, Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Colorado, Iowa, Utah, Nebraska, Nevada, Florida, Washington, and several provinces in Canada.

Nobody ever loved rodeo roping with more enthusiasm than Ike Rude. Somebody asked him once if he was going to the Cheyenne Frontier Days. "Heck, yes," Ike answered. "I'd go to Cheyenne just to hear the band play."

One time at Yuma, Arizona a group of steer ropers had gathered to form some hasty rules to govern steer roping. Ike, who had been penning stock, rode up late and one of the men briefed him on what had been decided. And then he asked, "How's that sound to you, Ike?"

Ike never hesitated. He grinned that big grin that had become famous in rodeo arenas from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and he said very simply: "What pleases the rest, tickles me to death."

His face was once described as resembling a "burnt bun." But when that bun of a face smiled, it was infectious. When Ike laughed, everybody wanted to laugh. Ike was likeable and he moved through the rodeo world in a way that earned him the respect of everyone he came in contact with. He was a great sportsman. He still is.

One summer during the *Lasso del Llano* at Clovis, New Mexico, he roped a hard-running steer, flipped the loose rope under the hip bone and rode hard way for the bust. But instead of busting the bovine, Ike found himself sailing over his horse's head, pawing the air like a fitty cat. The saddle clinches had parted and the saddle was peeled clean off his mount's back. He hit the dirt in a heap, unhurt but minus his dignity and any chances of winning.

Everybody was concerned, of course, but soon, when the ropers realized that he was all right, they began to hoorah him. And who laughed the loudest? Ike Rude himself.

He was never very big. In his athletic prime he stood only five feet, five inches tall and weighed right around 150 pounds. Yet crammed into this small, slope-shouldered, spike-hipped bowlegged frame was more real cowboy know-how than you could find in 100 drugstores on 100 Saturday nights.

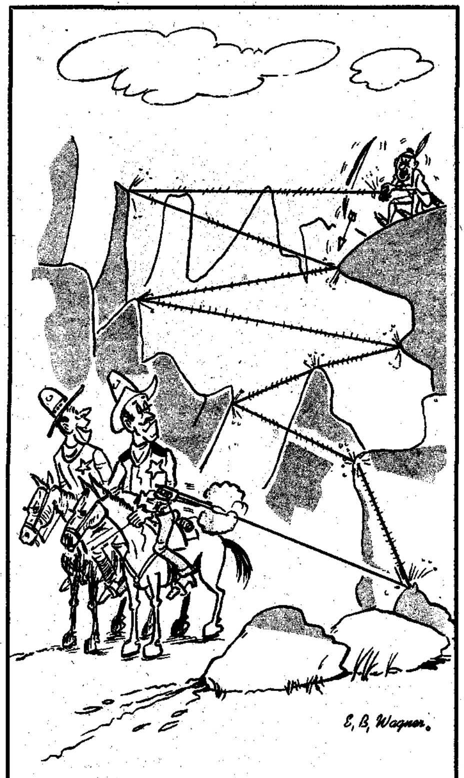
NO STORY of a steer and calf roper is ever complete without mention of his horses—and Ike Rude had some that will never be forgotten. There was his first one, Old Paint, a 750-pound gelding that he got from J. Ellison Carroll's nephew; there was the "hog horse," with which hogs were driven and which his father gave to him with the name, Blue Darter; there was Bullet, one of the truly great steer horses in the business that was used by Rude, King Merritt, and Bob Crosby; there was Baldy, one of the greatest calf horses in the business that Ike got from Ronald Mason's Cross J Ranch at Nowata; and there was Buster, and Terrapin, and Heelfly.

Which one was the best? That would be a hard decision to make. Each horse had his own lick. Each horse was an individual mount with special, built-in stops and goes. I've never asked Ike point-blank which was his all-time favorite horse. But if he had to answer such a question, I feel he'd be partial to Bullet. Other ropers have called Bullet the best steer horse that ever lived. I think that Ike feels that way too. Bullet made a better roper out of every cowboy who ever rode him.

The little sorrel gelding was by Jack McCue, by Peter McCue, and out of a Burke Quarter mare. He was foaled in 1928 at the House, New Mexico ranch belonging to Hoyt Lewis. When he was a six-year-old (and a top calf horse) he was sold at Cheyenne by Lewis' sons, Roy and Pat, to Bob Crosby. A year later, after Crosby had trained Bullet for steer roping, Merritt bought a half interest in him for $250. Three weeks later, Ike bought the other half interest for $350. In a couple of months, Bullet carried Ike and King to first and second (plus $1,700) in the steer roping at Pendleton. And he kept on winning for them and other riders who had "a seat on his back."

Ike Rude, the man with a rope, and Bullet, the rope horse, were two of a kind—small, tough and talented. They looked good together. They carried out their chores, each in his own way, with machine-like precision.

Ike has been called "the little man with the big loop." Little, perhaps, in stature, but he was "big" in heart and try. He was always "going down the road to a rodeo" or coming back from one. He loved rodeo. He has enough memories to keep him busy.



"Nice shot, sheriff—"

Dread of the Villa Raiders

(Continued from page 23)

be negative everybody rejoiced. At that time there was no known cure for rabies. People had to rely on madstones.

"NOW that my father was gone, my teen-age brothers had to make the living," said Merle, "and by this time a rubber manufacturing plant had been built at Marathon. Rubber was made from guayule, a plant native to that part of Texas and Northern Mexico. Guayule looks something like the purple sage brush and it yields a large percent of rubber."

Nick hired several Mexicans with burros and they gathered the guayule, which had to be brought from the mountainsides packed on the backs of donkeys. It was then loaded on wagons to be taken to market. Nick bought several wagons for this purpose. Jack and Bob helped with the business.

Bill, the youngest son, stayed at home with his mother and the girls, Gertrude, Merle and Madge. Merle was next to the youngest and about eight years old. And this is when they had the most frightening experience of all.

"About dusk one evening we saw a band of horsemen top a ridge not far from the house. Of course, we were sure they were bandits who had come to raid us again and take what food we had. We women hid behind nearby boulders. Bill got a rifle and crouched in a ditch. He meant to hold them off as long as he could. Soon they topped another ridge nearer to us and now we could see that it was a band of about twenty United States Cavalrymen. They came to inform us that they would be patrolling that country to stop the raiders from across the river. We slept better than usual that night," Merle remembered.

Some of the ranchers in the area were raided after that but the Ansleys were never bothered again. A new feeling of security prevailed and the youngest of the children settled down to a routine of work, study and play.

"Contrary to all the laws of sanitation and medical science, we were surprisingly healthy to live in such a primitive manner," she said. "At times, when one of us became ill with a common disease like grippe we were put in the wagon and taken to the doctor. He came to the wagon, looked us over and usually prescribed castor oil, calomel or liver pills.

"Our diet consisted of frijoles, bread, gravy, salt pork and dried fruit. We sometimes had deer or quail meat. When we killed a deer, we cut it into strips to be dried in the sun and made churqui (jerky), which we liked very much.

"The Big Bend Country is too arid to raise vegetables or any other crop, so our vegetables all came from a can. The only candy we had was what the grocer gave us kids when we bought a large bill of supplies at the McIntyre General Store in Marathon, or what Santa Claus left in our stockings at Christmas. But one year Santa was so broke that he didn't leave a thing. Mother had told us she was afraid Santa would skip us that time because things were not going well at the North Pole. I wouldn't believe a word of it. I had too much faith in him. When he failed me, I was the most broken-hearted little girl in the world.

"I never saw inside a school or church before I was ten years old. But my mother had been a schoolteacher before she married and she taught us the three Rs so well that when we moved near Marathon and entered school we joined classes along with children our age."

Merle said that her mother maintained regular school hours and was a strict disciplinarian. The hardest spanking she ever got was for failing to study her lessons. In fact, most of her discipline was for that reason. Mary Ansley was determined that her children would have an education, and two years after her husband's death she sold the ranch and moved to Marathon to put the children in school.

After finishing school in Marathon, Merle attended Sul Ross State College in Alpine for one semester (the first or second year after it was established). She then took a state examination and was granted a teacher's certificate. She began teaching school, and after each term returned to Sul Ross to further her education.

"THE first year I taught in a one-teacher school at Adobe Wells, a ranching community near Terlingua. I had twenty-one pupils ranging from the first through the ninth grades. This wasn't an easy job, but I didn't mind because I was paid the enormous sum of $75 per month."

Merle boarded with a ranch family who lived about four miles from the school that could be reached only by a narrow trail. She rode a horse and carried a little girl with her.

On the way home from school one day the horse lunged sideways when a rattlesnake rattled by the side of the road. Both riders were thrown, but the child landed in a cactus bush. "Dozens of thorns stuck into her body and she was subjected to the worst agony I've ever seen anyone suffer. The horse left us and we were stranded. It was an hour or longer before anyone came to our aid."

While boarding with the Bains family in Callahan County, Merle Ansley met Monroe, her future husband. They were married in 1926.

The Bains moved to Goldsboro in 1929, where they leased cattle and land. Mrs. Bains didn't teach school anymore but she was distressed that there was no Sunday School in the community, only church services in the schoolhouse once a month.

For some reason there was objection to Sunday School in the school so she started a class under the brush arbor. The men said this was of little use as it would soon be winter and it would be too cold to meet there. Soon there were three classes and gunny sacks partitioned the arbor. By winter the men had seen the need and built a community center.

Merle and Monroe Bains moved to Winters in 1950 and she continued to live there after her husband's death in 1959.

Although it has been many years since Merle lived in the Big Bend, it has changed little and is still sparsely settled, but to her it is beautiful. She remembers the *majestic mountains;* the mesas and canyons covered with cacti, cenizo bushes and bear grass. Its sotol and greasewood are inhabited by quail, doves, red birds and roadrunners. Tarantulas and coyotes that roam the wilderness and the ghost towns are more plentiful still than the ranch houses, which are few and far between, but it was never the natural dangers of the Big Bend that worried its people, it was dread of the raiders, the riders who came by night.

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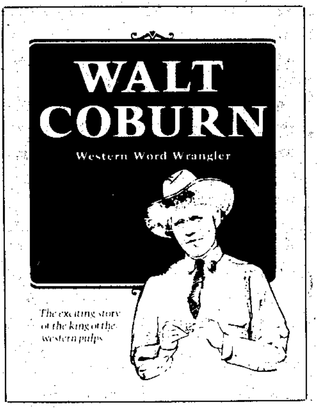

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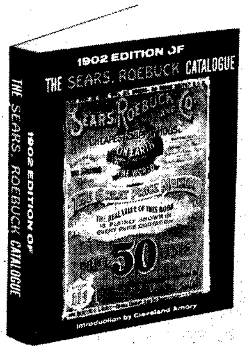

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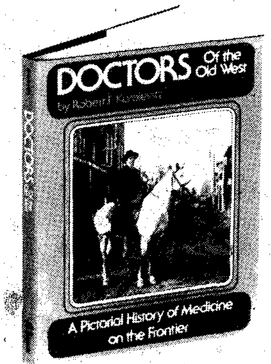

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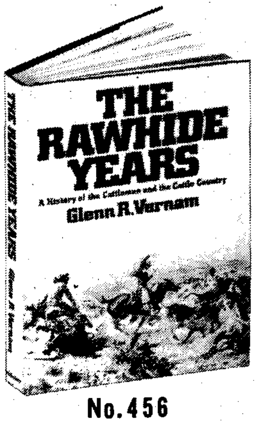

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The Flying Boxcar

(Continued from page 9)

first station west, advising that office of the runaway car. He learned that the train had passed through Devers minutes earlier and could not be warned of the danger of collision.

The station master became almost frantic with worry thinking of the many human lives which were now endangered. However, he was finally somewhat consoled by his friends with the reassurance that he would not be held accountable for the result of the almost certain collision of the box car and train.

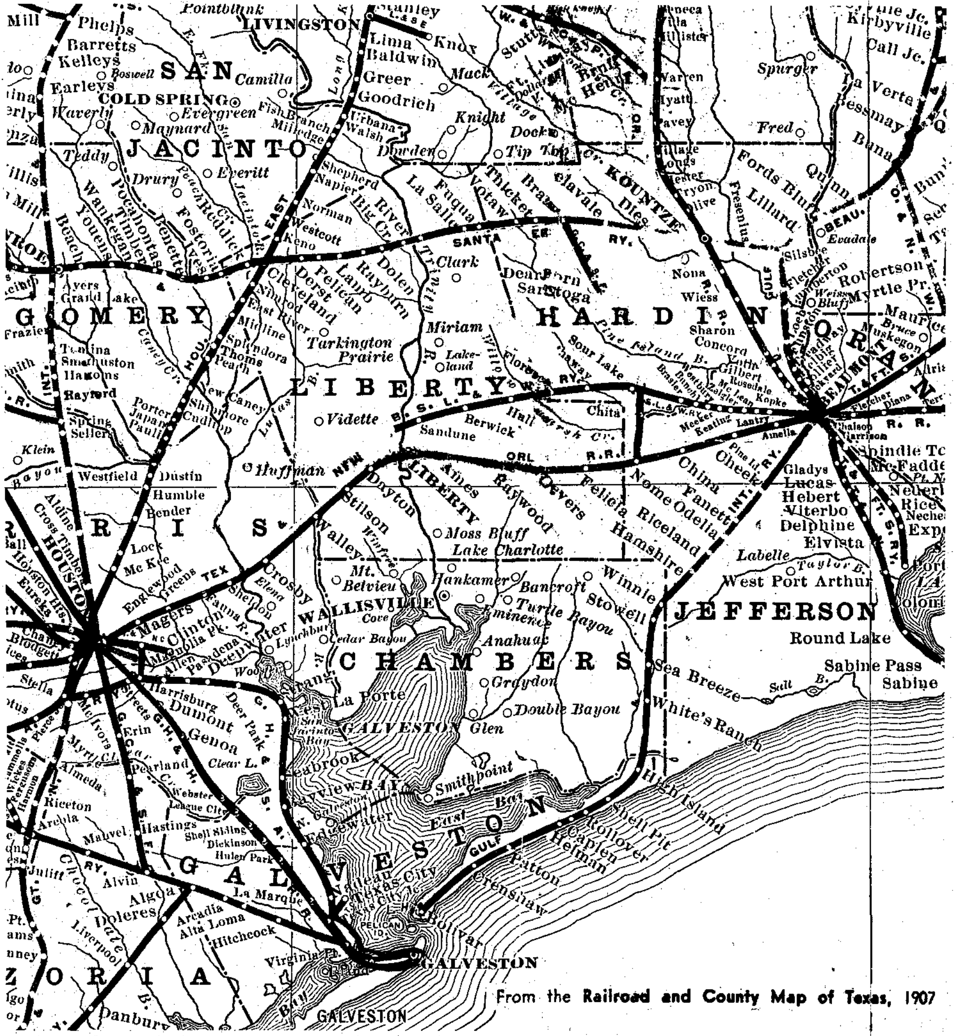
The next hour was spent in watching the increasing fury of the storm and in attempting to comfort small children and some adults who were near hysterics because of the ordeal. Some children slept peacefully, though sprawled in many grotesque positions; others listened intently to their elders as they discussed the possible result of the storm and collision.

Shortly before nine o'clock the storm diminished slightly and a train whistle was heard from the west. No headlight was discernible through the turbulent darkness but the signals became stronger. Suddenly a dark hulk burst into view and stopped under the station lights which had continued to burn despite the storm. Here was the runaway box car, one end still resting upon the rails, the other end telescoped around the front of the eastbound limited. The lens and lamp of the locomotive had been demolished by the impact of the collision.

THE train had been proceeding cautiously at ten miles an hour through the dense woods between Devers and Nome, while the crew watched for possible fallen trees and telegraph poles along the right of way. The engineer sighted the dark mass of the box car in the distance ahead and immediately stopped the train. He started the train in reverse as quickly as possible, sanding the rails heavily for better traction in the driving rain. The railroad bed is straight and level in that section and the train soon reached a speed of forty miles an hour. Still the black object loomed larger in the foreground and in a matter of minutes crashed into the front of the locomotive.

Again the crew brought the train to a halt and with much difficulty, because of the violent wind, investigated the damage. They discovered that the train was capable of continuing its run though devoid of a headlight. One end of the box car remained upon the rails and could roll easily while the opposite end seemed to embrace the forward end of the engine. The conductor and engineer decided to attempt to push the car to Nome if possible and try to disentangle the wreckage there. They proceeded through the storm and arrived at Nome almost an hour after the collision, traveling the short distance at less than five miles an hour. At Nome the car was dislodged on a spur track, a makeshift headlight was installed on the engine and the train proceeded to Beaumont several hours behind schedule.

The speed of the box car at the time of the collision was estimated as being equivalent to fifty miles an hour had it crashed into a stationary object. As the train was traveling forty miles an hour in reverse the actual speed of the car was about ninety miles an hour. The wind velocity at the height of the storm was estimated at slightly more than 100 miles an hour with occasional gusts even greater.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Danbury
Beaumont

From the Railroad and County Map of Texas, 1907

Early-Day Homicides in San Antonio

(Continued from page 17)

which he bet freely at gambling tables. It was said he lost fifteen or twenty doubloons one evening betting at monte.

At all events he was arrested and lodged in jail. He had an examining trial at which he was refused bail. While he was in jail awaiting the meeting of the grand jury cholera broke out in the city, raging furiously and numbering its victims by the hundreds. One could scarcely look out on the street day or night without seeing a funeral procession. A number of prisoners died and the gambler was reported as one of them. His body was placed in a coffin, through the lid of which holes had been bored with a gimlet, and about dusk one evening the coffin was conveyed to the Catholic cemetery west of the city, where it arrived after dark. The coffin lid was removed, he emerged therefrom, mounted a horse which had been provided for the occasion and rode away in the chaparral.

[But the single killings Taylor Thompson remembered from his childhood became multiple killings in the '60s and '70s. He served in the Civil War and afterwards with the Rangers. Conditions were brutalizing in both instances.]

MUCH has been said and written about the hardships and privations endured by the Confederate soldier and especially the straits to which he was often put in order to secure something to eat.

We have heard and read about the mule meat eaten by the Confederates during the siege of Vicksburg. Of course many of these stories are exaggerations. I was not at Vicksburg and I do not know whether the Confederates ate mule or not. I do know however, that the Confederate soldier was not the only man who ever lived on short rations. The Texas Ranger often had to do without something to eat as well as water to drink. I had some little experience in both branches of the service and know what I am talking about.

I have frequently seen men following an Indian trail, or returning from having followed one, go without water twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours until their tongues would be so swollen they could scarcely make themselves understood.

And I was never able to decide which caused the most suffering, pangs of hunger or those of thirst. There was an old song in the days that I was in the

Ranger service which I have frequently heard sung around the campfire, which quite adequately describes the situation. One verse ran something like this:

All day without drinking
All night without winking,
Things have come to a terrible pass,
No rest for the sinner,
No breakfast or dinner,
No sleep on a supperless bed on the grass.

I remember on one occasion a squad of Rangers had followed a party of Indians away up on the arid plains of Northwest Texas, where the water was very scarce. We were in a section of country with which we were unacquainted and did not know where to look for the few streams and waterholes which existed.

We had abandoned the trail and given up the pursuit, and had started on our return to the settlements, though we came back by a different route from that we had followed when going up, hoping to find water and game more plentiful. Our commissary departments depended on game which our rifles could furnish.

We had ridden all day beneath a broiling sun and the water which the few canteens in the squad held, which had been filled at the last mud hole where we camped, was exhausted before 10 A.M. We killed several jackrabbits during the day, and when about sundown we struck what the boys called a dry camp—that is, a bivouac without water—we had enough rabbit for supper and breakfast but had nothing to drink. We were so thirsty that no one felt like eating and of course our horses were suffering as much or more than we were.

We camped in a depression of the prairie where there were a few wild china trees. Macedonia, our old trailer, rode on an old delapidated black horse who looked like he might have come to Texas with Santa Anna's army in 1836. And when he removed the saddle and turned the old critter loose the animal pricked up his ears, looked at the depression referred to, and started in a slow trot. Macedonia remarked that the old rascal had smelt water sure, and picking up his water gourd started to follow his horse. Several of the other animals would have followed but no one except Macedonia had turned his horse loose.

In a few minutes the old man came back with his gourd filled with water. He said there was a small lake or pond there which had been filled by the last rain, and we promptly moved camp to be near the refreshing liquid. After drinking heartily we concluded to do justice to the rabbit meal, without salt.

A day or two later we had reached the vicinity of Devil's River, and while we had not suffered for water anymore, the little game we saw was so wild that we could not get in gunshot of it. Our commissary was empty and one day we decided that if we killed no game before night we would be compelled to slaughter one of our horses. We were within twenty-five or thirty miles of old Fort McKavett, but did not know it.

Later in the afternoon we saw a solitary horse feeding on the rich grass of the prairie, and our party, which consisted of ten or twelve men, spread out and surrounded the animal as nearly as we could and closed in on him with the intention of either capturing or killing him. The horse was wild and acted like a thoroughbred mustang and finally broke to run at full speed. He ran between two of our men, both of whom being in gunshot fired at him and though they did not kill him, wounded him so badly that he was soon dispatched. The horse was branded U. S. and had doubtless escaped from some detachment of soldiers before the Civil War began. He was fat, however, and we feasted on horse meat, without salt, that night and the next day. It was not the first time I had eaten horse meat, and I never could see but that the flesh of a horse was fully as good as beef, though any kind of meat without salt or bread, while it will satisfy the craving of hunger, is a poor diet and soon will pall on the appetite.

ON one occasion a squad of eight Texas Rangers was camped on Black Creek in what is now Frio County. We had been there several days and had seen no Indian trail and were having a good time hunting. One morning about ten o'clock one of the boys came into camp and reported that he had seen an Indian trail which had passed about a mile to the west of our camp, and that the Indians were driving a small bunch of horses. We were soon in the saddle and when we struck the trail found that it was quite fresh and led in the direction of the nearest point on the Rio Grande.

That section of the country was unsettled, the party we were following, of course, knew this and from the leisurely manner in which they traveled evidently did not anticipate pursuit. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon the trail crossed a small creek, which was bordered with a fringe of hackberry trees. When we crossed the creek and emerged from the trees we came in sight of the party, who were not more than two hundred yards from us. We promptly charged them and they were taken by surprise.

They abandoned the horses they were driving but did not scatter as Indians usually did. They took refuge in a small clump of live oak trees, dismounted and prepared to receive us. Justo Rodriguez, my corporal, remarked that they were not Indians, but either Mexicans or Gringos. We also dismounted and approached the shelter on foot and when about a hundred yards distant from them I called upon them to surrender. They replied with two or three shots. We returned the fire, then made a rush for the timber.

As we were about entering the timber a man appeared waving a white cloth, at which time Justo remarked, "I knew they were not Indians," though the man who was waving the white cloth was in full Indian dress. I again demanded their surrender and this man replied in Spanish, "We want to surrender, as two of us are already badly wounded."

I told them to come out in the open and lay down their guns, which five of them did. When we got among the trees we found them all in Indian garb, two of them lying on the ground badly wounded. The Indian headdress had fallen from the heads of the wounded men, and one of them was their leader (whose name I could give, but as he still has descendants living in that country I prefer not to do so). My men were all Mexicans and they recognized this man and two others of the party. They were Mexicans who had gone to the border to evade the conscript laws, and it was said had made frequent raids, disguised as Indians, into our country with which they were acquainted.

My men promptly announced that they were going to hang the entire outfit. I told them they should not do this. Justo Rodriguez remarked: "Sergeant, ordinarily we will obey your orders, but we are going to hang these men." There were seventy men against me, and of course I had to yield. Accordingly, the arms of the prisoners were tied behind them, and they were placed on their horses, including the two wounded men, their own lariats placed around their necks, thrown over the limb of one live oak tree and tied. Their horses were led out from under them and seven bodies left dangling from one tree.

We gathered up the horses they had been driving and found that many of them had been stolen from our own neighborhood, among them one saddle horse belonging to me.

First Trip to the Moon

(Continued from page 32)

Wild life in western South Dakota was centered around the prairie dog towns—rattlesnakes, burrowing owls, badgers, large hawks, eagles, and coyotes—all seemed to depend on the dog towns for a good share of their living. Cottontails lived in abandoned prairie dog dens. Coyotes seemed almost always to be about.

Other wild life was jackrabbits, occasional bobcats, porcupines, and sharp-tail grouse.

In about a month Dad went back to Iowa for the second emigrant car. He and two of my older brothers who were still in Iowa loaded the car with an eight-foot grain binder, riding plow, another wagon, an eight-foot disc harrow, a four-section peg-tooth harrow, a ten-foot hay rake, a corn cultivator, grind stone, and corn sheller. Also loaded in the car were three full-blooded Angus cows (Pinky, Carrie and Susan), a bull, and one milk cow. Our other livestock and belongings were sold at the farm sale.

We had two building projects to complete—a cave for storage of potatoes and vegetables, and to keep milk cool. We also built a sod hen-house. We kids cut pieces of sod from the field and hauled them in. The hen-house turned out to be a very convenient deal for the coyotes. Somehow they seemed to know just where to dig a hole through the sod wall and pull out a chicken.

Although the coyote would not crawl inside the hen-house, he would reach inside and any chicken that was not up on a perch was usually missing the next morning. The coyotes were a real nuisance. Our closest neighbor had a garden about 300 yards from our house, and in plain sight. One morning at breakfast we looked out the window and could see fourteen coyotes eating his watermelons. The coyotes ate more melons that season than the owner did.

The school we attended was just over two and one-half miles from home. We crossed Deep Creek on the way. The schoolhouse, a tar-papered building, was open for a seven-months term. That first year we went, there were ten pupils.

Abe and I would ride a horse to the first gate which was about two miles from home, then we turned the horse loose and she went back home. In the afternoon we walked home. On the way we stopped for our neighbors' mail at the post office. Mail days were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The little post office was called Pleasant View.

Abe and I liked to kill time on the way home from school sometimes. After all, there were lots of interesting things to investigate during a two and a half-mile walk. One time though, we didn't waste a minute. It was nearly sundown, and just after we crossed Deep Creek the coyotes started howling. It was the first time we had heard them howl, and we really raced for home.

I have had a long and happy life in this country. Mother taught country school many years, and most of my older brothers also taught in nearby country schools to earn themselves some extra money.

My parents lost our farm-ranch in the terrible Depression of the thirties, but we continued to rent it and lived there. I bought it back in the early 1940s, and married and raised my own family there. I treasure all the friends and neighbors we have had through the years.

SHERIFF
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED

". . . POSSE you fool! I told you to round up a posse!"

Tunneling the Sierra

(Continued from page 20)

Howden produced his first batch of nitroglycerine on February 8, 1867 using a large lead kettle for the nitrating vessel. The acids—nitric and sulphuric—and the glycerin, the three raw minerals, had come up the mountain by rail to Cisco and then by wagon to the factory site. Records regarding the actual method of manufacture are skimpy and it isn't known exactly how Howden operated, but since agitation is vital as the glycerine is slowly added to the acids some method of thorough mixing had been devised. Maybe compressed air, a paddle agitator driven by a steam engine, even something basic like a man with a wooden paddle.

Heat is built up during the nitration of nitroglycerine which has to be dissipated. With about seventy feet of snow in the Sierra that winter a couple of the Chinese would have been designated to pack the outside of the nitrating vessel with blocks of snow or with icicles plucked from the roof of the snowsheds that Crocker had built over the right of way so work could continue during the winter ("railroading in a barn" the UP called it).

It doesn't really matter how it was accomplished. Howden did it. The process worked, that first time. It wasn't the purest nitroglycerine, being kind of yelowish-milky, but it was real, as the next day proved.

ON February 9, 1867 four mules, carrying two woven baskets containing 50 pounds of liquid nitroglycerine each, were carefully led, with Howden supervising, from the little factory into the snowshed covering the site of Tunnel No. 6, the Summit Tunnel which would eventually be 1,659′ long. The nitroglycerine was contained in metal cans, about ten pounds per can, the cans being protected against shock by straw cushioning in the woven baskets.

It was an eerie sight inside the snowshed that long-ago day. A wind raged without, and the wooden structure creaked and whined. Water dripped down from the roof. Tools, shattered rock, kerosene lanterns, and lunch buckets were scattered throughout the tunnel site. Every laborer had been alerted to what was to take place and the snowshed was deserted except for the four mules, the coolies, and Howden. Gingerly the little group made its way to the face of the heading. Carefully the metal cans were lifted from the baskets. One little chap was told to take the mules out. He did, with alacrity.

Howden allowed the oily liquid to dribble down an iron pipe, held by one of the coolies, into a bore hole. Then black powder, the primer, was inserted atop the nitroglycerine, and a fuse and a cap placed in the black powder. Fifteen or twenty bore holes, each 2½" in diameter, were made ready in this manner. When the holes were all connected with a long fuse, Howden lit it—and everybody ran like hell.

A couple of minutes later there was a rumble and when the smoke cleared, Crocker was the first one to reach the tunnel heading. Surely he must have roared with glee, bellowing a happy expletive or two. The blast had worked beyond his wildest hopes.

From that February day in 1867 until late spring of '69 when the last nitroglycerine was shot in the last heading of the last tunnel, Howden and his little army manufactured thousands of gallons of nitroglycerine. Not without paying the price. Although no lives were lost during the actual manufacture many a poor Chinaman was blown to bits (sometimes all they found was a fingernail or a faded piece of blue trouser cuff) in transporting the nitroglycerine from the factory to the tunnel headings or during the loading of the bore holes. Early in the game Howden and his helpers discovered that frozen nitroglycerine—it freezes at 52 degrees F—cannot be handled roughly, the friction of the ice crystals being a real hazard. Fifteen or twenty Chinese were lost in various attempts to thaw out the material, before Howden realized the way to do it was with warm water. And the mules were balky. There were patches of ice all over the place. Huge stalactitic icicles broke loose from the roof of the snowsheds and plummeted onto mule or man causing sudden, disastrous movement. Bang.

Most of the accidents happened at the bore holes. Seemingly insignificant little specks of the liquid explosive would be dropped accidentally onto the tunnel floor. Crunching such a speck with a coolie sandal would cause it to explode, setting off every ounce of the nitroglycerine.

Iron pipes, used to fill the bore holes, were lethal. Merely scraping them against the side of the hole sometimes caused a spark. Another horrible bang. But though uncounted numbers of their fellows were killed or maimed for life, the Chinese never faltered, complained, or asked for a raise. Instead, the survivors redoubled their already superhuman efforts, as if by working harder their departed fellowcountrymen would be permitted an extra helping of rice, an additional cup of tea, a larger smidgin of opium in that Celestial Teahouse where all hardworking Chinese eventually go.

Wonderful creatures, the Chinese, the three original doubters of the Big Four—Huntington, Hopkins and Stanford—had long since agreed. Why not, Charlie Crocker swore at them, didn't their ancestors build The Great Wall?

AND what of the results, blasting the granite rock of the Sierra with the liquid nitroglycerine instead of black powder? Extraordinary. Incredible. Unbelievable. John R. Gillis, the field engineer of the Central Pacific in overall charge of construction between Cisco and Truckee, was the first to admit it. He and Crocker tangled frequently, both being hot tempered, impatient drivers, but they had enormous respect for each other and they were always able to iron out their differences. Gillis read a paper before the American Society of Civil Engineers in New York City on January 5, 1870 in which he detailed the superlative performance of nitroglycerine in the Sierra tunnels.

Nitroglycerine proved to be eight times more powerful than the same weight of black powder. Initially the liquid replaced black powder in the Summit Tunnel and early results were very gratifying, the average daily progress showing an immediate 54% improvement in the headings and a 74% improvement in the bottom. The percentages got better as the men became more experienced in its use. Bore holes were reduced from a diameter of 2½″ to 1¼″ at a great saving in time and money. Using nitroglycerine the granite was broken into small pieces, easier to handle, easier to dispose of.

Gillis related that the first time nitroglycerine was to be used in one of the tunnels—it was on the second shift in Tunnel No. 3—the white laborers walked off the job, refusing to work unless black powder remained as the sole explosive. Crocker had the paymaster hand out wages due to date, had the strikers transported down the mountain to the bottom, and then divided the remaining two shifts into three. With the reduced crew, and nitroglycerine, 50% more work was accomplished in that tunnel.

In Tunnel No. 4, Gillis told the gathering, the rock was the toughest kind of quartzite, where black powder by the kegful had given pitiful results, sometimes as low as a foot a day. Nitroglycerine was introduced in the last 180′ in the bottom. In eleven days the tunnel was finished, at the remarkable rate of 8.18′ a day.

Additional benefits of nitroglycerine, according to Mr. Gillis, included the much shorter length of time it took to clear the tunnels of smoke, the overall reduction in cost per cubic yard as compared with black powder, the fewer bore holes, the almost 100% certainty that the charge would explode in the bore hole in contrast to the many misfires with black powder.

The bulk of the tunnelwork was finished by late 1868, freeing the hordes of coolies for the mad dash down the eastern slope to the desert floor below. And madly down the slope they plunged. Once in the desert the work pace quickened from the frantic to the furious with the CP laying track across Nevada at a mile and a half a day. By the spring of 1869 the CP was into Utah where between Ogden and Promontory the rival railroads began laying parallel roadbeds; and if newly inaugurated President Grant hadn't laid down the law the first continental railroad might have been double-tracked from Missouri to the Sierra!

The two rivals stopped—it broke their respective hearts—all that glorious money, land, finally devoured. They drove the golden spike at Promontory on May 10, 1869, about the same time James Howden, his work at Donner Lake finished, took the locomotive down the mountain to San Francisco. Armed with a handsome bonus given him by the grateful Crocker, Howden built a nitroglycerine factory near what is now the southeastern corner of Golden Gate Park. He sold his product to the California Powder Works, a black powder producer, which mixed the liquid nitroglycerine with mealed black powder. In time Howden became a partner in the California Powder Works and experimented with new absorbents, finally manufacturing a light, cheap, very effective dynamite using the nitroglycerine blended with magnesium carbonate, potassium nitrate, sugar, and potassium chlorate.

But poor Howden couldn't outwit Demon Rum. He was, according to one history of the explosives industry, "somewhat uncertain," and the company replaced him in 1872. Howden died in 1874, an unsung hero, a man who helped win the West, a man who contributed greatly to the enormous wealth which accrued to those long ago railroad barons: Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins, the hardware store partners; Leland Stanford, the wholesale grocer; and take-charge, ram-it-through, hell for leather Charlie "Big Bull" Crocker. Nice going, James Howden. Good work, old chap.

Charley Cormack—Forsyth Scout

(Continued from page 28)

in his right hand he held a revolver. Mounted on a large black horse, he made a conspicuous target.

Down the hill they came, and Forsyth gave the word. Forty carbines rang out at once. Lieutenant Beecher, Barney Day, and Mr. Tucker had gotten together and had decided to pay their respects to Roman Nose.

"I'll take his scalp," said Day.

"I'll take his horse," said Tucker.

The three fired simultaneously. At the same time a bullet broke Beecher's back. Tucker's arm caught a bullet. Day was unharmed.

As the horse of Roman Nose lay in the sand and the Chief was rushing around on foot, bullets rang from all directions. Roman Nose fell to the ground. Several of the scouts claimed to be the ones who killed him but chances are, they all killed him, for many bullets hit the Chief.

Indians lay in the riverbed when the smoke cleared. Back on the hillside others prepared for another charge. Beecher rose to his feet, staggered, and fell to the ground dead.

DURING that afternoon the Indians made two more attacks but their hearts were no longer in it. They had lost Roman Nose. That night the scouts ate the last of their food. From then on they would have to eat raw horseflesh.

Forsyth, so stiff from his wounds he could barely move, asked Grover and McCall for a casualty report. McCall answered, "Four dead: Beecher, Louis Farley, G. W. Culver, William Wilson. And Mooers is dying." Twenty others had received wounds.

Tucker's wound had completely disabled his arm. An old Irishman was holding up a bloody finger and inquiring in a loud voice if he had been brought here to be "murthered." Charley Cormack yelled to him, "Cut the damn thing off! It's just hanging by the skin!"

That night several of the men made out their wills. Most felt that the next charge of the Indians would end it all. Brave men lay dead and wounded all around them. Waters had received three wounds, and his boots had firmly adhered to his feet from the dried blood.

The scouts talked about the renegade. Grover said he thought it was a Negro named John Nibsi.

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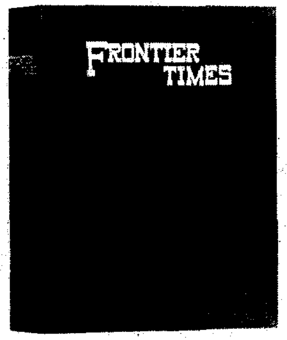

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About midnight Grover, at Forsyth's request, called for volunteers to try to slip through the Indian lines and reach Fort Wallace, a hundred miles away. "It's our only chance," said Grover.

Jack Stillwell volunteered. Grover was about to tell him he wouldn't do, being inexperienced, when Pierre Trudeau stepped forward and said he would go with young Jack.

Forsyth wrote a note to Colonel Bankhead, commander of Fort Wallace, and told of his men who had died and of the many who were wounded and without medical aid. He praised his scouts for the gallant fight they were making. The end of the message read, "I can hold out here for six more days if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time."

Forsyth gave the message to Stillwell, who had come up with a plan for the two to dress as Indians. Then they disappeared into the darkness.

For an hour, the scouts listened intently, with nerves at the breaking point. When no sound was heard, they dared hope the two had made it through the lines and were on their way to get help.

Scarcely had the hot sun illuminated the valley when the Indians resumed their attack. Showers of arrows and bullets fell on the scouts' flimsy barricades, but no one was hurt that day, for they stayed in their pits, knowing that all they could do was try to hold their ground. Some of the more badly wounded could not have moved from their pits, anyway.

That night, the men ate strips of horseflesh and thought about only one thing—did Stillwell and Trudeau make it? This, too, was on Col. Forsyth's mind, and he decided two more scouts should leave for the fort. Allison Pliley and Jack Donovan volunteered, and slipped away in the darkness.

Daybreak of the third day found Shlesinger dozing in his trench, rifle in hand. Awakened by something moving in front of him, he fired and discovered he had shot a coyote.

"Fresh meat!" someone yelled. It made a scant meal for so many, but that "coyote soup" seemed to give the scouts new courage.

The Indians kept up the attack, and kept the men pinned down by rifle fire. Forsyth's thigh wound had become unbearable, and he ordered Grover, McCall, as many men as it took, to cut out the bullet. The men refused, but helped Forsyth cut it out himself. Dr. Mooers, who hadn't uttered a word since he was shot, died the evening of the third day.

All the Indians had to do was wait, firing every so often to let the scouts know they were there.

ON the fourth day of the siege, Grover reported that the Indians were withdrawing. and Forsyth wanted to see for himself. Several of the men lifted the Colonel on a blanket and were carrying him around the area when a small band of Indians came out of nowhere and fired another salvo. No one was hit but, as the men took cover, Joseph Lane released his corner of the blanket, letting Forsyth drop to the ground on his injured leg.

On the fifth day, as morning came, Forsyth sat in his rifle pit and took stock of their situation. Some of the men's wounds were becoming gangrenous; his own was infested with maggots. Ammunition was still plentiful, but the only way the scouts could stand to eat the green-streaked flesh from the horses was to sprinkle gunpowder on it as they cooked it. There was no salt.

The number of Indians had dwindled, but with so many of the command disabled and everyone weak with hunger, if caught in the open it wouldn't take much to finish them.

There was little firing that day and it made the hours go by slowly. The men sat silently and watched the ridge for movement. That night Forsyth put the situation to them frankly.

"I expect you to stay with the command until the men who have gone for help have had time to reach the fort," he said. "It is your duty and the law of humanity to stick together at least that long. After that, I have no further claim on you, and you can do the best you can to save your own lives."

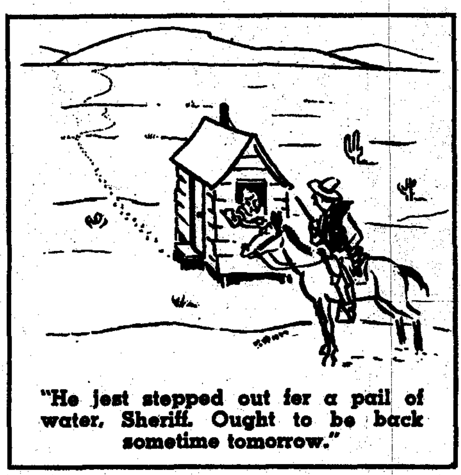
At first the scouts were silent. Then McCall, speaking for all of them, said, "We've fought together and by heaven, if need be we'll die together."

The sixth day came and was like the others except that by now few believed that help would reach them in time. One scout, as he watched for Indians, said, "I'd rather die fighting than waiting."

The burning September sun beat down. The rotting flesh of the men and horses brought droves of flies. Then C. B. Whitney located some prickly pears, and the men ate those. Cormack brought in some wild plums and these were boiled and given to the wounded. And so another day pased. And another. And another.

AT DAYBREAK of the ninth day, Grover walked toward the rifle pit of Sig Shlesinger. "Sig," he said, "let's see if we can scare up any game." Carbines in hand they walked off toward the mainland. They found not even a rabbit. It seemed that everything had left them to die.

Weak and discouraged they had turned back toward the island when Sig stopped short. He had heard something in the distance. Calling to Grover, who was walking ahead of him, he said, "It's the Indians again. Let's get back and warn the others."



"He jest stepped out fer a pail of water, Sheriff. Ought to be back sometime tomorrow."

Grover gazed at the bluffs. He didn't move and he paid no attention to the kid talking to him. Then he let out a yell that was heard by all on the island. He looked at Sig and shouted, "That's an army ambulance and those are mounted troops." Sig dropped to the ground on his knees and thanked God.

As they hurried toward the island they saw the men were getting ready for what they thought was another attack. Forsyth himself was looking into the distance at the riders, still unaware that they were not Indians. Only when Old Glory and the blue uniforms came into sight did the men on the island let out a cheer. Many wept. Forsyth, afraid that he might break down, grabbed a book near him, a copy of *Oliver Twist*, and pretended to read it.

As the troops approached, Colonel Carpenter dismounted and came up to Forsyth. Forsyth slowly lowered the book and, trying to minimize his suffering, reached out his hand and said, "Welcome to Beecher Island."

Over one hundred men, including Surgeon Fitzgerald, and wagons loaded with food, medical supplies and ammunition drew up on the island. Jack Stillwell rode in an ambulance. His feet were filled with cactus thorns and blistered.

Tents were set up a half-mile upstream to get away from the stench. Here the doctor worked long hours tending the wounded. Another of his problems was keeping the scouts from over-eating.

A group of Indians rode up to see what was happening, but a single shot and a glance at the troops caused them to ride away. No more was seen of Indians that day.

So they buried the dead: Fred H. Beecher, Louis Farley, J. H. Mooers, G. W. Culver, and William Wilson.

The next day Bankhead's party arrived, consisting of about 200 men and two troops of the Second Cavalry under Colonel Brishin. The Negro troops were cheerful and entertained the scouts by dancing and singing on a stage made out of the endgates of the wagons.

A few of the scouts rode off in search of the body of Roman Nose. It was found in a cave, wrapped in a buffalo robe. His warbonnet was never found.

On September 27, the wounded were loaded into the ambulances for their long trip to Fort Wallace. They traveled slowly and stopped often for the sake of the wounded men.

Those who were able rode ahead of the wagons. Jack Peate, one of Carpenter's scouts, Jack Donovan and Pierre Trudeau, who returned with Bankhead's command, and several cavalrymen stayed ahead of the others and kept a sharp eye out for Indians. As they approached the South Fork of the Republican River, they found the body of the medicine man who had ridden with Roman Nose in his charge against Beecher Island. They rolled the corpse down the side of a hill. Not far away they met up with four very live Indians. Three of them ran away and the fourth was shot by Trudeau.

When Forsyth's command reached Fort Wallace, M. R. Lane was discharged for cowardice. It is said he was never heard of again.

Surgeons at the fort agreed that Forsyth's leg should be amputated, but he would not allow it. For three months the Colonel hovered between life and death, but in time he fully recovered and served in the army for many years.

When General Sheridan met with Forsyth and the scouts, he cried like a child when he heard of their sufferings. Sheridan ordered that any of them who remained in federal service be given what the scouts considered "soft jobs" in the quartermaster department.

Forsyth received the rank of Brigadier General, dating from September 17, 1868, for his gallant conduct and meritorious service. Sheridan told the men he would see that pensions were granted to the men surviving, and to the widows of those who had died.

And so, the Battle of Beecher's Island was over, but it left its scars on the bodies and minds of those who fought there.

TWO WEEKS after their return to Fort Wallace, men from Forsyth's scouts and Carpenter's rescuing company went to Pond Creek, a town three miles west of the fort. There they staged a great drunken célebration. At the height of the brawl, Sharp Grover was shot through the head and once through the heart. Ruben Wallace, one of Colonel Carpenter's Negro troopers, was a witness to Grover's killing but never disclosed the name of the man who had shot him. He did state it was one of the scouts who was with him at Beecher Island.

In November 1868, bodies which were buried on the island were removed. The graves of Lieutenant Beecher and two others were empty. Presumably they were taken by the Indians.

Several years after the battle, Forsyth was talking with one of the chiefs who participated in the battle. The chief said that more than 75 Indians were killed of the more than 1,000 who took part. As the Indian started to leave, he turned and asked Forsyth, "Did you get enough of it?"

Forsyth answered, "Yes, all I wanted. How about you?"

With a grim smile the chief opened his shirt and pointed at a scar left by a bullet that had gone through his lungs. He nodded and walked away.

Many of the scouts faded into anonymity but some were to add a few pages more to Western history:

Chauncey B. Whitney became the sheriff shot by Bill Thompson in a brawl in Ellsworth in 1873.

Pierre Trudeau never completely recovered from his part in the battle and died the next spring.

Jack Stillwell became an honored judge and U.S. Commissioner in the Oklahoma Teritory.

Louis A. McLoughlin returned to using his real name, E. A. Gilbert, and farmed many years in Miami County, Kansas.

George Oaks went to Tucson, Arizona and lived there until his death sometime during World War I.

H. H. Tucker stayed in Kansas and farmed in Ottawa County. He went there two years after the battle and settled.

Alexander J. Pliley went to Kansas City, Kansas in the late 1870s and earned a living taking sand from the Kaw River and boating it downstream for sale to contractors. He also cut and sold ice. He died in 1917.

Isaac Thayer went to Hays, Kansas in the early 1870s. He had a stagecoach line and carried the mail to Central City, Colorado. He also served as sheriff of Hays. He also operated a grocery store in Leavenworth. In 1881 he went to Kansas City, Kansas where he died in 1905.

Thomas Alderdice, Thomas Murphy and Fletcher Violett all stayed in Kansas. Joseph Lane went to Red Rock, Montana. S. Shlesinger went to Cleveland, Ohio. W. Stewart went to Cripple Creek, Colorado. Thomas Ranahan went to Weiser, Idaho. Eli Ziegler went to Salem, Oregon. T. K. Davis went to Elizabeth, New Mexico.

In 1903 a few veterans of Beecher Island met at the battle site for a reunion. They were George Green, then of Washington State; Howard Morton of Tescott, Kansas; Chalmers Smith of Beverly, Kansas; H. E. Farley of Washington State. J. J. Peates also attended.

A. J. Entler went back to using his real name, Charles H. Cormack. His name appeared on government records for several years after the battle.

Charley hunted buffalo with Bill Cody several times in 1872 in the Wallace County, Kansas area. When Buffalo Bill was forming his Wild West show he invited Charley to join but Charley wanted no part of it. He stayed in Kansas and Nebraska all his life and in his later years settled in Bird City, Kansas, not far from the battleground. Charley would visit the island, shake his head, and say, "Yes, sir, that is the only place I thought I would never get out of alive."

The scouts finally received their pensions through the efforts of Sheridan, but not until a bill was signed by President Wilson.

In 1937 Charley, who was 91, bought his first car. He and his driver traveled around the country. He visited the graves of Buffalo Bill and Custer. He was guest of the 6th District American Legion in Belleville, Kansas. He visited his grandson, Walter V. Cormack, and his family in Topeka, Kansas, his first visit to Topeka in sixty-five years. In 1938 he was one of the veterans who attended the Blue and Gray reunion at Gettysburg.

In March 1944, Charley became ill and was taken to the hospital at Benkelman,

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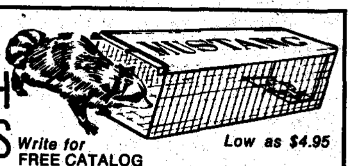

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Nebraska. The doctors discovered a broken rib. He never regained his health. Charley Cormack died at age 97 years, 10 months and 23 days, and was buried on April 2, 1944, the last survivor, as far as he knew, of Forsyth's scouts who fought at Beecher Island.

A Four-Day Fight

(Continued from page 13)

would not have appeared so bad if the volunteers had served the 'Yellow Serpent' (or Yellow Bird), the head chief of the hostiles, as they did Pu-Pu-Mox-Mox"—not knowing that Yellow Serpent and Pu-Pu-Mox-Mox were one and the same person, and that person a combined snake and viper.

As has been the case in nearly all the frontier Indian wars, the volunteers, who bared their breasts to the bullets and other missiles of hostile Indians, were traduced and their remuneration retarded by such ignoramuses and *Cooper* Indian lovers. . . .

While I do not fall out with other writers, I will say that almost a lifetime spent among the Northwestern Indians, and noting the progress of their civilization under the Governmental system of reservations, red blankets and dishonest agents has led me to the conclusion that churches and preachers have caused more destruction of property, misery, torture and loss of life than all other acts combined instead of agencies and agents, forts, soldiers and school-houses, interspersed with gunpowder, Miles and Crooks (and of the latter plenty). For it is a well-known fact among pioneers, that firmness with a display of power has been *the only civilizer* that has proved effective among our western tribes.

I don't believe there is a single instance of a tribe of these Indians having been civilized to any extent until they were first thoroughly subdued, either by soldiers or volunteers.

But to resume the fight. Col. Kelley soon came onto the grounds, and as it was plain that we had a large contract on hand, he posted our men, and had rifle pits dug across the flat and to the foot of the hill. During the rest of the first day we fought from our rifle pits and behind trees and bushes. About half a mile above our hospital cabin and camp was another cabin which the Indians occupied.

Along toward evening the captain of one of the companies brought up the cannon we had taken from Fort Wallula, and trained it on this cabin; but after two or three shots were fired, the gun burst, killing or wounding two or three. I believe the captain was one of the number.

Late that evening, while I was assisting in bringing a wounded man in from our extreme right in the timber, I overheard Starr telling White that he would be "continentally gougered" (his only cuss-word) if he didn't find George, if it took him all night. Upon my calling to them, Starr came forward, and I asked, "What's the rumpus that you're so anxious to find me?"

He said that one of Company H's men had told him he had seen the scout Hunter fall, and he thought he was killed. He had probably seen me at the fence with the flag, when *scared to death*. I will here state that the next morning I *tenderly* put that flag in its cover, and *hid* it in a pile of rails where it remained till after the battle. It having been perforated with bullets, we sent it home for repairs, being convinced that flags and Indian fighting didn't run in the same channel.

An anecdote was told of Col. Kelley on this first day of the fight. He being very near-sighted, came onto the field, and looking over the sage brush, asked agent Olney if those were Indians over there. Before Olney could reply, a bullet passed close to the Colonel's ear. This seemed to be a satisfactory answer, and he and Olney withdrew, thinking, no doubt, that the rear was the most healthy place.

Colonel Kelley was regarded by all of us as a brave and efficient officer, and a good, kind-hearted man. Major Chinn was not so well liked.

THE WHITES and Indians camped about half a mile apart during the battle. The night of the first day the Indians fired into our camp, causing us to extinguish our fires. Some of us returned their salute the next night by throwing some lead into their camps.

The morning of the second day, after we had breakfasted, we found that the Indians had already got into some of our rifle pits, and seemed disposed to remain there, but they changed their minds and took a back seat when our boys came up double-quick. Then guns and revolvers were soon emptied, and so were the rifle pits.

Then the scenes and routine of the day before were re-enacted with slight diversification. We could drive them but a short distance, when they would flank us, and we would have to fall back to our rifle pits and point of brush to protect our camp. We kept twenty or thirty mounted skirmishers on our extreme left to prevent their flanking us, our right being protected by the river and timber. They also kept skirmishers on their right, as their left was on the river.

In the afternoon of the second day I was in the timber with several others of our company. The command was scattered out, ten or twelve in a place clear across the flat, and when the Indians would advance on any one point the others would rally to their help. Whilst in the timber we were under a heavy fire, but could only see the smoke from their guns, and they were shooting close. There being a large alder tree near me, I climbed some twenty feet up to its fork, which enabled me to overlook the ground occupied by the hostiles. I soon discovered that the Indians had grass on their heads and backs.

I told the men that the Indians had grass caps on their heads, and when they saw the grass raise they should aim just under it.

It was but a short time until the grass caps commenced flying; then the Indians made a rush for the point I was at, and our men, in accordance with orders, started to fall back to the next squad, when someone called out, "stop, boys! Hunter is in the tree yet." But I was not there long, I can assure you, for I tumbled down regardless of limbs or clothing. Suffice it to say they didn't get me, but I had had enough of the tree game.

On the third day, I was out near the foot-hills, in company with some Wasco boys. We would leave our pits and crawl to the top of a ridge and lie in wait. The Indians were doing the same thing on another ridge a hundred yards or so in front of us. We would exchange shots and then fall back out of sight to reload. One of the Wasco boys wore a heavy elk-skin coat, and on one occasion as he was crawling to the top of the ridge, keeping his head lower than his back, a ball struck him on the back and glanced along the coat, making a crease that looked as though a hot iron had been drawn along on it—a close call, but the elk-skin saved a good man.

On the fourth and last day, I was on horseback with some twenty of our company, under command of Lieut. Hand most of the time. The Indians in front of us would ride up to within one or two hundred yards and fire, then circle away. It appears that two of the boys that we had left at Henrietta had gone out to look after the horses, when the Indians came upon them, and killed and scalped them. And one of these scalps was being shaken at us by the Indians in front of us. Seeing this, I told the boys that if I could get near enough to an Indian I would take a scalp to get even.

During the day an Indian, a medicine man, would ride close to us, turning, twisting and shaking a feathered stick or baton, urging the other Indians on to fight. But he came around once too often, for I with some others had dismounted, and as he made his last round the horse and rider both went to grass at the crack of our guns.

With drawn knife I rushed for him, as did all the others, both afoot and on horse, but as I stooped to grasp his hair he gave me his dying look. That settled it with me! I gave the knife to "Nick" Belcher, who made short work of lifting his hair. This was the first and last Indian that I ever attempted to scalp.

Along in the afternoon of that fourth day word was passed along the line to hold our fire, as our ammunition was running short. But about four o'clock an escort arrived with plenty of ammunition.

That night the Indians gave it up and left the field in our possession.

A day or two after the battle at Frenchtown, Governor I. I. Stevens, with about twenty other white men, escorted by about a hundred of the friendly Nez Perces (pronounced "Na-percy"), came into our camp.

The governor, with his party, had been out among the Flathead and Blackfoot Indians, making treaties, I believe.

He said he thought our fight had saved his party. This assertion he repeated many times in the halls of Congress, while trying to secure remuneration for us.

AFTER the battle, I in company with four or five others—one of whom was Nathan Olney—started to The Dalles with dispatches. The snow was about six inches deep, and it was still falling. Our outfit of provisions for this two-hundred-mile journey in the snow consisted of about ten pounds of parched corn. The command had been short of provisions for some time, depending mostly upon the cattle we found among the hills and along the creeks. We had found some Indian caches near the battleground, in which were some corn and potatoes, which we relished greatly.

We went that day to McKay Creek and camped near McKay's house. We found a shoat in the bushes near by, and that pig was soon dead, skinned, and in our camp-kettles, with some dried peas we had found cached; so we had a fine supper and breakfast of pork and peas. We reached The Dalles all right. I remained there but a day or two, when I got a change of horses, and, in company with Starr, returned to the command on the Walla Walla.

We found that the Indians were making for Snake River, to cross at the mouth of Tukanon.

One morning, when the command was at or near the present site of Walla Walla City, Lint Starr, Dave White, Elliott, and one or two others proposed that we should go toward the Touchet and Tukanon, and see if we could find any Indians, or more particularly Indian horses for a change, as ours were pretty well jaded.

Having obtained permission, away we went, nothing occurring till we had traveled twelve or fifteen miles, when we saw quite a band of Indian ponies in a gulch about a mile from us. They seemed to be feeding near a small patch of willows and small trees.

"There they are," said some of the boys; "let's go for 'em!"

"Hold on," said I. "I don't like the idea of those horses being so near the brush; they seem to have been driven or ridden there lately." They all laughed at my notion, and Starr asked when I had learned so much caution?

"Well," said I, "I believe there are Indians with concealed horses in those bushes, and that those horses are left out there for a bait for us; but if you will listen to me we will try for them." This was agreed to. I told them if there proved to be Indians in there they should jump their horses into a deep ravine, near which the Indian horses were grazing, and follow that till out of gunshot of the bushes before starting for the hills again.

So after the horses we went. When we got within a few hundred yards of them we started at full speed, yelling at the same time to stampede the herd. Just then guns commenced cracking in the brush, and out came about twenty mounted Indians. It was just as I had surmised.

They had set a trap for us and were springing it, but they were a little premature, for they fired before we were close enough for them to make sure work on us.

The gulch was but a few rods from us, and into that we went, out of sight of the red devils, and then commenced a race. We ran down the gully a few hundred yards, and across a flat or bottom for a mile or so. When we struck this flat we were four or five hundred yards ahead of the Indians, and our horses could outrun their ponies, but as we neared the foothills I looked back—being one of the head men in the race—and to my horror saw that Lint's horse had "thrown up," or was weakening, and Lint was spurring for all that was out.

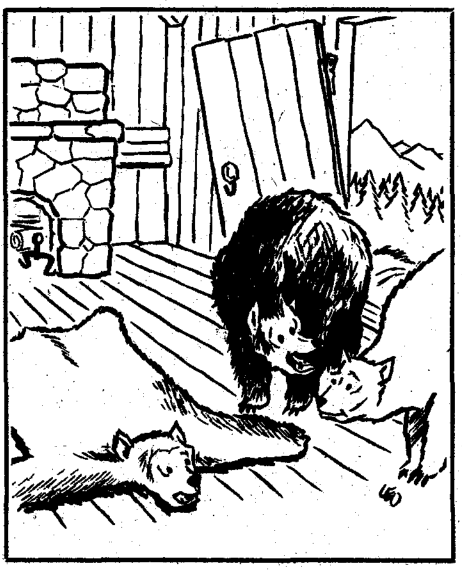
I saw at a glance that if something wasn't done mighty quick Lint was a "gone sucker." So I told the rest of the boys to ride over the top of the ridge out of sight, and jump off, take the ends of their riatas in their hands and crawl back nearly to the top and wait till Lint and I passed, then to bang away at the redskins and check them, so as to give Starr a chance to get ahead. All the rest of us were well mounted, and could easily outrun the Indians.

I then held my mare back to give her the appearance of having given out, and let Starr overtake me. I had a heavy, bone-handled, Indian riding whip (these are made by boring into the end of a handle, and fastening in two or more rawhide-thongs; they are a formidable weapon against horse or man). As Lint came alongside of me he asked, "Has your mare thrown up the sponge, too?"

"No," I replied, and leaning over, I brought the whip down over the loins and into the flanks of his horse. A few doses of this medicine infused new life into the animal for awhile, but I knew it couldn't last long.

As we rode up the sloping hill I hurriedly told him the plan I laid to give his tired horse the start. He insisted on stopping with the boys, but I soon made him know that would endanger the whole of us. So he gave in, and as we passed over the ridge, out of sight of the Indians, I jumped off my mare, and was with the other boys in a moment, while Lint went on. I had barely time to get laid down with the boys at the crest of the ridge, when the Indians came galloping up the hill full upon us. Five or six rifles rang out, followed by a fusillade from navy revolvers. As this was not down in the Indian guide-books, they went down the hill faster than they had come up, some being dragged by the heels (they were tied on their horses), others reeling in their saddles and giving evidence that the pills we had administered were operating. Three or four of their ponies fell before going far, and their riders scampered off on foot.

We didn't stop long enough to enjoy their movements, although they were pleasing to us, but we jumped onto our horses, and away we went after Starr, soon overtook him, and told him the result of our tactics. After awhile we saw some of the Indians come over the ridge half a mile from where we had crossed it, but they didn't attempt to follow us, and we had had all the horse-hunt we wanted for that day.



"Anyone we know?"

SOON after this, Starr, White and myself went to The Dalles with more dispatches. On this trip my horse fell over a bluff with me, bruising my hip so badly that when I arrived at The Dalles Major Armstrong granted me a furlough and allowed Starr and White to accompany me home, as we were told that there were now regular troops in the field sufficient to cope with the Indians, and that the volunteers would be discharged and sent back to the Willamette valley as fast as they came into The Dalles; and they were.

I returned home to Corvallis, accompanied by Starr and White, for I knew I wouldn't be able to ride for a month.

In the spring of '56 the government troops under command of Colonel Steptoe and Major Luginbeale took the field, followed the Indians across Snake River, and met with a disastrous defeat near the two buttes afterward known as Steptoe and Kamiacken (the latter for the chief who licked Steptoe). They retreated and crossed Snake river at the mouth of Tukanon, where they built a stone corral or fort that they named Fort Taylor, the site of what was afterwards Grange City.

Soon after this defeat Colonel Wright took command and moved into Spokane prairie in pursuit of the hostiles. Here Colonel Wright distinguished himself as a practical Indian fighter, and established the famous boneyard by gathering up all the Indian ponies he could and shooting many hundreds of them, thus breaking the hearts of the redskins and ending the war, as "Poor Lo" don't fancy traveling on foot.

The close of this war resulted in locating most of the tribes and bands of Indians on reservations. And many stock-men soon came into the Walla Walla valley or basin, as the country embracing the John Day, Umatilla, Walla Walla, Touchet, Snake River, Palouse, Hangman, Crab Creek, Spokane and Colville sections (in short, that portion of the country lying east of the Cascade mountains, south and east of the Columbia river and west of the Blue, Coeur

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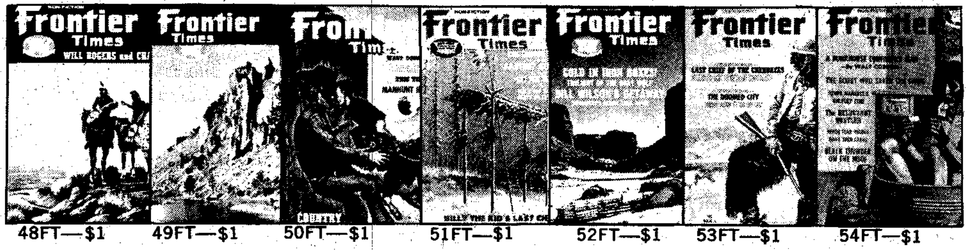
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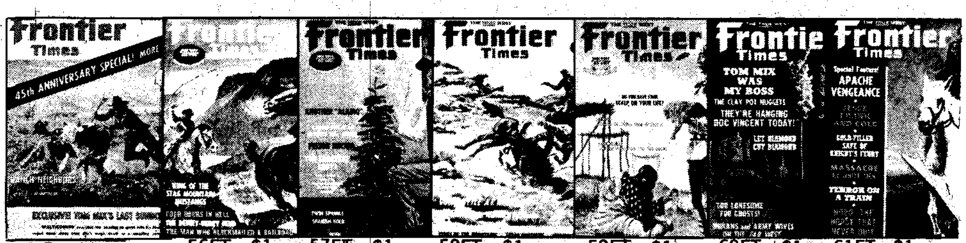
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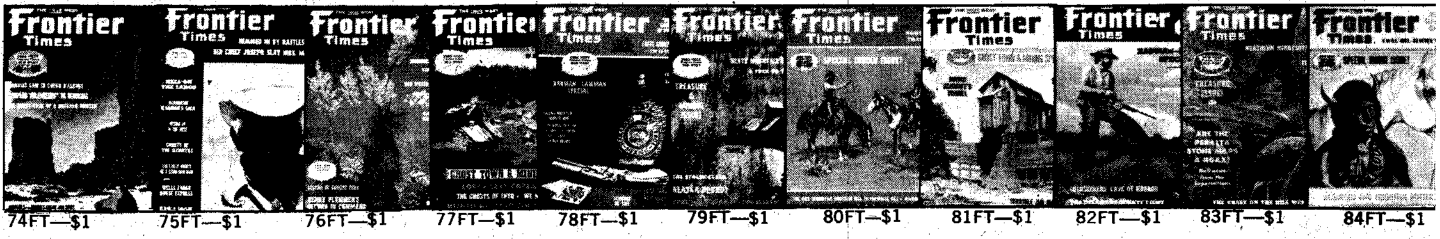
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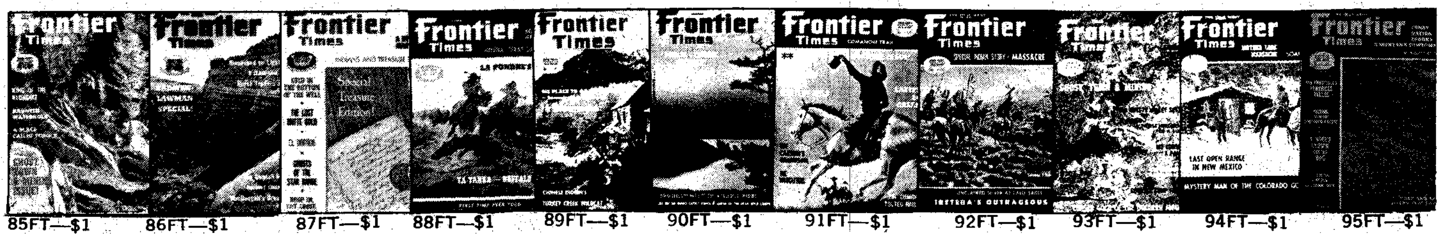
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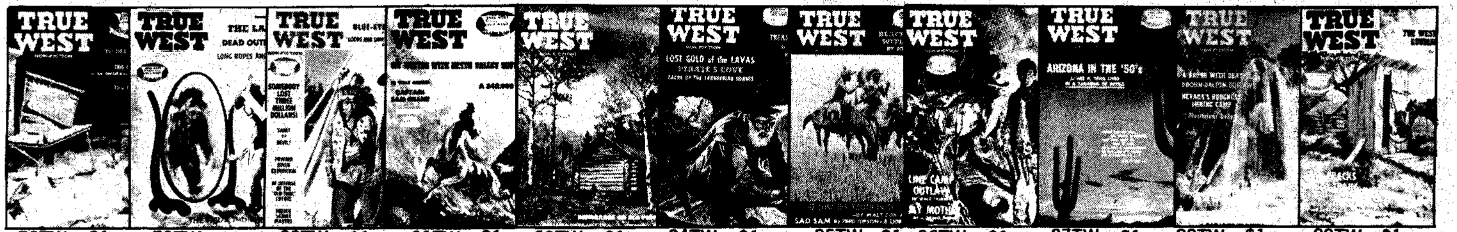

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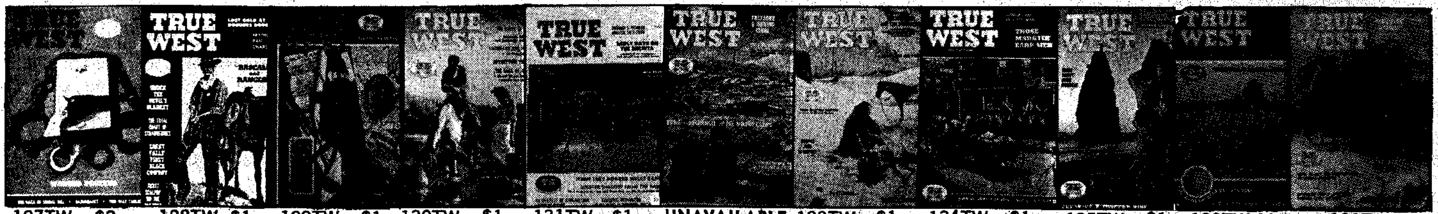

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D'Alene and Pend O'Rille mountains) was called, while that portion of Washington lying east of the Cascades and north and west of the Columbia was known as the Klickitat and Yakima country. All of this was thought to be the finest grazing land in the United States, but from its high, rolling nature, dry summers and alkaline soil it was supposed to be unavailable for agricultural purposes, except along the narrow valleys or bottoms of the small streams.

That portion known as the Walla Walla country is about 300 miles long by 75 in width, while the Yakima and Klickitat country is perhaps 200 miles in length and averages 70 miles in width.

These two great sections of country were used by the few white settlers for pastoral purposes only up to 1860, when mines were being discovered in the surrounding mountains, and thousands of gold seekers and ranchers flocked in from every quarter, and the Walla Walla country became the base of supplies, as the Oregon Steam Navigation Company put boats on to the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers, and constructed portages around the impassable falls and rapids, and transported to the towns and landings along the river such necessary supplies as were not produced in this valley. From these points along the river the supplies were loaded onto wagons and pack animals and forwarded to their destination.

Finally the new-comers began experimenting with the different grains, vegetables, fruits, etc., and met with flattering success on all soils tested. They soon demonstrated that what had been thought a desert was a fertile field unequaled in the United States, and probably in the world.

But the lack of cheap transportation retarded its development. The early settlers had to pay from $60 to $150 per ton up-river freight (less than 300 miles), and the first surplus for export cost twelve to sixteen dollars per ton. Yet the pioneer farmers lived and thrived slowly, which would have proven very difficult in any other country under like circumstances.

Our uniformly mild climate enabled the early stock-raisers to conduct their business at a comparatively light expense, as not one winter in ten did stock require any feeding.

True, an occasional winter was denominated a "cow-killer," and very many of the cattle died, yet on the average the losses of stock would not have offset the annual expense of providing feed.

The foregoing is about as brief a history as I can write of the early settlement of the great Walla Walla basin, upon which the eyes of the United States and Europe are fixed with wonder and admiration.

SOON after my return home to Corvallis I was again able to ride. I mounted my horse and went to Yreka and Humbug, sold my mining ground to my partner (Study), then returned to the Willamette valley for medical treatment and a mother's care.

Before we bid adieu to the California mines I must give some verses that were composed by a miner, and proved very popular in those days, on account of their appropriateness to the men mentioned and their mode of living. I especially enjoyed it, because I was acquainted with some of those whose names are mentioned:

THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE

You are gazing now at Old Tom Moore,
A relic of by-gone days,
A bummer now they call me sure,
But I'm not fond of praise.
My heart is light, I make it so,
Yet oft I do repine
For days of old, the days of gold,
The days of 'Forty-nine.

There was New York Jake, the "Butcher Boy,"
So fond of getting tight;
And whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was spoiling for a fight,
One night Jake ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Cline,
And over Jake we held a wake,
In the days of 'Forty-nine.

There was Poker Bob; I knew him well,
So fond of a little game,
And if he lost or if he won,
To Bob 'twas all the same,
He'd rush the buck and ante a slug,
And go a hat-full blind,
But in a game with death, Bob lost his breath,
In the days of 'Forty-nine.

There was old lame Jess, a hard old case,
He never would repent
He never was known to miss a meal,
Nor never to pay a cent.
But poor old Jess, like all the rest,
To death he did resign,
And in his bloom went up the flume
In the days of 'Forty-nine.

AFTER DOCTORING for some months I got tired of being a walking apothecary shop, and in company with a friend started for the Sandwich Islands, but on arrival at Portland we fell in with an old friend who had served with me in the last Indian war, a marble cutter named A. B. Robberts. He gave us such a glowing account of Shoalwater or Oyster bay that we determined to visit that place for awhile.

The bay is about thirty-seven miles north of the mouth of the Columbia river, and is a beautiful sheet of water as it nestles back inland, and is almost surrounded by high mountains covered with heavy timber, excepting the south side which forms a peninsula of flat and low lands covered with timber, interspersed with small fresh water lakes and cranberry marshes. This peninsula, or that portion of it that fronts the ocean, is called the weather beach. When the tide is out, this beach is probably the finest drive in the world, for a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. The beach is fringed or bordered with rolling prairie from a few hundred yards to a mile wide back to the timber or marshes.

At Astoria we met Colonel H. K. Stevens, Major Espey, Edward Loomis and I. A. Clark of Oysterville, on Shoalwater bay. In company with these gentlemen we went to Oysterville, where I remained some years. As I soon regained my health, I was joined by my brother and we engaged in the oyster business, which was then proving lucrative.

While here I joined the Masonic fraternity at Astoria (Temple Lodge No. 7, of Oregon), the nearest lodge to the bay at that time.

Game was plenty near the bay, and being passionately fond of hunting, I frequently went in quest of deer, elk and bear, sometimes alone, sometimes with some white friends, sometimes with Indians with whom I had made friends.

One night while a party of us were working on the oyster beds one Wilson remarked that there were plenty of bear coming out of the mountains along the Palix river, near the mouth of which we were oystering, and that he was going out the next morning to kill one. I proposed that I would go on one side of the stream and he on the other, early next morning, and the one who killed a bear should give the other a hind quarter.

This was agreed to, and on meeting at the oyster ground the next night by agreement each had a fat quarter of bear meat for the other. Here was a stand-off! We gave our surplus "b'ar" meat to friends, and had a hearty laugh about the coincidence, and resumed our occupation.

At another time I was engaged with my brother and others in planting, taking small oysters from the natural beds, culling and bedding them on beds prepared for their cultivation farther up the bay. We owned a fine sloop of fifteen tons, which we used for this purpose. We had sailed up the bay some fifteen miles, and came to anchor at or near high tide to await low water, so we could work. I told my brother that if he and some of the men would put me ashore I would take a hunt, as we had a gun on board.

Knowing the gun was loaded, I didn't stop to examine it, but struck out on my hunt as soon as they landed me. Before I had gone many yards I saw a big black bear quietly feeding on a crab that had been washed ashore by the tide. Taking a hasty survey, I saw a large tree which had been blown down leaving its torn up roots spreading out wide, and as it didn't seem to be far from the bear, I crawled out from the bay toward the timber till this root was well in line between me and Bruin. Then, snake-like, I crawled forward, never raising my head till I reached the root, when to my surprise I found myself within forty feet of his bearship. Carefully thrusting my gun through the tangled roots, I took deliberate aim at his heart and pulled the trigger. The result was a spat and a fizz. The gun had become wet with bilge-water. To pack powder into the tube, re-cap, and aim at his head was the work of a moment; this time it was "snap, fizz-z-z."

My first snap had aroused the bear, and he had reared on his haunches and was looking for the cause of the noise. At the second snap I jumped up and was about to smash the gun over the log, when the bear, now having seen me, started toward me. I threw the gun and started for the timber, some hundred yards or so distant.

It had been thought that the lumbering business would soon pay there, and I had a mind to examine some of the trees. Being in something of a hurry, I didn't look back till I got to them, and then only to see Bruin entering the timber several hundred yards below me. It appears that when he saw me he made off in another direction as fast as I was going in mine.

And this would have been all right (as I was not scared) if the boys on the sloop had not discovered the bear about the same time that I did, and witnessed the whole performance. Disgusted, I returned to the sloop and received a most unmerciful chaffing from my brother and the others.

At another time, some white men and myself concluded to go on a hunting and exploring tour up the river Nacell, which has its source far up in the mountains. We engaged some Indians to go with us as guides, and, taking them in their canoes in tow, we sailed up the stream as far as we could go with the sloop, then took the canoes and proceeded some miles farther, finally landed, and proceeded on foot through the timber and tangled salal bushes, following elk-trails the most of the time.

After traveling some hours we came to a cranberry marsh, and discovered a band of elk quietly feeding. Getting near enough, we fired on them, and succeeded in killing four before they got out of our range. We dressed them, and as night was coming on, we camped where we were, all in the best of humor.

One of the elk killed was a small yearling; from this we cut portions and cooked it on sticks before the fire for our suppers. The whites and Indians were eating and joking, as we all understood the Indian dialect sufficiently for the purpose.

Soon the whites had appeased their hunger. Not so the Indians, for they cooked, ate and jabbered—jabbered, ate and cooked all night. Toward morning we found them roasting the bones, then breaking them and sucking the marrow. One of them, old chief Toman-a-mus said to me, "Injin' heap eat meat! heap eat glease! no sick! Cum-tux? (Understand?)" In fact, these Indians had eaten nearly all of that year-old elk during the night.

Morning coming, the Indians loaded themselves with the meat, and we started for the canoes, with a fellow named Stout leading, myself next, and the others following. We were following an elk-trail winding around through the brush when, at a sharp curve in the trail, I saw a large gray mountain-wolf just in the act of springing upon Stout.

To see was to act, and at the crack of my rifle Stout staggered into the brush, exclaiming, "My God, you came near shooting me!" He thought my gun had been accidentally discharged, as I had shot right past his head. I pointed to the wolf, lying not ten feet from him, with a bullet through his brain. It was the largest wolf I ever saw, equal in size to the largest Newfoundland dog, and when we examined his immense claws and terrible teeth, we were assured that he would have made fearful havoc with the victim he attacked. But Stout said he didn't know which would be the worse—to be eaten by a wolf, or be scared to death by my shooting. This ended our hunt, and we returned to Oysterville.

ABOUT this time Pacific County, in the southwest corner of Washington territory, was reorganized. I was appointed sheriff, and at the following election was elected to the same office.

Elder Ezra Stout, the head of the Baptist Church in Oregon, came to Oysterville with his family. I met his youngest daughter, and soon afterward married her. My father-in-law soon returned to Oregon, where he owned a considerable tract of land near Oregon City.

A Frenchman named Dupuy killed a man at or near the mouth of the Walihut—a stream that flows into Baker's bay near Astoria. I was armed with a warrant, and sent to arrest the murderer. He was a desperate man, and had said that no man could arrest him. My friends cautioned me, for they believed he would shoot anyone who attempted to capture him.

I had never seen him so, on arriving at the mouth of the stream, I prevailed on two men to go with me to his cabin and point him out to me. They were not anxious to go, for they said he would "shoot, sure!" But I told them all they had to do was to show me the man and I would take the chances.

We all went till we came to his house, which was enclosed by a picket-fence overgrown with salal bushes. On nearing this fence, someone called to me to stop, which I did and was told, "That's your man." I looked around, but seeing no one, I started on again; when again a voice said: "Stop, or I'll shoot you!" and again I stopped, and discovered through an opening in the bushes a man with a gun leveled across the fence at me.

After we had taken a look at each other, he asked: "Is your name Hunter?"

"Yes," said I.

"You are the Sheriff of this county?"

"Yes."

"And you have a warrent for me, but you can't arrest me."

I said: "If your name is Dupuy, I have a warrant for your arrest, and if I live I will perform my duty." I said: "Dupuy, you are represented to me as being a brave man. You certainly have no ill-feeling toward me for performing my duty; and if you do shoot me, there will be many to take my place; so make a good shot," and I commenced walking up to him, watching his eye.

I didn't make a move toward drawing my pistol, for I fully believed he would shoot me if I did; but I was determined that if I saw his eyes drop to his gun, I would drop to the ground, and if he didn't make a sure shot, I would get up and return the compliment.

He continued holding his gun on me till I was within a few feet of him (and I think that gun had the largest bore that I ever saw); then pitching the gun over his head, he said: "I will not kill you. A man that can walk up to a gun as you have done ought not to be killed for performing his duty."

He then asked to see my warrant, which I gave to him. He read it. He then asked me to allow him to go to his house and change his clothes. I told him, "Yes, of course," and we went to the house. He then asked me to allow him to go into the next room to shave and dress, and I granted him the privilege, after being assured by him that he would not try to get away.

He brought out a flask of wine and poured out and drank a glass of it, then handed it to me saying, "Mr. Sheriff, here's some very good wine; you needn't be afraid, it won't hurt you."

I sampled it, as my nerves were somewhat shaken. But the other two men would not touch it, and whispered to me when he stepped into the other room, that it might be poisoned, and wanted me to secure a shotgun that stood in a corner, fearing he would take it and make trouble. But I told them if he had wanted to kill me he could have done so long before, at the fence.

In a short time he re-appeared, a perfectly dressed, fussy Frenchman, and a more gentlemanly man I never met. He had killed an Englishman for tampering with his squaw-wife. He took another glass of wine and drank it to my health, and upon seeing the "wristlets" lying on the table, he said, "Sheriff, you won't put those on my hands."

I said, "Not if you will give me your word that you won't try to get away from me." He then asked if I would protect him from a mob, and I told him that while he was in my custody he shouldn't be hurt by anyone. He then seemed satisfied, and promised he wouldn't try to escape. All went well.

Arriving at Astoria, I deputized Capt. Hoyt, of the river boat that then plied between Portland, Vancouver and Astoria, to take Dupuy to Vancouver to our judicial district jail. Capt. Hoyt insisted that I should iron the prisoner before he started with him, and I did so.

On taking leave of Dupuy he shook my hand and, "Goodbye, Mr. Sheriff. I'll see you no more!"

Thinking he had weakened, I said, "Yes, you will! I'll be at Vancouver during court."

"No," said he, "you'll see me no more!"

Nor did I, for as the steamer was passing Oak Point and he was walking the upper deck with the captain, he suddenly sprang overboard, just forward of the wheel-house. The boat was stopped, but to no purpose. The body was washed ashore some time afterward, and I got back my wristlets.

After my term as sheriff expired I was appointed light-keeper of Toke Point light, and assisted in relighting and straightening it up, for it had been extinguished for some time.

During the winter of 1861 our oyster beds were frozen out, and my brother and I were broke up, as were many others, and I am informed that the Shoalwater bay oyster beds have never recovered.—*To be continued in the December '79 True West.*

Previously published episodes appeared under the titles:

"A-footin' Alone"— July '79 *Frontier Times*

"Panning at Old Humbug"— August '79 *True West*

"Rogue River Indian War"—September '79 *Frontier Times*

"The Indian Outbreak of '55"—October '79 *True West.*

These issues can be ordered for $1.00 each from the Circulation Department, Western Publications, Inc. P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.

How to Wind Up in a Lot of Trouble

(Continued from page 35)

The men ate lunch, saddled their tired and thirsty horses and proceeded on the hunt again. At sundown they returned to the wagon with no information about the cattle. What a predicament had trapped them! What an awful suspense and mental anguish. Water in the kegs was about gone and the three horses were desperately in need of water.

That night the women and baby slept in the wagon. The men lay on the ground with a saddle blanket for a bed and a saddle for a pillow. Heaven was their cover. Coyotes howled nearby through the night.

When daylight came, Brother said to the stranger, "Take my horse, put your wife and baby on it and go to Midland. You can walk."

He also told the stranger that the horse was worth $40 and if he ever got that much money he could spare, to send it to him. Brother gave the stranger the address he hoped to have, but never expected to hear from him again.

(About six months later, to my brother's amazement, he received a letter from the stranger which contained a check for $40 in payment for the horse.)

My brother and mother followed the trail of the caravan that had gone the day before. Their team was almost exhausted for want of water. About the noon hour they met my father coming back to see what had happened to his wife and son. Each told his story. The main herd of cattle had reached the watering place in safety, so the mental and nerve strain of all was greatly eased.

Two days later the herd came to the Pecos River near the present town of Carlsbad—nothing was there then.

Seventeen miles above Carlsbad and on the west side of the Pecos a few miles was a small village called Seven Rivers. Seven Rivers at that time was the trading center and post office for a huge territory. Cowboys and ranchers came for seventy-five miles to Seven Rivers to buy supplies and drink liquor.

Four days drive from Seven Rivers the caravan reached their goal—the Robertson pre-emption. They pitched camp and turned their cattle loose on the open range to eat luscious grass and drink their fill of water.

My father now found time to do something about the 20 head of lost cattle. He wrote a letter to the merchant in Midland where he had bought groceries to last them while crossing the 120-mile desert between Midland and the Pecos River. He told the merchant the circumstances of losing the cattle and that he suspected they had been rustled away by thieves during the night. He heard nothing from the merchant for months. Finally he received a letter from him, saying that officers had caught the thieves and recovered the cattle. The thieves had been tried in the court and sent to the penitentiary.

The merchant enclosed a check for $220—the proceeds of the sale of the cattle. The merchant's entire actions in this matter showed honor in the highest degree.

THERE was no store and no post office nearer than Seven Rivers—seventy miles away. The surrounding territory was infested with many rattlesnakes and badgers. My brother named the place Badgerville. It was known by that name by the ranch men for miles around.

Years later a railroad was built through the country and established a station there. The name was changed to Hope and a post office established by that name. Hope is some ten or fifteen miles from Artesia, a thriving city.

A short time after my father settled at Badgerville a man named Joe Taylor came to him. They were well acquainted with each other, having been neighbors in Bell County, Texas.

Joe was considered a tough and domineering character by all his neighbors around Badgerville. Unfortunately my brother, having nothing to do through the long winter months, entertained himself by writing a novel. The citizens in the community were his characters and Joe Taylor was the star. All names in the article were fictitious, but he portrayed all these characters so perfectly, both good and bad, that any of them who read it could actually name most everyone alluded to in the document, especially Joe Taylor.

My brother "lost" the document where he was sure it would be found. Several neighbors read it and decided that they would take it to the Farmers Alliance lodge of which Joe was a leading member, and have it read to the lodge. Joe was present when the article was read and recognized himself.

No one knew who wrote the article but Joe suspected my brother. He became very angry with my brother and told several persons that he was going to whip or kill him.

One day while my brother was out riding the range, a man rode up to my father's camp very much excited and asked where Brother was. The man told my father that he had just met and talked with Joe Taylor. He said Joe was armed with a six-shooter and a Winchester and said he was hunting Bud Bishop and aimed to kill him if he found him.

My father hurriedly saddled a horse, strapped his Winchester to the saddle and said to Henry Doss (the hired hand), "Henry, if anything happens to me I want you to take care of Delilah (my mother's name). I am going to hunt Joe Taylor and if I find him, me or him one will get killed."

Father rode rapidly away and was gone about three hours. When he returned my brother was at the camp. Neither my father nor my brother had seen Joe.

Spring of the year 1889 had come and the annual roundup of cattle on the range was approaching. In these spring roundups everyone who had cattle on the range must be represented or no calves would be branded for him. Both Joe and my brother would be thrown together when the roundup was begun.

Word kept coming to my brother to look out for Joe, that he was still threatening his life, so my brother prepared for the worst. He procured a dirk knife sharp on both edges. The blade was five inches long with a hilt next to the handle. He carried it in a scabbard concealed inside the waist of his pants, and he carried that knife as regularly as he wore his pants.

The first night of the roundup the entire party of twelve or fifteen men camped together. The belligerents were both present. The next morning when time came to saddle-up, Joe's horse and my brother's, both hobbled, were grazing close together. When Joe started for his horse my brother followed him.

When they got to their horses, Brother said: "Joe, you have been threatening to whip me or to kill me for some time."

Joe had his pistol buckled around his waist. He replied: "Why, Bud, I don't have a thing in the world against you. All that talk you've been hearing is just big lies. I think as much of you and your father as anybody in the world."

That settled it. There was nothing more my brother could say. He told me years later that he had made up his mind to have it out with Joe, that he had stood the suspense as long as he could. Said his plan was to get close to Joe to talk to him and if he made an attempt to hurt him, he aimed to cut him to pieces before Joe could draw his gun.

A few years later Joe landed in the penitentiary.

I HAD WRITTEN my father that my school would close in early May and I was going to visit him and spend the summer there. Father wrote me in reply that he and my brother had just returned from a tour of inspection trying to locate a place they could buy for a home and a small ranch. He said they had found a place near White Oaks, New Mexico, that suited them and that they could buy it on satisfactory terms. He said they were going to move there immediately and for me to come to White Oaks for my visit.

My school was out about the 1st of May and I began preparation for the trip at once. I packed my clothing and personal effects in a small trunk so I

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could check it on the train. The lady where I was boarding, Mrs. H. T. Elza, prepared a nice lunch for me and placed it in a small basket with a handle which made it easy to carry. I shall never forget that lunch. It consisted of ham, bacon, biscuits filled with jelly, butter and preserves—all in sumptuous quantity. It supplied my need for food for two days.

I made a daily diary of the events of this trip which I still have. I am making references to it for dates and events.

On May 7, 1889 I purchased a railroad ticket from Temple, Texas to San Antonio. I arrived in San Antonio late in the afternoon. The S. P. train for El Paso was scheduled to leave early the next morning. I secured a hotel room for the night. Next morning I paid the hotel clerk 25¢ for my lodging. As I picked up my basket and started away the clerk called me back. He said: "You made a mistake in change. You gave me a $2.50 gold piece for a dime." He corrected the mistake which saved me $2.40.

That reminds me that in those days gold coins in denominations of $2.50, $5.00, $10.00 and $20.00 were currently in use throughout the nation. Pennies, $1.00 and $2.00 bills were not in use at all.

On the morning of May 8 I purchased a ticket to El Paso, 540 miles, at the price of $19.20. It took all day, all night and till twelve noon the next day to get to El Paso.

The most thrilling event of that journey was just at sunrise after a day and night in a rough riding coach. We were approaching the small new town and county seat of Marfa. I could see it in the distance—appeared to be two or three miles away, but in reality it was fifteen or twenty miles. I saw hundreds and hundreds of antelopes grazing leisurely on the open prairie, unmolested. A beautiful sight.

The train arrived at El Paso at the noon hour. El Paso was a town of adobe buildings, population estimated at 10,000, mostly Mexicans. I got off the train, looked around and discovered Mt. Franklin to the north. Mountains were strangers to me. I had never seen one before.

As I had several hours to wait for my next train, I decided to walk to the top of Franklin. It appeared to me to be about one mile to the summit. After walking up the ascent for quite a while and not seeming to be making any headway, I hailed a man coming from that direction and asked him how far it was from town to the top of the mountain. He looked at me with astonishment on his face and said, "Seven miles." I retraced my steps to town.

The next stretch of my journey carried me up the Rio Grande River Valley 175 miles to a small town in New Mexico named San Antonio. The train traversed this rich and beautiful valley most all the way in sight of the river. About one-half hour before sunset we arrived at a village where I spent the night. I registered at a hotel. The fare for my night's lodging was 50¢, just twice as much as I paid in San Antonio, Texas.

I looked to the west. There was a chain of mountains towering into the air covered with snow. The sun shining against it made a picturesque scene, the like of which I had never witnessed before. I stepped into a business house which seemed to be the most popular place in the town. It was a saloon. There, to my amazement, I witnessed another scene that was new to me. A beautiful young American woman was attending bar—dishing out beer and whiskey by the drinks to a rowdy crowd.

I had now traveled more than 1,000 miles trying to get to White Oaks, New Mexico, and still had more than 100 miles to go. From San Antonio, New Mexico, there is a railroad spur running east nine miles to Carthage, a coal mining town. The balance of my journey (100 miles) must be made by stagecoach.

When the train stopped at Carthage at 9 a.m. I saw the coach with four fine horses hitched to it, with driver in his seat, four reins in one hand a whip in the other, waiting for passengers to White Oaks and intermediate points. Two men and a woman besides myself boarded the coach. My trunk was tied on behind. The driver drew tight his reins which was a signal to the team to go.

The team moved out in a sweeping trot with speed and alacrity. At one o'clock the driver stopped at a stable to relieve his tired horses with a fresh team. Not a house was seen during that four-hour ride.

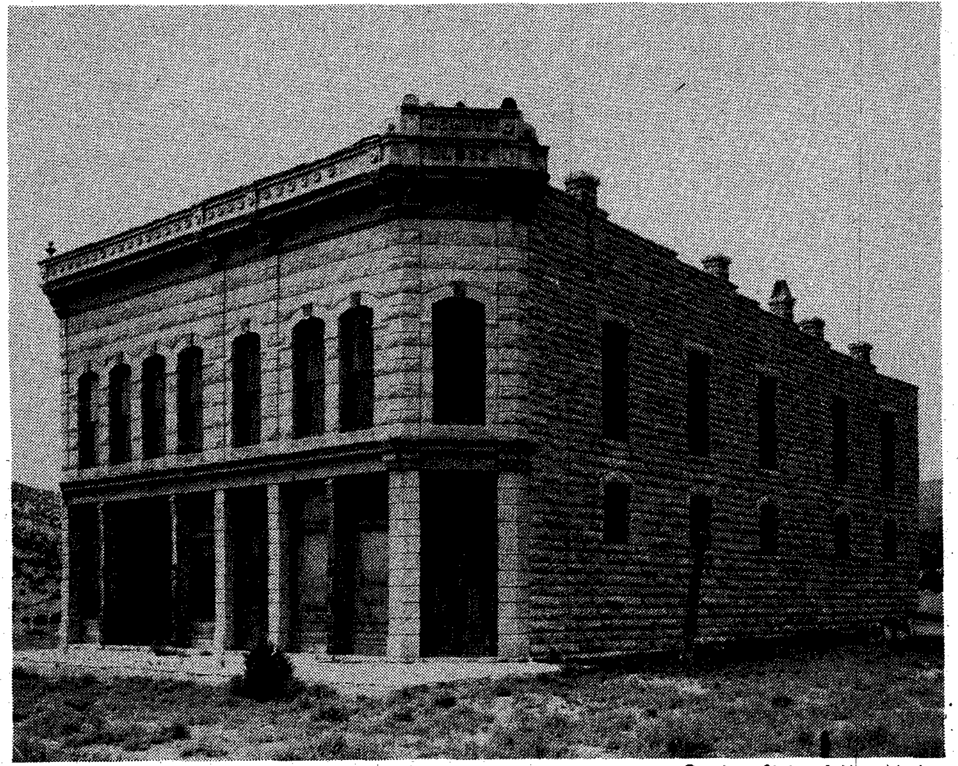
After thirty minutes to change teams we were off again with fresh spirited horses. The next stop was just before sunset. Another fresh team was ready to go.

At this station passengers were given a cup of coffee and a beef sandwich—the first food we had had since breakfast. We had now traveled about thirty-five miles of the one-hundred that would land us in White Oaks.

Just at dark we moved on again with the same rapid speed. About 11 p.m. that night the coach stopped and the driver cried out: "All out for the Malpie [Malpais]."

When I emerged from the coach I looked around for some man-made object. All I could see in the bright moonlight was the whole face of the earth covered with black rugged stones sprawled out as far as I could see in undulating form. I learned later it was lava from an ancient earthquake that had run down across a low sand bed. It was seventy-five miles long, varying in width from one-half mile to three miles. The road across that black lava was considered dangerous, so passengers were required to walk across it.

A short distance after crossing the Malpais—just at midnight—we came to another station for changing teams. There I got a cup of coffee that I relished to the nth degree. The station and the keeper was all that was there. The city of Carrizozo stands there now with railroad connections with the world and all the modern facilities of a city.


Courtesy State of New Mexico
Commerce and Industry Dept

This building housed the Exchange Bank and law offices.

Soon we were off again and on the last stretch of the long journey. I asked the driver what time would we get to White Oaks. He said: "In the morning after sunrise." Sure enough when the sun was an hour high we hove into the long-sought town. I was hungry and went forthwith to a restaurant for a full meal. (It was years later in life that I first saw the word *Cafe* at an eating place. They were all restaurants or hotels then.)

I arrived in White Oaks, N.M., May 12, 1889. While eating my breakfast I glanced over a newspaper that was published in White Oaks, and to my amazement and chagrin I saw a letter advertised for S. B. Bishop, my brother, by the postmaster. That meant my folks had not come to White Oaks. I went immediately to the post office and found a number of letters addressed to my father, amongst them the one I had written notifying him that I was coming and to meet me there. If ever a boy was flabbergasted it was I.

What had happened? Why hadn't they come? Where are they? How could I get in touch with them? No telephone then, no telegraph to their former address. It would take a month to get an answer to a letter. What should I do? Those were painful thoughts that rambled through my brain.

It was Saturday and about 1 P.M. men were coming into town from the mine where they worked. I began to interview them one by one as I could contact them. Finally I found a man who said: "Yes, I met your father and your brother. They came to my father's home a few weeks ago and told us they were going to move here soon and buy a ranch near us about six miles from town. We have been looking for them for some time."

He suggested that I go home with him and wait there till they came. He said he would board me at the rate of $25 per month.

I accepted his offer. His name was George Keith. We walked to his home that afternoon—six miles. He introduced me to his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Keith. The Keiths were courteous to me; had good food and a comfortable bed. The Keith home was situated at the foot of a mountain on the north slope. The mountain rose to a height of 6,000 feet and snow covered the top. Real mountains were so new to me that the idea of snow on the ground in the middle of May was miraculous.

THE next morning after arriving at the Keith home, I told young Keith I wanted to climb to the top of that mountain and asked him if he would go with me. He said he would but, "It's farther than you think it is. It's over three miles to the top and it's cold up there too."

We started about 9 A.M. The weather was warm and the sun shining brightly. We walked off briskly. I carried my coat on my arm. We soon got to where the mountain was so steep that we had to cling to rocks and bushes to make our way. A little farther on I put on my coat. Even with such violent exercise I was getting cold. We finally reached the snow line. The wind blew like a Texas blizzard in January. It was still some distance to the summit but I told Keith I had enough. "Let's go back." It was 3 P.M. when we completed the trip.

That night a severe pain struck me under the left shoulder. I grew constantly worse. By morning I was suffering severely. Can you imagine my thoughts now? "I am stricken with pneumonia. I'm a thousand miles from home among strangers. There is probably no competent doctor to be had." Those were my sad thoughts.

When breakfast was announced I revealed my condition. Mrs. Keith brought me a cup of hot coffee, then proceeded to apply liniment to my shoulder just as Mother would have done. In a few hours the pain subsided and my scare was all over.

I went with my friend, George Keith, to White Oaks where he worked in the mine. The town probably had a population of several thousand people. It was a gold mining town and was at its zenith of prosperity. Keith showed me the mine, the smelter and all the machinery by which they were operated. The shaft entered high up on the side of the mountain. It went into the mountain quite a distance parallel with the surface of the earth. Then the shaft went straight down several hundred feet. A small tram railway track was built from the entrance to the deep shaft.

Workers were conveyed down the shaft in a huge bucket suspended on a steel cable which was operated by machinery. The bucket was filled with ore which was hoisted to the top and dumped into a small car on the track. Another cable pulled the car to the surface where the ore was dumped into a chute which conveyed it several hundred yards to the bottom of the mountain where it was thrown into the smelter. A ton of ore produced $3.00 to $4.00. About 450 men were employed at that time.

Several days passed with no news of my folks. I was greatly depressed. Mr. John Keith, Sr., paid but little attention to me for the first few days I was there, then all of a sudden he said to me: "Your name is Bishop?"

"Yes sir," I replied.

"I knew a man in east Texas named Bishop. He was a Primitive Baptist preacher."

"Was his name Joe Bishop?" I asked.

"Yes—Joe Bishop. I knew him in Titus County near the Red River. He had a home in Hopkins County but Indians got so bad he moved east to Titus County. That was in 1845. Joe Bishop baptized me into the church."

"That was my grandfather," I replied.

Then the old gentleman became talkative. He talked East Texas, pioneer days and Joe Bishop from morning till night. I stayed there two weeks hoping my father would come, but had no word from him. I decided to leave and try to find conveyance to Hope, Father's former address. It was 125 miles over a seldom-traveled road.

I made a deal with young George Keith to take me and my trunk there for $12. When I was ready to go I asked

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Mr. Keith Sr., how much I owed him for my two weeks board. "Not a cent," he said.

I insisted on paying but he refused. He said, "Your grandfather would not have charged me if I had stayed with him for months. I won't charge you a cent."

IN a two-horse wagon we started on the 125-mile journey May 21, 1889. The road carried us down a canyon for miles and up another to the summit of a mountain 6,000 to 8,000 feet high. These canyons were so narrow you could throw a stone across. The steep walls towered high into the air while pine trees 200 feet high grew thick on the surface.

During the first day's travel we passed one small mining town, Nogal. With that exception not a human did we see. We camped at night on the summit of a mountain amongst the tall pine trees. We lay on one blanket and covered with four. The temperature was probably freezing. The next day we entered an Indian reservation. It was forty miles across it.

Many Indians, half naked, bare footed, bare headed, and half starved, approached our wagon, begging for tobacco or liquor. We had neither to give them. They preferred those articles to food. The Government had built a lot of log houses for them, but they used them for horse stables. They were mean looking beings. I was afraid of them.

Leaving the reservation we traveled fourteen miles down a canyon. It was narrow at first but got wider each mile we descended. A clear running stream of water flowed along, its source from melting ice in the mountains. This small stream emptied into a larger one. At the junction there was quite a settlement of American people.

I was now within fifteen miles of my goal, but not a word had I heard of my father. I stopped at a house to make inquiry. A sick man lying in bed told me, "I know your father. He and his son sat by my side and attended me all night recently. They live fifteen miles from here." That man was Bill York whom we had known well in Bell County, Texas.

Mr. York asked me to spend the night with him, which I did. Venison, hot biscuits, butter and coffee were served for meals, which was a treat indeed for one who had been camping for days.

Next morning before continuing my journey I went to a nearby store. To my surprise, a man named Kennedy was the proprietor. I had known Mr. Kennedy too in Bell County, and had heard him preach. Parson Kennedy asked me to take charge of the school in his community. Said he would see that I had a good place to board and a remunerative salary. I thanked him for the offer but told him I must decline as I had previously contracted to teach a third term at Heidenheimer.

After my pleasant visit with Mr. Bill York and Parson Kennedy, we proceeded on to my father's camp, arriving about the noon hour.

What a relief and a joy it was to be united again with my father, mother and brother! They were all well and enjoying good health. Suddenly I felt a lot better too. My brother and I were still a bit green, but we were getting the hang of the country.

Sorties Out of Fort Concho

(Continued from page 38)

As stated, five companies of the Fourth Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John P. Hatch, were the first troops stationed at Fort Concho. The new post was given a multiplicity of names. It was first called, in 1868, Camp Hatch; later it was known as Camp Kelly; the construction department or quartermaster called it Fort Griffin. Finally there came an order from district headquarters at San Antonio, emphasizing the fact that the new army post be known then and thereafter as Fort Concho.

The foundation of the first building was laid on the first of January 1868. It was abandoned June 20, 1889. It was intended for a ten company post and for a number of years all supplies had to be brought by wagon transportation from Indianola, 50 miles, and San Antonio, 230 miles distant.

The nearest town was Fredericksburg, 160 miles away, a German colony which reaped largely of the benefits accruing from the building of the new post. It supplied in a great measure the stone masons and lime burners; hay camps along the Concho plains were operated by sturdy Germans; German contractors furnished vast supplies of grain and breadstuffs, and German ox and mule trains lined the road from the coast to the Concho.

The cost of the building of this post has been estimated as high as three million dollars. I do not assume to say that those figures are correct, but after all, the expense involved was immense. For two years two sawmills were operated on the San Saba, 65 miles away, for the production of shingles and lumber employed in the construction of the post buildings. This material was hauled on government wagons, drawn by government teams, driven by government teamsters who were paid $40 per month and rations. The shingles sawn from oak, elm and pecan timber, may be seen today on the dilapidated roofs of a number of the buildings in old Fort Concho. When completed, Fort Concho was one of the most beautiful and best ordered posts on the Texas border. Its arrangement was artistic and every feature bespoke comfort and convenience. On the south side of the ample parade grounds stood the officers' quarters, tasty, elegant, imposing; on the north, the commodious and handsome barracks; on the east the commissary and quartermaster's buildings, while the west side of the grounds was closed with an ornamental fence with a large gateway in the center.

IT BORDERED upon the "Staked Plains." Countless herds of buffalo grazed between the Twin Mountains and the post, much to the alarm of our horse herds—a mile or two out—which were frequently stampeded by the huge, ungainly beasts much to the disgust of the commanding officer and the officer of the herd.

The great grey lobo wolf and the coyote came nearly to the back doors of our tents in their ravenous search for offal at the beef corral nearby, the latter frequently tipping over our garbage barrels. Their blood-curdling howls, especially the latter—which is first a sharp bark, followed by a succession of sharp, staccato yelps running into each other and ending in a sort of long drawn out quavering howl—were, at times, almost indescribably melancholy, and awakened us at all hours of the night.

The flat, tree-less prairies were a vast prairie dog village, interfering even in our pursuit of game, and from behind nearly every bush or patch of prickly pear, the jack, or mule-eared rabbit with ears aloft vibrating with nervous energy, got up with a startled bound and disappeared in an instant, leaving nothing but a cloud of dust and a most vivid recollection of a misty, shadowy form behind him.

Herds of graceful antelope were daily seen near the Twin Mountains, a few miles away; their white spotted flanks flashing in the sun one moment, the next disappearing in the dun or neutral tint of the everlasting prairie. The whistling quail could almost be shot from the back porches of the officers' quarters; prairie chicken and Highland plover were killed from an ambulance while crossing the river to San Angelo, or riding upon the road to the stage station at "Ben Ficklin's" or Bismarck, while on the streams wild duck, curlew, green-winged teal and the magnificent trumpeting white swan abounded.

Upon all the pecan timbered creeks wild turkeys swarmed, and were brought in by the wagon load requiring but a night's still-hunting with shot guns at their numerous roosts. Hunting was therefore unsurpassed. Fishing rewarded the angler by the slightest exertion upon the Main and North Concho rivers. Our plans had been matured for many an expedition to this realm of flesh pots and land overflowing with game, this hunters' paradise, when lo! the advent of this new Colonel, Ranald S. Mackenzie, upon the 25th of February, 1871, sent rifles and shot guns to the rear to rust in their covers for many a month until that larger and more plentiful game "Lo, the poor Indian" should be sought and conquered for the peace and quiet of the settlers on the entire intermediate border.

The entire border was ablaze, and stories that these wretched settlers brought in from time to time of murder, rapine, burning, pillaging and plundering was almost heartrending. We were kept in an almost constant state of alarm and preparation for active work, and seldom a week or a month went by (these alarms generally occurred at the full of the moon) that we were not in the saddle scouting after these thieves, marauders and murderers, and always handicapped by the number of hours it took to bring the news of a raid to the post, and for us to reach the scene of operations, as well as by the fact that the Indians always had fresh mounts from their loose herds or "caviards" which they always drove loose on the flanks, and which they could use as relays every 20 miles or more, while we were absolutely confined to our one government horse or mule whose speed and endurance was always limited by the distance traveled and the start which the raiders would invariably have of us.

This, without explanation, was always an enigma to the average citizen or member of Congress far away from the scene and comfortably ensconced in an office chair, beside an open grate with a good cigar and a tall high-ball or a mint julep to suck through a straw at the Capitol or "The Willard." Why can't our army officers, on fleet, well groomed horses overhaul Indians in a hundred mile chase, mounted on scrubby, scurvy ponies or "cayuses"? The reason is herewith given in brief.

MOST of the settlers, cattlemen and ranchers had moved into the near posts for protection, abandoning their ranches, except a few of the more daring, and it was with these that we kept in close touch and communication for news of the frequent bloody Indian incursions, and thieving raids for horses and cattle.

On the 25th of March, the headquarters and five companies of the Fourth Cavalry were ordered to proceed to Fort Richardson about 230 miles northeast, and relieve the Sixth Cavalry, which was then under marching orders for Kansas; and on the 27th the column was filing across the Concho river past the little settlement of San Angelo on the road to the Colorado river.

There were the usual scenes and laughable incidents attending the departure of a cavalry column. Unmanageable pack mules, which had kicked their packs loose from the old saw-buck pack saddle and scattered their loads of coffee, flour and bacon upon the ground, had to be secured and repacked; a vicious horse disciplined, the condition of some unsteady soldier examined, who, liking liquor, not wisely but too well, had imbibed too freely of Mexican mescal, or the insinuating aguardiente. But at last the hearty cheers of the assembled garrison were given and the column splashed through the clear waters of the sparkling stream and stretched out on its long march.

"Mt. Margaret," named after the most accomplished, loving and devoted wife of one of our favorite Captains, E. B. Beaumont, was passed—the Colorado was reached and forded in the midst of a cold, driving rain storm, which made our fires of drift ccottonwood at that night's camp more acceptable than usual, and the glowing embers of the mesquite, heaped up in the mess kettles, which we used as stoves, more necessary for those better halves who—notwithstanding the many frowns and incredulous smiles of our gallant, yet unconverted, bachelor Colonel—had chosen to share the fortunes of their bold trooper husbands upon the Indian border. Our next camp was at old Fort Clebourne, a small, two company post on Oak Creek, built shortly after the Mexican War; surrendered in 1861—reoccupied—then abandoned. A prairie dog village was spread over the parade ground—their sharp, squeaking barks and comical antics seemingly expressing their disgust at having their wise town councils broken up by an uninvited and noisy intrusion. We had seen many buffalo since leaving our camp the night before, and hundreds now grazed near this night's bivouac, some on parade. Several years before (shortly after the Civil War), Colonel Beaumont had been stationed here with his Co. "A." His wife and infant child were with him as companions.

Lieut. P. M. Boehm, Beaumont's first lieutenant, was on duty at Chadbourne with his troop. One day Col. Beaumont, being absent from the post, hunting, Mrs. Beaumont, as was the custom of many an army woman in those days—whether in camp or on the march—attached a lariat to the waist of little Natalie, her daughter, then beginning to walk, and fastening it to a stout stake or picket pin, she was allowed to play about the quarters in sight of her mother. She had a thirty-foot radius in which to romp. Thus securely "staked out" for safety, and where she could at all times be seen, there was little thought of fear, for Indian depredations had been less frequent since the post was established.

Immense herds of buffalo were grazing as usual a mile or two away; they had approached no nearer while the company was stationed there but, as their sharp cut trails to Oak Creek for water had led in this direction before, this low plateau upon which the post was located had evidently been their favorite grazing ground. All was quiet, and there seemed to be no cause for apprehension, when suddenly something alarmed the herds.

Crazed with fright and with a noise like the roaring of a tornado, they came rushing toward the post, converging as they ran. Other herds joined in the terrific stampede. The ground fairly shook with the shock of the thousands of maddened animals. Mrs. Beaumont heard the ominous sound and stepped to the door believing it to be the rolling of distant thunder. At a glance she took in the situation; she saw the countless thousands of immense beasts heading for the parade and her little one directly in their path.

She felt powerless to act. By getting in their path she would only sacrifice her own life. Not a moment was to be lost, however. Boehm had also heard the noise; had seen the herd's rapid approach, and seeing her imminent danger, was rushing hastily for the child—who, unconscious of her danger, was busily picking flowers at the end of her lariat.

The shaggy monsters were even then thundering upon the parade. Any hesitation for an instant and she would be trampled into a shapeless mass. A mesquite tree stood near the picket pin with limbs low down. Boehm reached her by a few bounds, and instantly pulling the picket pin and drawing it upon the lariat as he ran, gathered the child in his arms and springing into the tree, desperately clung to it with the little girl until the many thousands of animals, almost brushing them, had passed. He shouted and waved his arms and they divided at the tree as they plunged and tore along, thus saving the lives of both. A false step, an uncertain moment, and they would have been crushed and trampled to atoms. It was a thrilling moment! A narrow escape!

She (Natalie Beaumont) married Gen. Geo. ("Sandy") A. Forsythe, the hero of the bloody fight for eight days with Roman Nose's band of 700 Cheyenne Indians in September, 1868, at the Arickaree Fork of the Republican river (now called "Beecher Island"). Forsythe was wounded three times; lost nearly half of his 50 scouts; and his Lieut. (Beecher) and Surgeon (Mooers) were both killed.

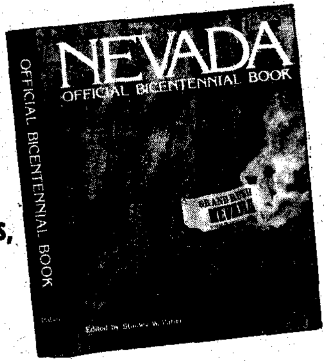
THE NEXT DAY we experienced a fearful storm as we passed by "Pulpit Rock" and "Church Mountain," and camped on Bluff Creek. Here Old Aunt Mary—under cover of a bank—baked a large wild turkey in a Dutch oven to a turn—although drenched to the skin. On the 31st, a wild boisterous day, we wound through Mountain Pass—a narrow gorge or break about a mile in length to which we descended from the immense high mesa or divide we had been traversing to the plain below.

Here the Indians had been frequently in the habit of ambushing parties and attacking the mail stage. It has precipitous sides, covered with a dense growth of bushes and scrub trees. Just the place for an ambuscade, but we went through safely exercising the usual caution. Shortly before, a detachment of the Ninth Cavalry had been stationed at the cut on the north side. As we emerged, an almost endless prairie stretched out before us, and again we were literally moving through almost untold numbers of our bison friends.

On the right and left of the stage trail the vast plain was dotted wih herd upon herd clear to the horizon, their dim bodies contrasting strangely, yet attractively, with the vivid green of the short, velvety grass and our column of blue-coated troopers. Behind was the white canvas-topped wagon train, and ever chasing each other in and among the herds and over the rolling sweeps were the alternate flashings of cloud and sunshine, and the shadows cast by the mountains we had just left. It was a spirited scene, an animated picture.

As the command wound along and our strong scent was carried down the fresh wind in their direction, the buffalo commenced to raise their heads in alarm. The old leaders of each herd seemed to give them a warning, and immediately the whole mass was set in motion. This had been repeated several times during the day. It does not appear to be generally known, even among the naturalists and writers on the habits of animals, that the buffalo, when alarmed, would always cross the trail of its supposed enemy and get too leeward, but they would never pass to the rear of that enemy, or of a moving body—whether of a wagon train, pack train, cavalry or infantry column, or train of cars.

Crowding with a reckless and resistless brute energy, each herd, therefore, with its chosen leader, gradually worked along towards the head of our leading company, until at length it brought them in front of the entire command. Our march was blocked, and we were compelled to halt



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If it's not nice and beautiful, Who's to blame?

to bide the time of our beast companions. Further progress was utterly impossible.

Mackenzie, becoming somewhat impatient at this suddenly inforced blockade, because our camp for the night had already been selected and we still had many miles to march, seized a carbine from one of the men and, dismounting, attempted by firing at the heads of the herds to break them and swerve the immense throng from its headlong course, now so crowding the advanced company as to become positively dangerous. The horses showed great fear and became almost unmanageable. He fired several shots. The nearest herds swerved; but, now contrary to their instincts, came roaring down beside the parallel to our mounted troopers.

This was a little too much, even for well-trained disciplined cavalry soldiers, and the men, in their intense excitement forgetful of orders, and contrary to custom, commenced a rattling fusillade from their saddles. The buffalo veered off, but not until several had been killed and wounded. The men were sternly ordered to "cease firing." One gigantic bull, a leader, was nearest; he was badly wounded.

As was the case on nearly all marches of troops changing station on the frontier, many dogs of all ages, sizes, colors and degrees of character and temperament—always an undesirable accumulation at every frontier post, the men raising them for companions and pets—had under protest, accompanied the column on its march. At the Colorado river, many of the most worthless curs were drowned when fording it, or left behind, but there were several still remaining and it was these that turned the buffalo down the column. There was among them a large, white English bull-dog, weighing about seventy-five pounds, belonging to the regimental band. He was a powerful brute, and had been trained to pull down beeves at the slaughter corral at Fort Concho, seizing them always by the nose. He was a prime favorite with the soldiers, notwithstanding his ferocity.

The pack of mongrel dogs were in full cry after the stampeding herds of bellowing beasts as they rushed and tore along the column with their peculiar stiff-legged rolling gait. But "King," the bull-dog, singled an immense wounded leader, who had now slackened his speed and was faltering in his tracks. He sprang at his head with great courage, fastened upon him, and the battle commenced with the mounted column as silent spectators. It was a most novel spectacle. The bronzed troopers; the great shaggy beasts thundering by; the white-topped wagontrain closed up and halted; the fleeting shadows and the almost limitless stretch of surrounding prairie and vast solitude. The bull went down upon his knees, but so great was his strength that he quickly rose and whirled the dog in great circles over his head—King had been taught never to let go.

The entire command watched with almost breathless attention the apparently unequal struggle, expecting to see the dog crushed to death. Down went the bull again to his knees, this time not from any weakness, but to gore the dog; rising he would stamp his feet in rage, then shaking him for a while, he would resume swinging and snapping him like a whip cord through the air. The foam, now bloody, flecked the long, tawny beard of the bison bull. His eyes, nearly concealed in the long, matted hair that covered his shaggy head, flashed fire, and his rage knew no bounds. The dog, which had begun the fight pure white, had turned to a spotted crimson from blood which had flowed from the buffalo's wounds, mixed with alkali dust—and still his brute instincts, tenacious courage and training led him to hold on. Had he let go for a moment, the crazed bull would have gored and trampled him to death before he could have retreated.

The bull was, however, growing perceptably weaker; he rose to his feet less often. He could no longer throw the dog in circles above his head. The blood stained King to a more vivid red, and begrimed with froth and dirt, he had lost all semblance of his former self. All were looking for the struggle to end. The suspense was beginning to be painful.

Impatience was already displayed on the men's faces when suddenly Mackenzie shouted. "Kill the animal, and put him out of his misery!" It was a merciful command. Two men stepped forward to the enormous beast, now on his knees swaying and rocking to and fro—the dog still holding on—and placing their carbines behind the shoulder to each vital point, fired. He gave one great quiver, one last spasmodic rocking, and spread himself upon the vast prairie dead. Not till then did King let go. So great had been the courage of this favorite dog in his fearful struggle, that months after when a post order, annually issued for all our dogs—an accumulative nuisance at all frontier posts—to be exterminated, King, the white bull dog belonging to the Fourth Cavalry Band, was exempt by a special paragraph for his "gallant conduct."

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 29)

The book is highly readable. It is illustrated with interesting photographs in black and white and some diagrams. Ozark recipes are included.

Highly recommended.

TWO REPRINTS

Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River by John Kirk Townsend (University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 259 pages, $13.50 hardbound, $3.95 paper).

This book was first published in Philadelphia in 1839. A first edition is today a rare book. The author was a physician and skilled ornithologist when he traveled west in 1834. This volume covers Townsend's narrative for the period March 24 to October 30. It conveys life and travel in the West during the days when the fur trade was still flourishing.

Unfortunately no index is included.

—

Narrative of the Adventures of Zenas Leonard by Zenas Leonard (University of Nebraska Press, 274 pages, $14.25

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This book was first published at Clearfield, Pennsylvania in 1839 in an edition of 200 copies. The author was the clerk of a company of explorers who crossed the Rocky Mountains in the early 1830s. Leonard became a fur trapper and trader. This volume—reproducing the 1839 edition—covers his adventures from 1833 to 1835 and points to California as a place vital to the destiny of the United States.

The book is lively and well-written. Leonard was very observant. He was an intelligent man. A good index is included.

Both volumes are recommended.

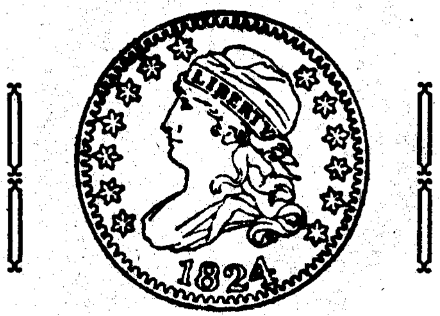
Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

WANTED—JESSE JAMES DIME!

By R. Winston Harris

SOMEWHERE there is a coin known as the Jesse James Dime, a Capped Bust ten-cent piece of the type minted in the United States from 1809 to 1837. The specific "Jesse James" dime is dated 1836—and here's how it got its name.



James, probably America's most famous outlaw, was looking for a place to sleep one afternoon in 1881. Finding safe refuge was a constant problem for him. At the time he had been running from the law and bounty hunters for fifteen years.

He rode up to the Creason Ranch just outside Lathrop, Missouri (near Kansas City). Mr. Creason, the owner, took Jesse in and offered him his young son's bed. James Creason, the seven-year-old son, hid Jesse's horse in the barn. The lad slept on the floor that night but didn't mind. He, like many Missourians, admired Jesse James.

In the morning Jesse rewarded young Jimmy for the use of his bed by giving him a silver dime—the now famous Jesse James Dime. The Creasons never saw Jesse James alive again. He was killed by Bob Ford on April 3, 1882 at St. Joseph, Missouri.

Jimmy Creason held on to the ten-cent coin. In fact, he still possessed it in 1964 on his 90th birthday. It was a keepsake he would not part with—a reminder of a famous desperado.

The great mystery now is what happened to it after that date. The Jesse James dime is missing. And it is much more than a ten-cent piece. It is a part of frontier history which helps perpetuate the Jesse James Legend. James was an unusual bandit. Historians differ in their opinions of him. To some, he is just a notorious killer. To others, he is America's Robin Hood.

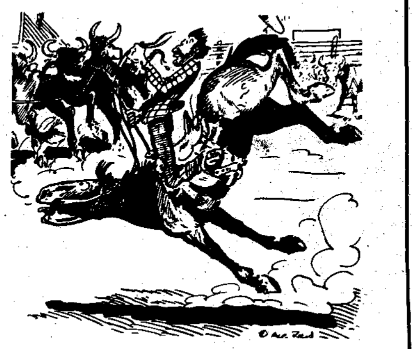
The latter image is somewhat difficult to justify, since little is preserved which records Jesse James' good points. We do know he believed in a personal God. A letter he sent to the *Nashville Banner* in August 1875 attests to this:

"Justice is slow but sure, and they (*sic*) is a just God that will bring all to justice. Pinkerton I hope and pray that our Heavenly Father may deliver you into my hands, and I believe he will, for his merciful and protecting arm has ever been with me, and during all my persecution he has watched over me and protected me from workers of blood money who are trying to seek my life. . . ."

Jesse's gang did show mercy on occasion. When they robbed trains they asked the passengers if they had served in the Confederate Army. Those who had were not robbed. Also, the gunmen generally checked out the hands of their potential victims. Soft hands of the middle and upper class meant pockets would be picked clean. If they found rough and calloused hands, indicating workmen, the gang moved on.

The James Dime incident is one of the few acts which might be described as supporting Jesse's Robin Hood image. That's why locating the coin is so important. An immediate reward awaits anyone who helps me to track it down. Rewards were offered for the capture or killing of the outlaw when he was alive. Now one is offered for the coin he gave a small boy for the use of his bed.

Your questions concerning coins or currency will be answered free of charge if you send a large self-addressed and stamped envelope to: R. Winston Harris; P. O. Box 622E; Franklin, Michigan 48025.



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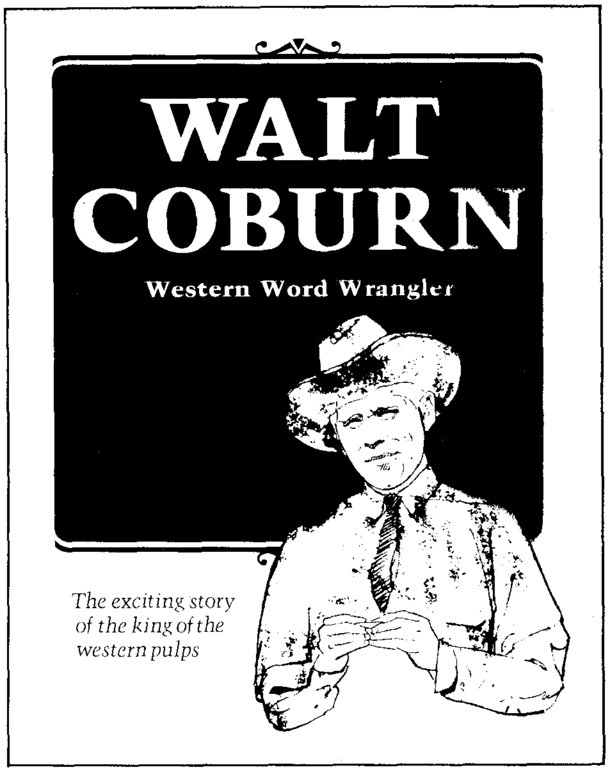

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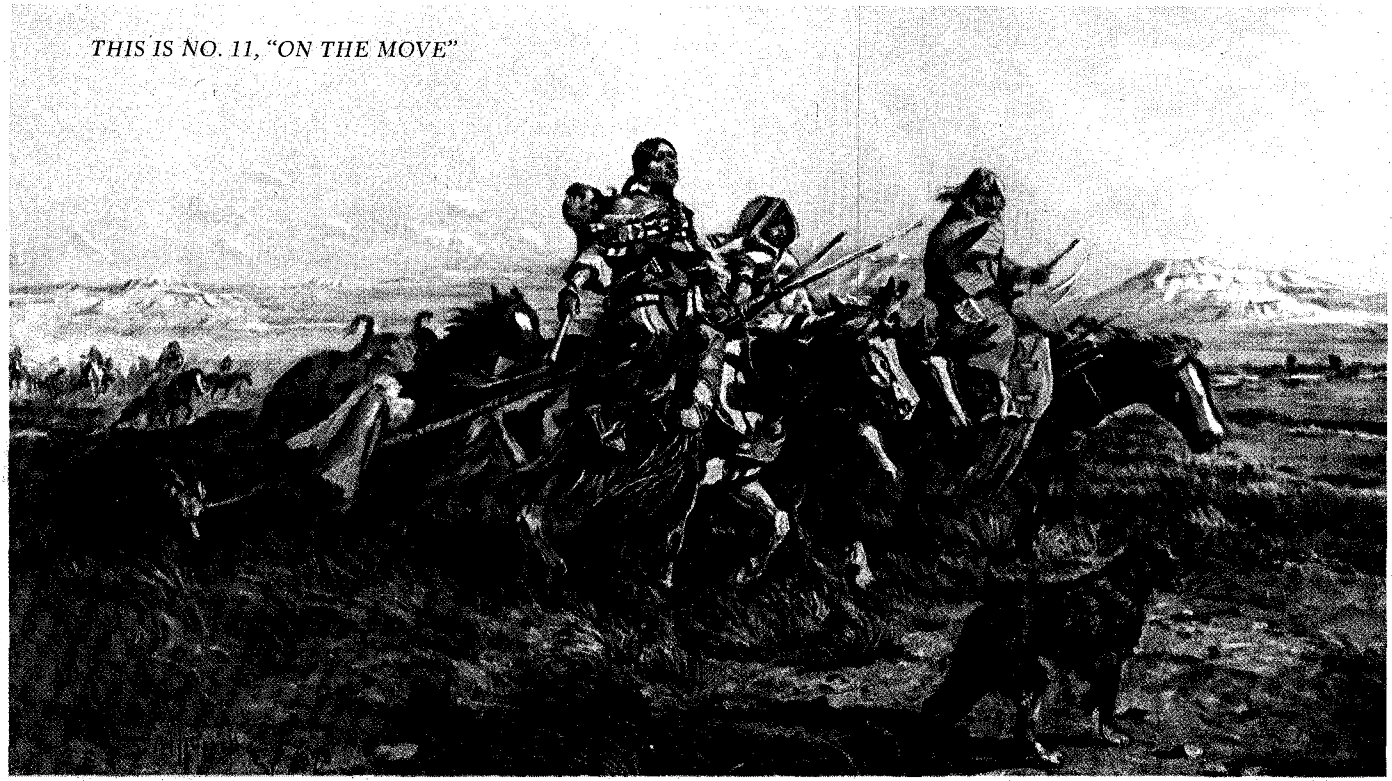

THIS IS NO. 11, "ON THE MOVE"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ (wtrclr)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson), 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (wtrclr)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (wtrclr)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (wtrclr)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½

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